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Collier's

MAY 16, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Let's Put the A-Bomb in Macy's Window

By GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

'IT'S EASY TO BLUFF AMERICANS!'

The Personal Story of the Nazi Prisoner of War who Dodged the FBI 8 Years

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA ... 0355
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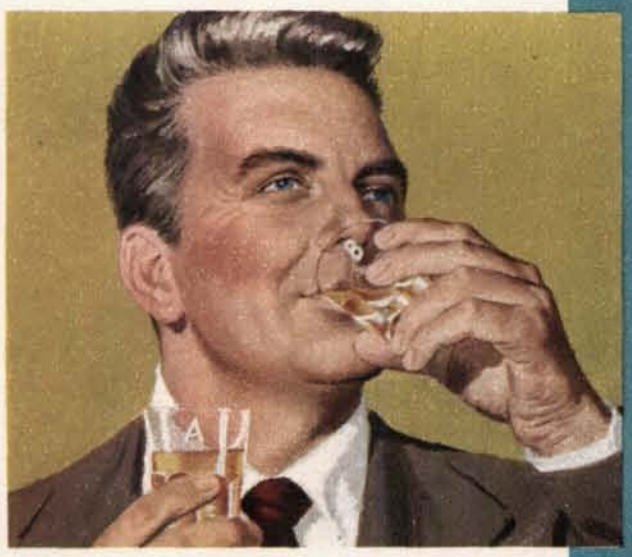
A salesman who hails from Saint Paul,*
Likes **Calvert** in drinks short and tall.
And now he suggests
That you too make taste tests,
Just **sniff, taste,** and **choose**—that is all.

* EDWARD EICHER,
Salesman, St. Paul, Minn.

Switch whiskies? Why not?
This test may open your eyes!

1. SNIFF ¼-oz. samples of Calvert and any other whiskey you choose. Compare the difference in bouquet —*without knowing which is which.*



2. TASTE each whiskey critically to be certain which is smoother and mellower. Swallow carefully to judge freedom from bite, burn or sting.

3. CHOOSE the right whiskey—the one that *really* tastes better to you. We predict that you will pick Calvert because it is skillfully blended to the taste preference of a "Consumer Jury" made up of thousands of folks like you. But, after testing, if you still like another brand better, stick with it. *Fair enough?*

Compare ... and you'll switch to Calvert

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

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The day is coming when you will be able to reach any telephone in the country simply by dialing a number.

Perhaps some day in the future you may just speak the number into the transmitter and get your party automatically.

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The Best Possible Service at the Lowest Possible Cost

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outfielder and homerun hitter

says:

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HAGGAR

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$12.95

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May 16, 1953

ARTICLES

Let's Put the A-Bomb in Macy's Window..... GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT 15
"It's Easy to Bluff Americans!"..... UNTEROFFIZIER REINHOLD PABEL WITH BILL FAY 20
The X-Ray Looks at Dancer Julia..... 28
Pretty Penny Ridgway—The General's Lady..... HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE 32
New Orleans Knows How to Keep Cool.....BERT BACHARACH 48
My Friend Bertha, the Praying Mantis..... ROBERT CARLYLE HERMES 50
Why They Love Us in Tangier.....HARRISON NEGLEY 68

FICTION

Anybody Can Go to Coney Island.....CHARLES EINSTEIN 18
Red-Hot Rookie.....WILLIAM E. PETTIT 24
A Priceless Gift.....ROBERT PATERSON 30
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Ordeal of the White Whale.....SALLY CARRIGHAR 40
In the Name of Justice.....WILLIAM R. SCOTT 58

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
The Old Datebook.....CHARLES PEARSON 10
The Oldest School Safety Patrol Boy..... 12
Editorials..... 74
Cover.....ROSWELL KELLER

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The muffins may be scorched and it may take the rest of the morning to brush the crumbs out of the sheets, but on Mother's Day the lady of the house wouldn't swap her place of honor in bed for a sack of gold. It's the Mother's Day spirit that counts. Roswell Keller has caught it in all its warmth.

Week's Mail

Morse Is His Man

EDITOR: I didn't entirely care for your treatment of Senator Morse's independent stand in your article, Loneliest Man in Washington (April 4th). The author undermined the significance of the senator's role in Congress.

Morse is following the valuable independent tradition of our best senators, such men as Norris, Borah and LaFollette, Sr., who fought and checked reckless party majorities.

I am not from Oregon, but Senator Morse is my representative in Congress.

C. VAHRADIAN, South Milwaukee, Wis.

The Drophead Set

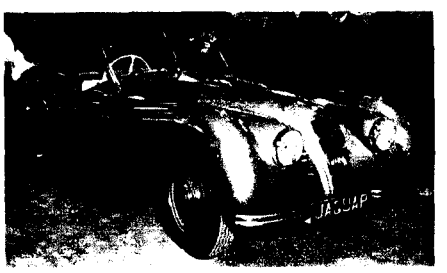
EDITOR: I read with interest Murray Robinson's The Sport-Car Set Rides Again (April 4th). Having heard glowing praises of the annual sport-car races at Watkins Glen, N.Y. (where I was born and raised and where my parents still live), I hied myself up there to view the races in 1951.

New York's finest, the total police force, could not adequately police the reported 150,000 people that crowd into a village of 3,000 population for the races. They try to police the events with a handful of State Police, the augmented local police force (not over 10), plus volunteer firemen, veterans groups and Air Force personnel from nearby Sampson Air Force Base.

A recently passed bit of legislation would prohibit racing on state highways; towns are still permitted to sanction racing on their own roadways. The latter should be permitted only when adequate crowd-protection methods are employed.

Even if this is done at Watkins Glen, I still wouldn't return to watch the races except from a helicopter.

FRANK LUPPINO, JR., New York, N.Y.



Jaguar

. . . I sincerely hope that you have sufficiently reimbursed Mr. Murray Robinson for his article, so that he may purchase a sport car of his own and learn to live.

JOHN E. CAIL, New York, N.Y.

. . . If the American-car driver took as much pride in his automobile as the average sport-car driver does, he would have plenty of room to talk. But until that time comes, if it ever does, we will gladly leave them to their great horse-

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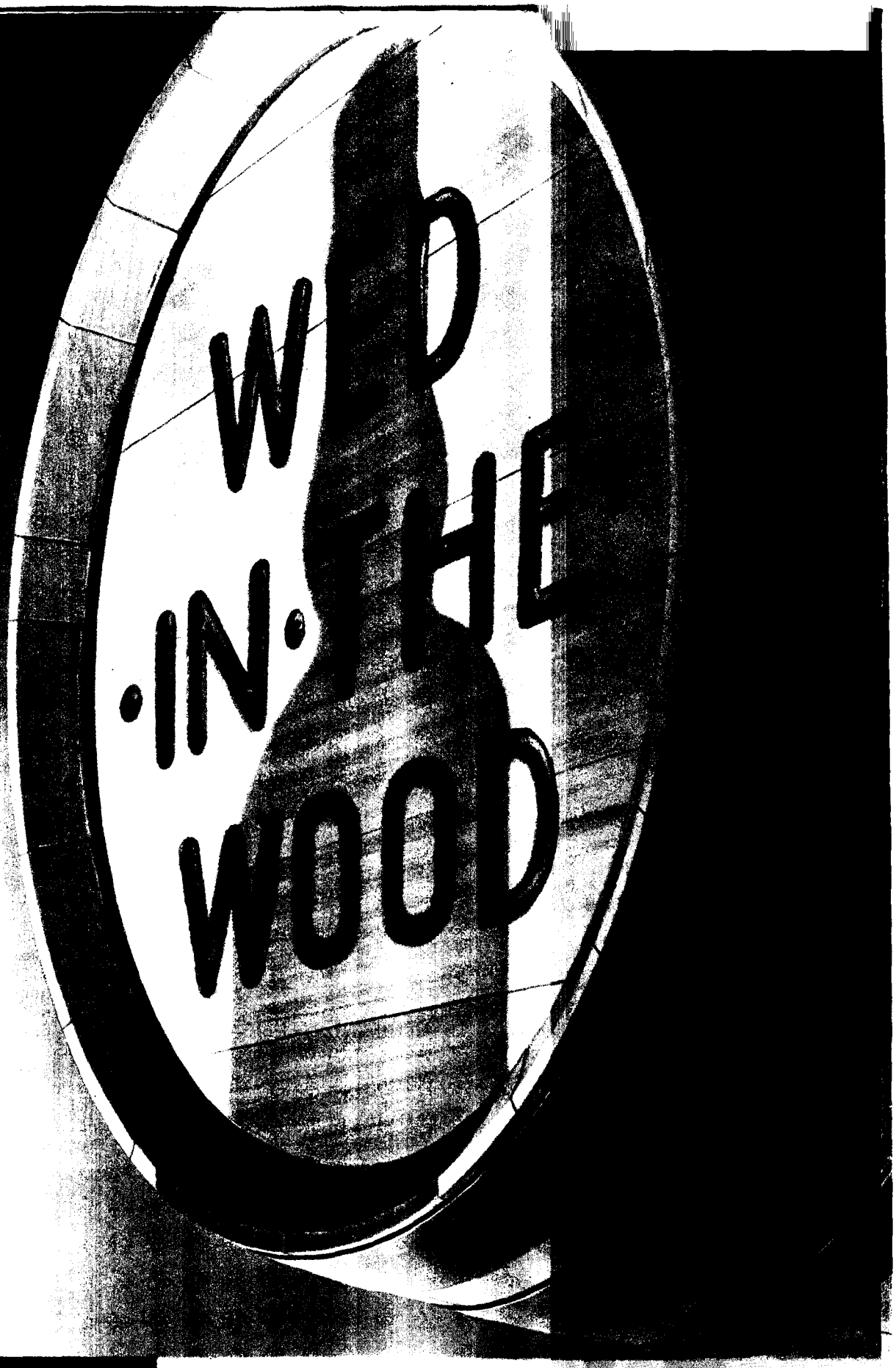

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by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.

WED • IN • THE • WOOD

instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies — 62½% grain neutral spirits.

CHANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE

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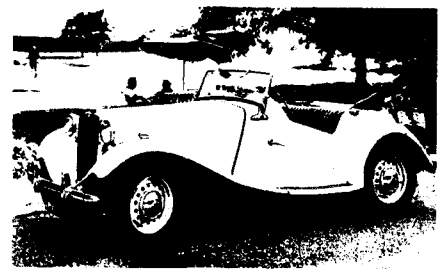
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

power-boosting races, if they will but leave us to our berets.

CHARLES B. BARRETT, Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . I own, drive and enjoy my Jaguar XK 120; in fact it's the second one, and before that, one of the MGs. I participate in all forms of sport-car activities, and aside from the usual scatterbrain that occasionally pops up, I say that, as a whole, the persons owning sport cars are a levelheaded, upright bunch of citizens.

EARL S. GRAINGER, Brightwaters, N.Y.



MG

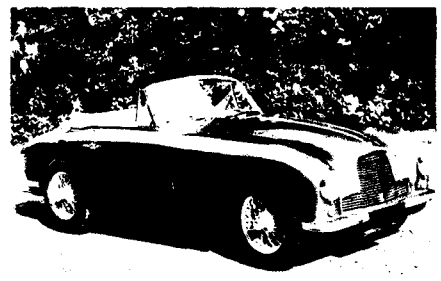
. . . If one life is saved because a driver can control a skid, or stop in a shorter distance, then sport cars have done part of their job and should no longer be subjected to this incessant ridicule.

JOHN R. CALDWELL, Columbus, Ohio

. . . I admit that a very few exhibitionists are giving the sport a bad name, but the real sport-car owners, the "passionate few," are a select group who live for their cars. They know what they want in an automobile. They refuse to put the automobile on a par with the electric toaster, the television set and other appliances. They take pride in owning a car that is a little different from any other in the world.

It is a healthy sign in a nation hellbent for conformity.

DAVID L. MACPHERSON, Boston, Mass.



Aston Martin DB2

. . . After reading the article through twice, I am convinced that Mr. Robinson took no trouble to try to understand the reason why so many intelligent and discerning motorists choose to drive sport cars, and that he gave as an example the exception rather than the rule.

CLIFFORD A. BARNES III, Buffalo, N.Y.

. . . The author's underhanded and slyly worded implications relative to the safety of sport cars and their drivers is entirely unsupported by facts. The sport car and its driver are invariably far less a menace than Mrs. Gotrocks (or her husband) who daily tools around Suburbia in a 20-foot, 2½-ton monster capable of 100 mph plus, and has yet to see its right-hand front fender.

Drive what you will, in a decent and safe manner, but please don't condemn the one who buys the best he can afford, cherishes it above all other possessions and drives it with all the skill he can acquire and develop—the sport-car driver.

MURRAY REARDON, Oneonta, N.Y.

Think Machines

EDITOR: John Lear's article, Can a Mechanical Brain Replace *You?* (April 4th), is an excellent presentation of a most difficult subject. Being a computing-systems engineer, I feel that he has done much to enlighten an otherwise uninformed public.

I would, however, like to comment on two points. Mr. Lear stated that a deterrent in the application of digital computers ". . . is no longer one of learning how to fit numbers to facts, but how to get enough facts to make the equations foolproof." It has been my experience that most repetitive operations, the type most suitable for a mechanical brain to perform, are impossible to make entirely foolproof.

The equations can be readily designed to handle 99 per cent of the problems to be solved by a mechanical brain. The mechanical brain is told to refer the remaining 1 per cent to a human operator who is no longer burdened down by 100 per cent of the operation and can devote his entire time to the remaining 1 per cent.

The second point is the question of where do we go from here? As Mr. Lear indicates, all mechanical brains thus far developed have been designed primarily for the solution of scientific problems. But these represent a relatively small investment in time and money compared to the millions of repetitive clerical operations that must be performed each day by humans.

These jobs will soon start to be replaced by digital computers, not in 10 to 20 years, but commencing within two to five years.

JEROME SVIGALS, Haddonfield, N.J.

UN: Two Views

EDITOR: Please accept my thanks and sincere appreciation for the editorial on the UN (It's Too Big for That, Men, March 28th).

It is a very great pity that every citizen of this country cannot read this plain, easily understood concept of what the United Nations is, and what it stands for.

MRS. SALLIE WEST, Jasper, Ala.

. . . As a subscriber to Collier's I was interested in your last editorial on the UN. Your defense of it left out, I believe, the crucial question in the whole matter of judging the UN. The question is: "Which is paramount, American self-interest or world peace?"

As a vehicle for maintaining world peace the UN is undoubtedly going to be a success for the simple reason that appeasement is going to be its standard method of dealing with aggression. Korea is proof of this.

As a vehicle for discussion or the interchange of ideas the UN can serve a very good purpose and be harmless to the United States. But as a vehicle of foreign policy it will be disastrous for America. By tying all our actions to the UN Assembly we surrender independence of policy for the hoax of a make-believe "collective security." If the lesson of Korea is ignored we are going to pay a far higher price for this "debating society."

T. J. MULLEN, JR., Elizabeth, N.J.

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WHEN you are asked to try a cigarette you want to know, and you *ought* to know, what that cigarette has meant to people who smoke it all the time.

For a full year now, a medical specialist has given a group of Chesterfield smokers thorough examinations every two months. He reports:

no adverse effects to their nose, throat or sinuses from smoking Chesterfields.

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check
dry
scalp!

Dry scalp causes hard-to-manage hair. And it can also give you loose unsightly dandruff!

There is a way to *check* dry scalp and keep your hair looking *naturally* well-groomed. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks dry scalp by blending with *natural* oils in your hair. *Result:* loose dandruff is relieved, your hair *behaves* without being plastered down by a gummy grooming agent. Try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic *today*. **Contains no alcohol or other scalp-drying ingredients.**

Keep hair
naturally
well-groomed

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

To a guy brought up in a family that used an all-purpose tin cup, it was right interesting. An American just back from Germany told us about the furnishings of those new rent-free apartments we are setting up for our State

Department operatives in Bonn. Eight sets of drinking glasses, for example—for red wine, white wine, sweet wine, beer, champagne, cocktails, liqueurs and, of all things, water. With a bottle of beer in one hand and what's left of our personal fortune after taxes in the other, we salute the glass menagerie.

★ ★ ★

Our recent complaint that we were not invited to compete in that homely-man contest is noted by Mr. Fred Archambault, of Los Angeles. As manager of the winner, Mr. Archambault, after looking at our photograph, says we would have been ineligible because of "obvious professionalism." Then he goes on, "But should you be able to establish amateur standing, we concede."

★ ★ ★

Mr. L. F. Weiler reports that to discourage speeding, Houston, Texas, police cars have been equipped with radar. Houston Chronicle discovered that local traffic cops average a mere fraction more than one violation arrest a day. The Chronicle suggests abandoning radar and equipping traffic officers with Seeing Eye dogs.

★ ★ ★

Joe Creason of the Louisville Courier-Journal notifies us that in western Kentucky a druggist posted a notice reading: "Wanted—Soda Fountain Clerk, Man or Woman, Experienced or Inexperienced, Young or Old." And beneath those urgent words a customer added: "Dead or Alive."

★ ★ ★

Our job is very educational. Here's Mr. Don Hughes, of Cherokee, Iowa, with something we never suspected. So simple too. "If," says Mr. Hughes, "you divide the broadcasting frequency of any given radio station by the station's wave length, the quotient (expressed as a proportionate part of a circle) will be 82 degrees, 20 minutes and 30 seconds, thus proving that the science of wireless telegraphy is dependent, in part, upon the fact that the circle is divided into 360 degrees and that radio transmitters and receivers cannot harmonize and react unless the magnetic fields of the two instruments have the same angle of magnetic deflection." Bet you never thought of that, either.

★ ★ ★

While delivering a sermon, the Reverend Howard C. Leming, of Ocean Drive Beach, South Carolina, was divebombed by a wasp. Mr. Leming made several swipes at the creature with a hymnbook, missing it each time, and plainly showing his annoyance. Tiring of the fun, the wasp attacked the congregation where, outnumbered, it lost its life. Sermon theme: Temperance and Temper; and How to Control Them.

★ ★ ★

Pessimistic schoolteacher in Ann Arbor, Michigan, fears that TV is bound to ruin classroom education. Every time a kid comes up with the right answer, she says, he expects an assortment of expensive prizes.

★ ★ ★

Mildly ominous news from the Honorable John A. Marzall, United States Commissioner of Patents. Mr. Marzall notified the National Association of Manufacturers that applications by Americans for patents have fallen off to the level of the year 1866. We'd guess it can't be helped. Russians have invented everything up to and including the year 2053.

★ ★ ★

Wonder what became of that Wisconsin scientist who announced plans for an international campaign to abolish waste motion. Anyway, he couldn't have picked a better way to show exactly what he meant.

★ ★ ★

Lady in Topeka, Kansas, reports that the six-year-old daughter of a neighbor followed instructions to bill her mother for assigned household chores. Bill rendered read: "For wiping and not breaking dishes ten cents. For sweeping my room five cents. Tax three cents."

★ ★ ★

Latest word from Sante Fe, New Mexico, is that a kindly lady tourist decided to be friendly and folksy with an Indian woman carrying a baby. "Him

IRWIN CAPLAN

Injun?" the tourist lady inquired, pointing to the papoose. "Him part Injun," replied the squaw; then turning and pointing to the nearby railroad she added, "and part injuneer." ▲▲▲

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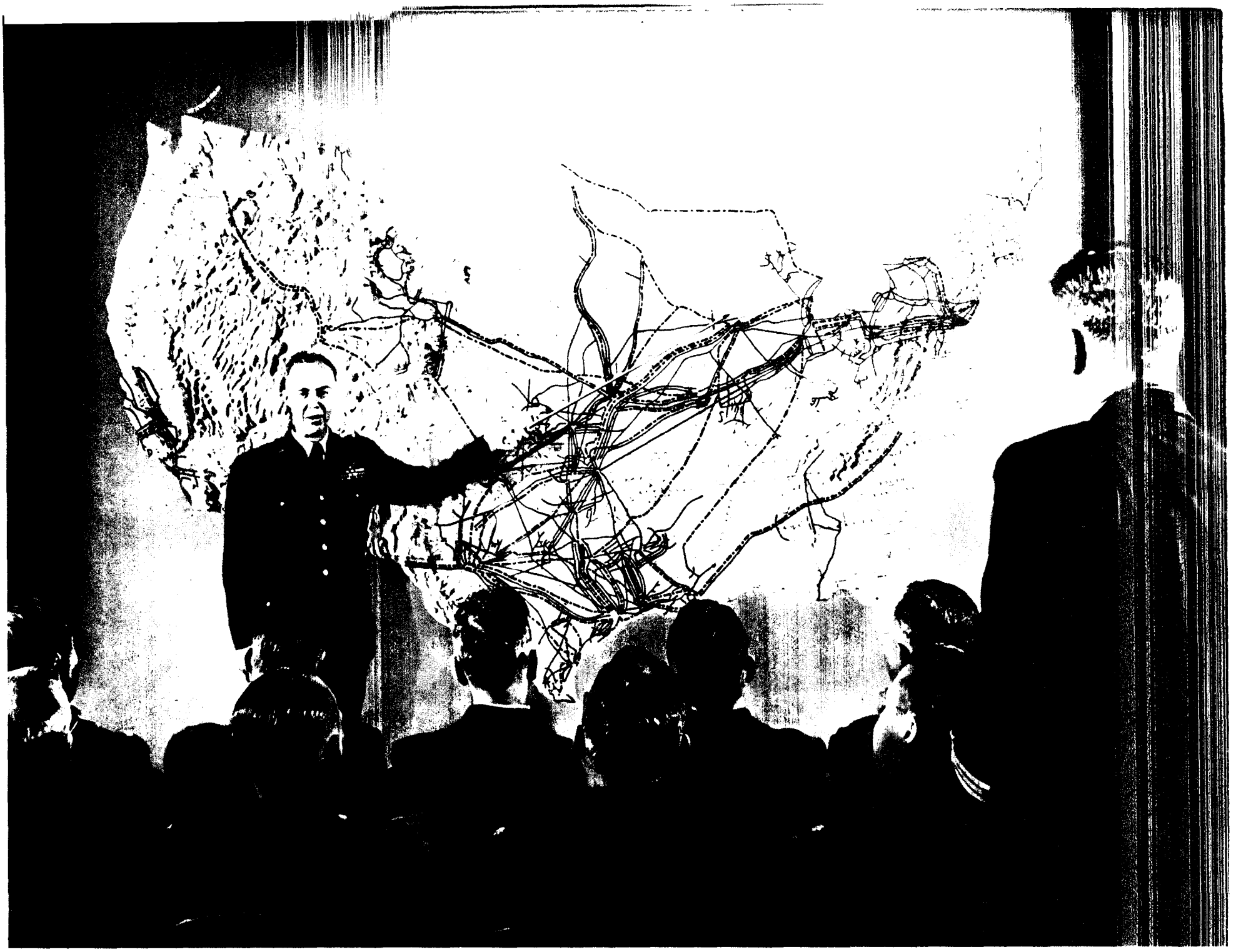

BRIGADIER GENERAL ALFRED H. JOHNSON, USAF, Chairman, Munitions Board Joint Petroleum Committee, briefs Army, Navy and Air Force officers on America's 168,000 mile network of oil pipelines. Map shows major arteries. Dash lines represent facilities built since 1945 or under construction. Developed by oilmen in peacetime to keep costs low, oil pipelines are vital defense asset, are safe from submarine attack — insure uninterrupted delivery of oil products when and where needed.

OILMEN BUILD UNDERGROUND WEAPON

Oil Pipelines Put New Muscles in U.S. Defenses; Bring You Oil Products At Low Cost

A record 55,000 miles of new oil pipelines, built by U. S. companies since World War II, have greatly strengthened America's oil transportation system.

These pipelines—a peacetime development by U. S. oilmen—are safe from submarine attack—insure uninterrupted deliveries of oil products where and when they are needed.

The nation's underground network of oil pipelines, which now total 168,000 miles (enough to circle the earth 6½ times) benefit you and your neighbors by providing low cost transportation. Pipelines carry a gallon of crude oil 1,000 miles for only a penny.

This is one important reason why the high quality gasoline you buy today costs about the same as gasoline did in 1925—only the taxes are higher.

Oil pipelines are built and operated under the free enterprise system by America's oil companies in their efforts to bring you the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices.

Oil Industry Information Committee, AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

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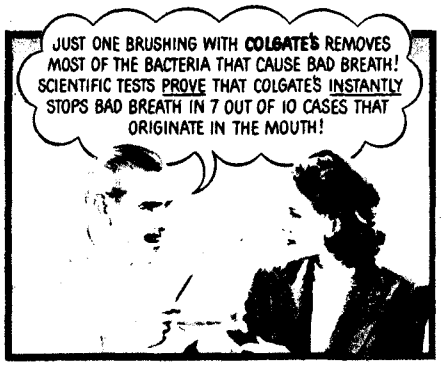
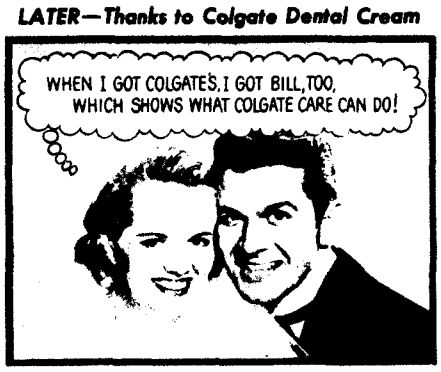
How Catty Can You Get?

YOU'RE A FINE PAIR OF FRIENDS! IF YOU KNOW WHY BILL AND I ARE WASHED UP, TELL ME!
YOU'D TEAR US TO SHREDS IF WE DID, NANCY! ANYWAY, YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO ADVISE YOU ON—ON BAD BREATH, HONEY!


JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES MOST OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES MOST DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA! AND IF YOU REALLY WANT TO PREVENT TOOTH DECAY, BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING!



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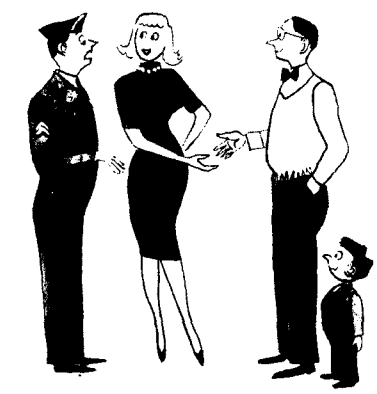
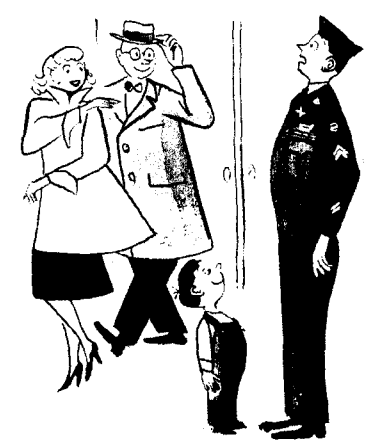
Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!

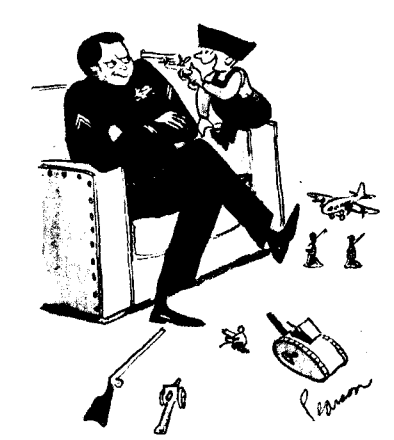
GIVES YOU A CLEANER, FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

The Old Datebook

By CHARLES PEARSON







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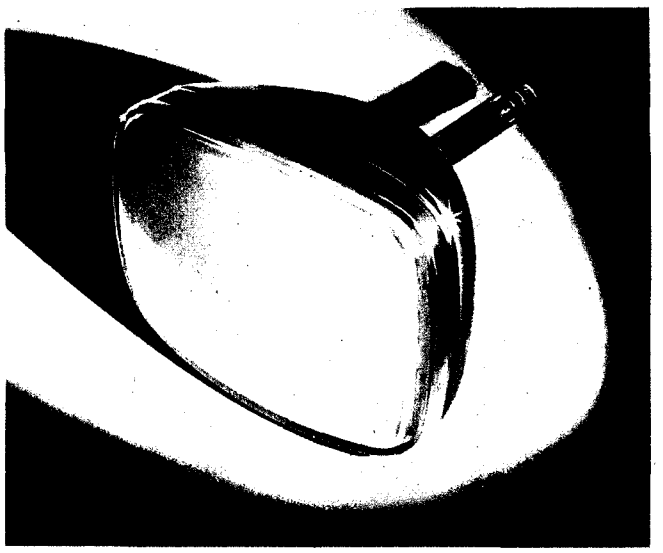
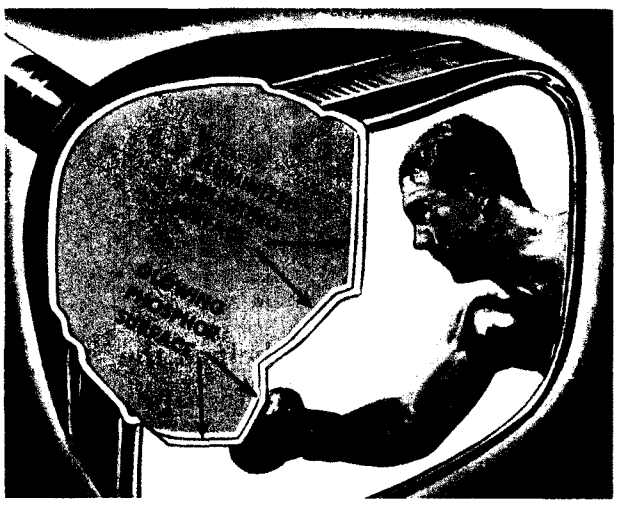
PUT NEW SOCK IN YOUR OLD TV PICTURE!

NEW TUBE DOES THE TRICK



G-E ALUMINIZED TUBE

● Take your old TV set—have a G-E Aluminized Tube put into it—and you'll get a picture that knocks eyestrain for a loop! As one viewer puts it, "the picture I get now is so real I wince with every wallop!" Actually, the G-E Aluminized Tube makes your set *better than new*. Picture contrast is terrific . . . blacker blacks, whiter whites, vivid realism. You enjoy TV's greatest eye-ease under any lighting conditions. Call the serviceman who handles General Electric tubes for this quick, economical change-over.



● Ordinary non-aluminized tubes simply don't have enough brightness for sharp picture contrast. Much of the light shines back into the tube, degrades picture quality. G-E Aluminized Tubes mirror light toward you, increase brightness up to 100%. Result: unmatched contrast, wonderful, eye-easy realism. Have your serviceman make your old set *better than new* with a G-E Aluminized Tube—backed by a one-year registered factory warranty. *Tube Department, General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, New York.*

ROCKY MARCIANO
Heavyweight Champion of the World

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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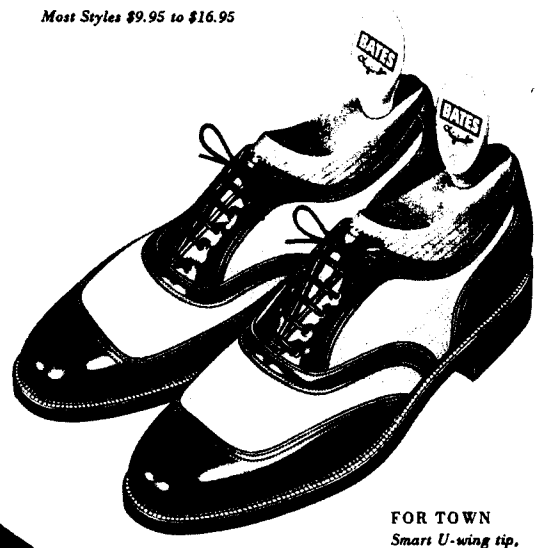
Here are sensible summer shoes
— Nylon Mesh by Bates —
that inhale fresh air with every step.
They give your feet
wonderfully cool, soothing
walking pleasure. Slide into a pair
and *feel* the temperature drop.

Most Styles $9.95 to $16.95



FOR TOWN
Smart U-wing tip, cool as it looks

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New laceless style. Blending of coolness and comfort

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BATES FLOATERS
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Lightest leather casual ever! Only half the weight of regular shoes. Breeze-light cellular crepe soles.
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America's *only* shoes style-endorsed by the College Advisory Board

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Charles M. Hayes, 76, founder of the School Safety Patrols, sits with Chicago Patrollers whose schools got safety awards

The Oldest School Safety Patrol Boy

For 31 years a man in Chicago has helped the nation's youngsters help themselves to safety

ON THE morning of March 4, 1953, a well-filled school bus stopped on U.S. Route 12, two miles east of Michigan City, Indiana, to pick up a small group of children. A gasoline truck stopped behind the bus. Suddenly, as the youngsters were getting aboard, a cattle truck rumbled out of nowhere and ripped into the gasoline truck. The peaceful morning scene became a roaring, crackling blur of flame. The rear of the school bus caught fire. It looked like certain death for the screaming children. But almost simultaneously with the explosion, the bus driver, Bernard Jakubowski, drove forward, sweeping the flames backward and preventing them from enveloping his vehicle. Immediately, too, thirteen-year-old James Hurt organized a crew of older boys and girls and set to work moving the younger children forward in the bus, calming them until they could be let out. No child suffered anything greater than shock.

Why was young Jimmy Hurt so alert to danger? He's a School Safety Patrol Boy—one of some 500,000 boys and girls throughout the U.S. whose job it is to guard the traffic lanes around schools.

Every spring, usually on the second Saturday in May, representatives of the half-million Patrollers meet in Washington, D.C., to celebrate National School Safety Patrol Rally Day. It's an exciting occasion, but few get more pleasure out of it than seventy-six-year-old Charles M. Hayes, of Chicago, who might be called the oldest Safety Patrol Boy in the U.S.

Mr. Hayes has been president of the Chicago Motor Club since 1914. He began to worry about school children and traffic in 1922. "A child was being killed every other day," he recalls, "and something had to be done." Hayes did something.

He convinced Chicago's police department and public-school authorities that it might be a good idea to let older schoolboys protect the younger ones as they traveled to and from school. They agreed to try the plan. The patrols promptly reduced accidents in Chicago school areas, and within six years there were 70,000 patrol members in 500 American cities. Today, besides the half million or more boys and girls in the U.S., there are tens of thousands in Canada, Germany, Sweden, Brazil, New Zealand, the Azores, India and Japan.

While Hayes gave the Patrol Boy project its initial impetus, civic associations of every type now play the leading roles in furthering its functions in local communities. And the patrols have chalked up an enviable record. For instance: statistics over the past 25 years show that traffic fatalities involving children under sixteen have been cut in half in New York State; Missouri hasn't had a single death or injury where a School Safety Patrol Boy was on duty during the last 24 years; Danville, Illinois, reports an accident-free record for 19 years, and Flint, Michigan, has had only one accident at guarded crossings since 1927.

The rest of the remarkable list could literally fill a book. But the School Safety Patrol youngsters on guard in 9,000 cities and towns in the nation don't think much about statistics. They're too busy saving lives—just the way Charles Hayes planned it.

MAURICE FISCHER

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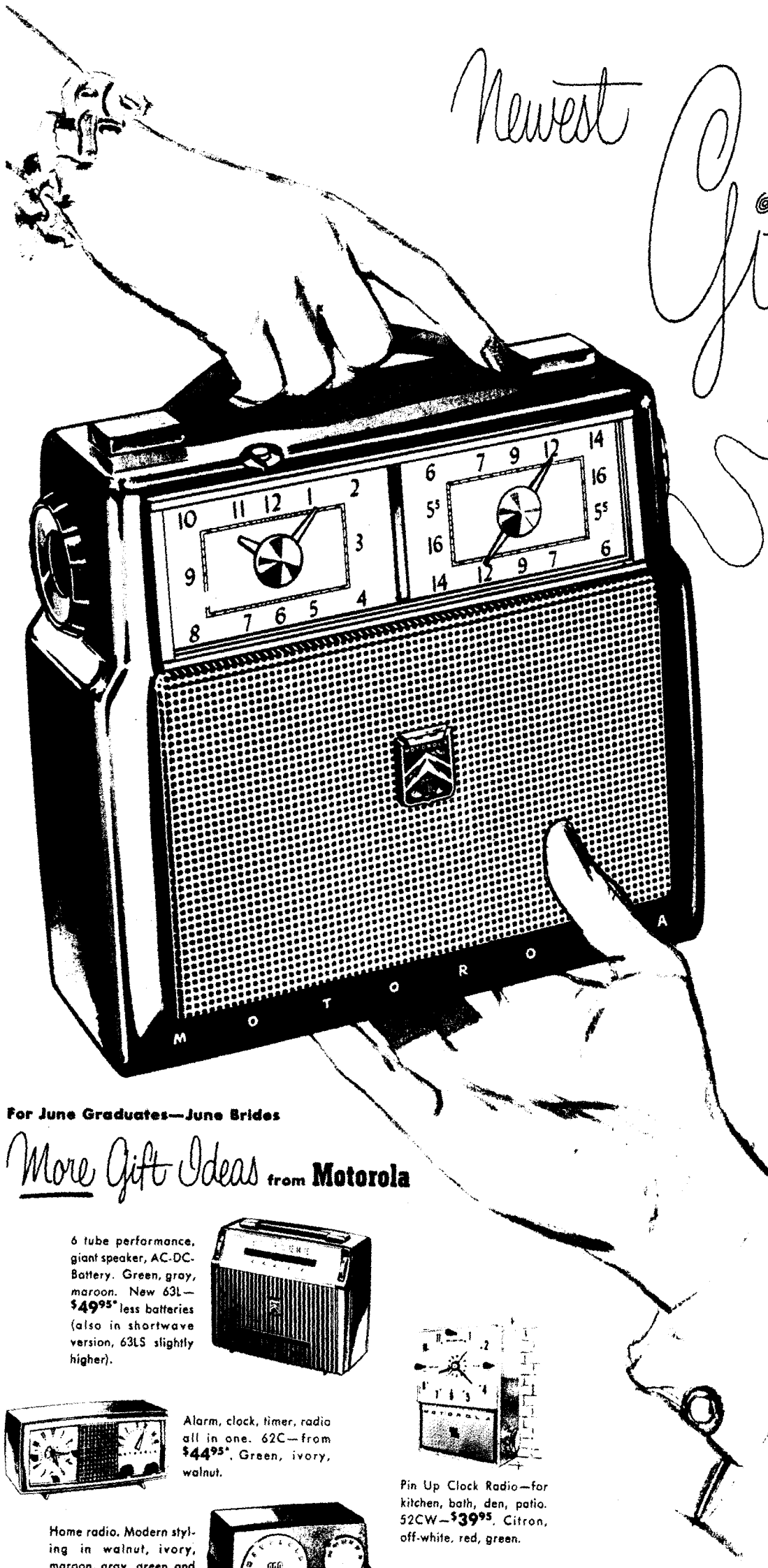
Newest Gift Idea from Motorola



PORTA-Clock RADIO

Here's a brand new idea, a really useful idea, a wonderful gift idea—it's the new Motorola portable with a clock built right into the handsome lightweight case! It's out today—just in time for June giving, for summertime fun at picnics or the beach.

BIGGEST SPEAKER
ever used in a set this size

Motorola exclusive—new giant speaker, larger, yet lighter, gives real console tone to this compact set!

Motorola exclusive—new sub-miniature tubes, used formerly only in costly electronic equipment, reduce battery drain, give greatly extended battery life!

See it today—hear that new depth and purity of tone added to the famous Motorola Golden Voice of radio.

Model 53LC— gray, green, maroon AC-DC-Battery **$44.95*** *less batteries*

*Prices slightly higher South and West. Prices subject to change without notice.

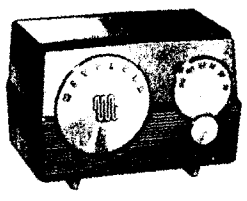
For June Graduates—June Brides

More Gift Ideas from Motorola

6 tube performance, giant speaker, AC-DC-Battery. Green, gray, maroon. New 63L—**$49.95*** less batteries (also in shortwave version, 63LS slightly higher).

Alarm, clock, timer, radio all in one. 62C—from **$44.95***. Green, ivory, walnut.

Pin Up Clock Radio—for kitchen, bath, den, patio. 52CW—**$39.95***. Citron, off-white, red, green.



Home radio. Modern styling in walnut, ivory, maroon, gray, green and red. 52R—from **$17.95***. Golden Voice tone.

Better See Motorola The Golden Voice of Radio

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FULL-TIME POWER STEERING

A superior feature available only from CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Guided by one finger on the steering wheel, a Chrysler-built car slashes through hub-deep ocean surf—a tough spot for any car to be in—except with full-time power steering

EXPLORING
NEW WORLDS
IN ENGINEERING

Creative engineering that brings you the good things first. *A Chrysler-built De Soto cuts effortless capers in the sand and ocean surf of Daytona Beach, on the Florida coast. It demonstrates dramatically the handling ease and positive safety control of full-time power steering, another Chrysler Corporation "first," now available on Imperial, Chrysler and De Soto cars.*

When you park, or turn a corner, or drive through skittery sand, you burn up muscular energy. The result is tension and driving fatigue.

Now Chrysler engineers have taken the fatigue out of driving. They've harnessed hydraulic power to do 80% of the steering work for you!

Steering now is absolutely effortless! Your finger tip turns your car wheel with ease, even at a complete standstill. Parking is simply a look, a turn, a straightening-up, and you're in!

What are the superior features of this *exclusive* Chrysler system?

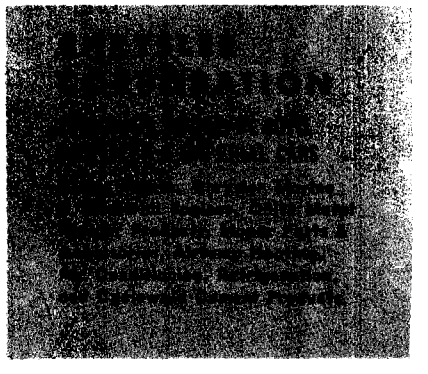
Chrysler's revolutionary power steering system reports for duty the moment you start your engine. And it stays on the job every minute your engine runs! It responds instantaneously—unlike other devices, which do not go to work until the driver has applied four or more pounds of pressure.

This is the *only* system that enables you to drive hour after hour without steering-wheel weariness. So relaxing is Chrysler's all-the-time steering that many doctors now are willing to allow persons to drive who before could not stand the strain and exertion.

Even the steering ratio has been greatly reduced. Other mechanisms require up to *five* rotations of the steering wheel to turn through a full arc. The Chrysler system requires *only three*. This means faster, safer steering than you can get with any other available system.

The Chrysler system also soaks up road shocks. Its hydraulic action helps hold your car serenely on course—even if you drive over ruts or suffer an unexpected blowout.

Chrysler scientists, engineers, and technicians developed and introduced full-time power steering for passenger cars in 1951—again proof that here you get the good things first. This Chrysler "first" is another example of engineering leadership that constantly puts *more value and worth* into all Chrysler Corporation cars.



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Let's Put the A-BOMB IN MACY'S WINDOW

By GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

A top U.S. official made that proposal to dramatize his conviction that government secrecy is being carried to ridiculous extremes. Other public officials agree. In fact the author—a military expert—says the Russians know more of our defense secrets than most Americans

VAL PETERSON, former governor of Nebraska, had just been sworn in as President Eisenhower's Civil Defense Administrator. One of his top assistants was briefing him on the deplorable state of our civilian defenses against an enemy attack.

As the frightening disclosures piled up, Peterson burst out: "Why in blazes wasn't I told all this when I was governor of Nebraska and responsible for civil defense in that state?"

"Because, sir," the assistant said, "when you were governor of Nebraska you weren't cleared for 'top secret' information. Now you are."

The new administrator exploded in indignation and frustration.

When he had calmed down a bit, he started asking questions. The answers showed him what he was up against. Not one man, not even a group of men. But the U.S. government's deeply entrenched security system—an octopuslike creature of bureaucracy that is paralyzing some of the vital functions of our government and perhaps endangering the life and future of every citizen.

The security system had its beginnings in the praiseworthy desire of the government to keep our defense secrets from our enemies, or potential enemies, both inside and outside the United States. But it has been carried to ridiculous extremes. Several thousand people armed with rubber stamps are now keeping important facts not only from our enemies, but from our allies and the very American public officials who need the information to safeguard our future. The result has been ill-founded complacency at home —and a slackening in the defense efforts of our allies abroad.

Merely by stamping a document "restricted," even minor officials can prevent information

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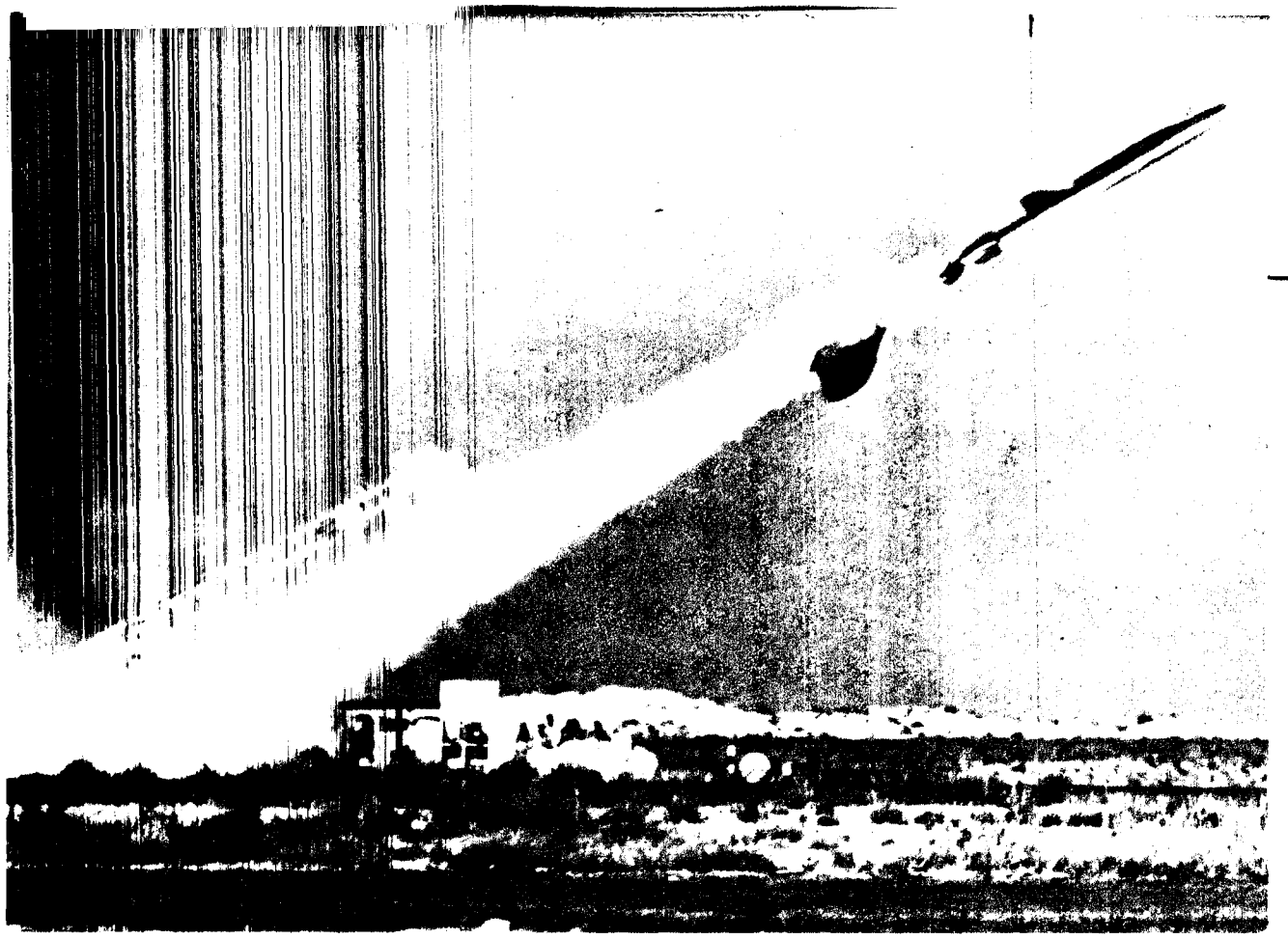

WIDE WORLD

Testing of guided missiles near cities may cause panic, author says, unless the security people reverse policy and tell what's going on. Newly released photo shows Gapa missile

Even the State Department's

from reaching the public and the press. A "confidential" stamp limits distribution even further; such information can be disclosed to government officials, people in the armed services and others only when it seems "advisable" or in the best interest of the branch originating the document. "Secret" and "top secret" information must be confined to high officials who need it to carry out their duties; it can be shown nongovernment people who need it only under "exceptional circumstances." And the "need" generally is determined by the department originating the document.

Peterson is not alone in raising his voice against the lengths to which the security system has been carried. Many others prominent in public life have joined him in demanding that the American people be given the bitter facts about the state of their defenses before it is too late.

"Tell the American people what's going on," cries elder statesman Bernard Baruch. "All this talk about government secrets is a lot of hokum. Foreign agents know more about our military measures than do our own people."

Secrecy Can Damage Our Security

Major General Julius Ochs Adler, vice-president and general manager of The New York Times, emphasizes another danger in the policy of supersecrecy. "If secrecy leads the citizens of this country to feel smug and complacent when they should be aroused and alarmed, then secrecy really damages our security," he warns.

W. Stuart Symington, U.S. Senator from Missouri and formerly Secretary of the Air Force and chairman of the National Security Resources Board, charges bitterly that failure to tell "the whole brutal truth . . . may destroy us." He wants the government to tell us more about not only our own shortcomings, but about what it knows of Russia's true capacity to make atomic war.

Who are the men with the rubber stamps—the men who keep not only the public but often the men responsible for government policy from getting the facts they should have? The answer is the individuals, of whatever rank, who originate the various papers. Often they are low-ranking employees whose guiding slogan is "Play it safe; take no chances." The result is that they frequently give papers a higher security classification than necessary on the theory that it's the best way to keep out of trouble.

Once established, the classification cannot be reduced or removed—not, at least, without much difficulty. What counts is not the wishes of heads of departments and agencies, but the fact that the security stamp is on the paper. On so many papers, in fact, that the policy makers frequently find themselves trapped in the meshes of "security," no matter in which direction they try to move.

Then, also, too many requests by an official for reducing or removing a security classification are sure to start ugly whispers: "Watch so-and-so, he wants to know too much! Why? What's he up to?" Such whispers can bring a man before a Congressional investigating committee and perhaps cost him his job.

Even in agencies so closely identified with national defense that everyone in them has been investigated and cleared, sometimes officials are denied access to "top secret" papers without a special additional clearance, often the product of two or three more exhaustive investigations: possibly one by the FBI, one by the agency where the employee works and one perhaps by another agency with which his work may be associated. Even then the official can't just go and ask to see a "top secret" paper. First he is supposed to establish his *need* to see it—to the satisfaction of a security officer whose ability to judge that need may be limited, but who well knows that he can never get into trouble by saying "no."

This state of affairs sometimes leads to incredible—and dangerous—absurdities. In one case, a civilian study group examining, under a Defense Department contract, various aspects of our military situation was invited to Washington by Paul H. Nitze, director of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department. The members were warmly received at the State Department and closely questioned as to their findings and conclusions. There was no possibility of a violation of security. Every man in the conference room had been fully cleared.

But the civilians were puzzled. Finally one of them asked the question that was forming in all their minds: "Why do you State Department gentlemen ask *us* all this?"

"Because," was the prompt answer, "in planning the foreign policy of the United States it's imperative that we know whether we are leading from strength or weakness."

"That makes sense," said the still-puzzled civilian. "But why ask us? We're only a temporary study group. Why don't you get this essential guidance from the Department of Defense?"

The reply stunned the questioner. "We've been asking them for months," the State Department official said. "They won't tell us. They say we don't need to know."

Ridiculous? Yes, but unfortunately it really happened. So, too, have many other incidents in which security-minded officials may have actually endangered our national security. Some of them may affect your own city.

Vital List Withheld from Civil Defense

Somewhere in the inner recesses of the Pentagon right now is a "top secret" paper known as the Key Facilities List. Key Facilities are our really important war-production plants, the sources of America's fighting power. Obviously they must be protected against hostile attack. And the local Civil Defense people want to give the plants high priority protection against fire, blast, radiation, chemical warfare and all other hazards of an air raid. But Civil Defense can't always provide the needed safeguards because the Defense Department won't let Civil Defense have the list.

"You can have what we call the 'umbrella list,' " the Defense people said. "That lists all the plants that have had a defense contract since World War II."

"But some of 'em are out of business and some have switched to civilian production. Anyway we can't tell which are the most important out of all these thousands of names," protested Civil Defense.

"You'll just have to guess," said Defense. "We don't think you've established your need for more precise information at this time. If anything happens, of course, we'll let you know more."

Focused more sharply, here's one result: the Civil Defense director in Detroit has a fire-hazard problem in a certain chemical plant. But he can't tell Detroit's fire chief what kind of chemicals the plant is using. The plant's security officer says, "Sorry, that is classified information." If "anything happens," no doubt the information will be made available. It might reach the Civil Defense director after fire has destroyed the factory.

Still another hurdle confronts the conscientious official seeking information. He may be fully cleared for security. He may establish his need to know. But he can still be denied the facts he wants on the ground that the Army or the Air Force or somebody else "has not completed the evaluation of the paper in question."

The "evaluation" can drag on for two or three years. Take the results of the 1951 Eniwetok tests of high-energy atomic explosions on various types of buildings. The report would be of great value to architects and engineers in planning new bomb-resistant construction in American cities, as well as in planning and building bomb shelters. Gordon Dean, retiring chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has been trying to pry this information loose ever since the tests. But the Pentagon won't let him make public the report. First it called the report "sensitive information." Now it's "being evaluated."

"I don't think," Dean has said in a public statement, "you can plan intelligently for civilian defense by talking about the effects of so-called 'nominal bombs,' such as those dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and then trying to figure out the effects of bombs of different energy."

The Civil Defense people agree. So does every builder and architect in every American city that might be attacked. But somebody in the Pentagon, clutching his rubber stamp, mutters: "This might give significant military information to the Russians." That it also might save American lives does not sway him. The rubber stamp is boss—and you are denied the safety factors that otherwise might be built into your office or apartment building.

Sometimes information becomes "top secret" merely because of the company it keeps. Consider what has become known as The Case of the Three Little Documents. Two of the documents

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...olicy makers were refused vital facts by the Pentagon

involved were innocent and originally were not classified. They contained useful facts. The third document, dealing with the same subject, was classified "top secret." Then somebody summarized all three little documents for a busy official —and at once *all three* documents were classified "top secret." Yes, of course, said the security mind, the first two papers had been unclassified once—but it's better to play it safe.

The security mind doesn't like to have inferences drawn from unclassified information, either. Somebody might make a smart guess. So, of course, might the enemy, but the security mind apparently doesn't credit the enemy with much intelligence. A Civil Defense study group known as Project East River found out about the danger of inferences the hard way when it took data about probable casualties in an atomic-bomb attack from a widely circulated and quite unclassified AEC book entitled The Effects of Atomic Weapons, which anybody can buy from the Government Printing Office for $1.25. The study group projected the casualty figures by ordinary mathematical processes, and applied the result to a selected list of American cities whose population is given in the World Almanac. The Pentagon immediately classified the result "top secret." Somebody with a rubber stamp must have figured that the Russian Embassy hasn't got $1.25, or doesn't own a World Almanac.

Of course such information, if made public, might upset people in the listed cities. Indeed it might upset them so much that they'd demand to be told just what the score is, just what is being done to cut down those "anticipated casualties." But the security mind doesn't like to upset people. It prefers to soothe them—so that they in turn won't upset the security system.

Few Know What an A-Bomb Looks Like

This reluctance by the security mind to disturb people is one reason why you don't know yet—eight years after Hiroshima—what an A-bomb, even the old-fashioned 1945 kind, looks like. Even three years ago psychologists suggested the government publish a description of at least the outside of one of the older A-bombs. Let people know something about its shape and size. Maybe even put a bomb casing on display in various parts of the country. "An A-bomb," said one psychologist, "is just an unreal figment of the imagination to most of us. The only way to make it real, to make people think of it as something that exists and that they must reckon with, is to show it to them."

Civil Defense officials agreed. Chairman Dean of the AEC said, "If I had my way I'd put the bomb in Macy's window." But neither Civil Defense officials nor Dean could overcome military objections that if we displayed this obsolete bomb casing in the interests of a little realistic thinking, the enemy might gain some useful information. Moreover, said the military men, the dreadful sight might make people nervous!

Publishing the description of an atomic bomb —or even better, displaying a bomb casing— would be helpful in another way too. Probably you haven't heard about it, but for two years now quite a few of the merchant ships arriving in major U.S. ports have been searched by the Coast Guard for A-bombs and other explosives in an attempt to prevent any being smuggled into our harbors. The principal devices used in the search are Geiger counters, which detect radioactive materials. But a Geiger counter isn't much good for finding an A-bomb: the radioactive material in an assembled bomb is thoroughly shielded. It has to be, if the bomb is to remain effective.

As Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer, who helped direct the development of the first atomic bomb, once told a committee of anxious senators, "The best tool for finding an A-bomb is a screw driver to open all the crates and see what's inside." A veteran ship searcher to whom this remark was repeated snapped back: "And how'd I know it if I found one with my blank-blank screw driver? I don't even know what the thing looks like."

Conditions Likely to Cause Panic

Secrecy, of course, is the stuff that panic is made of. There is no fear like the fear of the unknown: a basic truth the security mind is incapable of understanding. It fought for years to prevent the "yellow alert"—the preliminary warning that an air raid on a given locality is probable but not yet imminent—from being broadcast to the general public. The security people said people might get panicky if they knew about the preliminary alert. Yet in every city in the country special precautions have to be taken at the yellow alert which can hardly be hidden. In Chicago, a yellow alert would go out over the fire-alarm system and the police radio. What a secret! Everybody in town would know that something was happening, but have no official guidance. Panic thrives under such conditions, and the results can be disastrous.

The only antidote for panic is accurate public information, reinforced by leadership in which the public has learned to have confidence. And, as the Project East River people say: "The public still is not accurately informed about the effects of the atomic bomb. The possibilities, dangers and extent of biological or chemical warfare are known only to relatively few. The public is aware that such an attack is possible, but it does not realize the lethal, crippling, disruptive and disorganizational potentialities of these weapons."

One more point may be worth noting. The military defense of our cities is a responsibility of the Air Defense Command and the Army's Anti-aircraft Artillery Command, armed, among other weapons, with guided missiles such as the Nike, now just going into service. The Nike, which will be stationed soon near all our major cities, was to have been demonstrated for newsmen and congressmen on April 17th at White Sands, New Mexico, and Burlington, North Carolina. But on April 8th the Defense Department suddenly canceled the demonstrations. The security mind had won again. "For reasons of economy and security," a Defense Department announcement said, "public demonstrations of important new weapons and equipment are not in the public interest at this time."

In fact, the very existence of guided missiles (which already are making a considerable contribution to our defense and will make more in the future) has been kept hush-hush so far as the security mind could manage it. One reason given is that the presence of guided-missile batteries near our cities might "disturb" folks.

There was a lot of excitement several years ago when a V-2 rocket, fired from the White Sands Proving Ground, went haywire and landed in a cemetery in Juárez, just across the border in Mexico. Nobody was hurt, but the way American and Mexican generals hurried around betrayed their nervousness about possible public repercussions.

There will be more excitement when the first practice missiles are fired near American cities. Probably nobody will take the trouble to explain that a practice missile usually carries no explosive war head and that with new control systems the operator can destroy a missile in the air if it swerves from its proper course. People will be left to wonder—just as the people of Glen Cove, Long Island, were left to wonder after a mysterious explosion in the air last summer. I understand that the Long Island explosion actually was caused by the intentional detonation of a guided missile that had gone off course. But no official explanation has ever been given the inhabitants of Glen Cove. And no official explanation will be given of any other similar incidents—unless somebody, somehow, overrules the security mind.

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson was exasperated by supersecrecy security policy

It won't be easy. The security mind is deeply entrenched in our governmental system. You find it in the State Department, the Atomic Energy Commission (where it has the sanction of law) and even in some sections of the Federal Civil Defense Administration. But the security mind has sunk its deepest roots in the Pentagon, although it has its enemies even there. General Omar N. Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, says sarcastically that it's a fine state of affairs when he can't discuss with Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery and France's Marshal Alphonse Juin the characteristics of the atomic weapons upon which the armies under their command might have to depend for victory.

He might well have added that it is also a fine state of affairs when rumors about the supposedly miraculous capabilities of these weapons lead our European allies to slacken their defense efforts. Publication of the cold hard facts would do a lot of good on both sides of the Atlantic.

Unedited News From the Pentagon

Unhappily, however, the security mind appears to have won over the new Secretary of Defense, Charles E. Wilson. He has even ordered a tightening of security measures. He said he was surprised at the amount of news coming out of the Pentagon that does not originate in the carefully edited official announcements.

In the Pentagon, of course, the security mind owes a lot of its influence to a desire for self-preservation. Proponents of big bombers shudder at the thought their slice of the budget pie might be cut down to give air defense a bigger share. The Navy is a little nervous at suggestions that it ought to spend more money on outlying radar installations. All three services are struggling among themselves for more guided-missile money, despite the hard co-ordinating work of K. T. Keller's Guided Missiles Office.

It is no wonder the public is confused. And it is no wonder that the security minds throughout the government fear the result of letting the public get a good look at the big picture of our inedaquate defenses.

Yet the fact remains, as the Federal Civil Defense Administration's report for 1952 says, "the safety of the republic is everybody's business, not merely that of a few. The truth has made us a free nation. Only when the people are told the full truth about the dangers they face will they be able to act to keep us free." ▲▲▲

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By the time we got to the boardwalk, I was glad we came. There were people, but not so many as I had expected. There was plenty of room on the boardwalk

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

Anybody Can Go to CONEY ISLAND

He didn't like anything about Anne—her nut-eating family or the way she laughed at him or anything. But when he stayed away from her, he was miserable

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

YOU want to know about Anne, I'll tell you about Anne. I'll tell you how I came to dislike her father and her mother and her Uncle Rodolfo—who ever heard of having an Uncle Rodolfo?—and that street where she lived and a lot of other stuff.

But first off, you don't mind, I will speak very briefly not of Anne but of Betsy. I like to talk about girls. I could tell you about Sandra in Chicago, too, but it might bore you. It bores me.

Well, Betsy. Where she lived, it was Park Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street, one of those big, big apartment houses where the apartments all have eight, nine, ten rooms each, and the maid sleeps in; and where they have separate elevators on different sides of the building, and big, red-faced doormen—old guys—who are always so polite.

I was seventeen, and I knew Betsy because her brother went to my school. It was a private school, and the main difference between me and Betsy's brother was that his parents could afford it and I don't think mine could.

Anyway, to make my own money, Saturdays and Sundays I worked as a messenger for Western Union, at their branch on Twenty-second Street in the short block between Broadway and Fifth, in back of the Flatiron Building. Sunday is the tough day, because they close down the other branch offices in the neighborhood, and you have to deliver telegrams over an area stretching from the East River to the Hudson River, and from Sixteenth Street north to Thirtieth. You can't goof off, either, because you have to clock out with each batch of telegrams and clock in when you get back, and they only allow you so much time.

It's a stretch of town that covers a lot of New York. You have the Seamen's House Y.M.C.A. on the West Side, and Bellevue Hospital on the East Side, on First Avenue; and the brassière manufacturers and drug wholesalers, and the big Masonic headquarters, and the Armenian section in the East Twenties, and then the snooty Gramercy Park section. I guess you can learn a lot. Main thing I learned, at the time, was that you deliver a telegram, get it signed for and get out of there.

Those walk-up apartment houses—they're the next grade up from the real old tenements. You build a house that's got more than five floors in New York City, it has to have an elevator. That accounts for all the five-story residences. Every telegram I got, it was always the fifth floor, and it was always bad news. Most people who get telegrams in that part of town only get them when it's bad news. You don't want to be there when they tear open the envelope and read it.

One time I delivered a telegram to an old lady back in the rear apartment on the fifth floor, and I was going down the stairs fast when I heard her calling me. I pretended not to hear her, but she kept on calling—"Western, Western," like that—so finally all right, I turned around and climbed back up there. She had the door open just a little, and the opened telegram was in her hand, and for a minute I thought oh—oh, this one doesn't read English, and she wants me to read it to her. But all she did, she reached out her old arm, with the skin all tired and the veins on the wrist all blue, and she put a penny in my hand. A tip. I took it, too.

And after a day of that, I'd go home and get a shower and put on the good suit and go up on the Lexington Avenue subway to take Betsy out.

Well, anyway, this night, her people were just finishing dinner, and they had company. I walked into this big dining room where they were all sitting, and they wanted me to sit down and have some dessert with them, and sure enough, pretty soon Betsy starts talking to me about how she's heard I'm working week ends, and her old man says to me—he's an importer or something, lots of money—he says to me, "Just what is it you do?" And I said, "Well, sir, I'm in communications," and they all nodded very seriously, but back behind their eyes they were laughing, and I knew it.

Well, in this story I'm telling now, believe it or not, that just about takes care of Betsy. It doesn't tell much about Betsy, but, you know what I mean, nothing really ever tells much about people like Betsy. Looking back, though, it ties in. Now you jump seven years and you come to Anne, and this is about Anne.

I WASN'T going to school with anybody's rich brother when I met Anne. I had gone to college, too, but on my own. I met Anne at one of those club dances they're always having in the Bronx. Sid Miller, who works with me, and his wife Louise (and I wished I'd seen her before he did) were going to this dance, and there's always a lot of stag business, boys and girls, at something like that. "You'll meet somebody," Sid says to me, and I said no, girls who come unescorted are not my type of girls. But I went, and this girl was standing over to the side of the dance floor, the one I thought was unescorted, turned out to be Anne.

What I couldn't figure was how somebody like that would have to go anywhere without a guy, so what I did, I went up and asked her. I went up and told her my name and I said, "All I want to know is, why'd you come without a guy?"

She told me her name and she said, "I didn't."

Well, then I had to say *(Continued on page 54)*

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Have you seen these five men? They're German prisoners of war wh

Why did it take the FBI more than seven years to track down escaped German war prisoner Reinhold Pabel, whose story appears below?

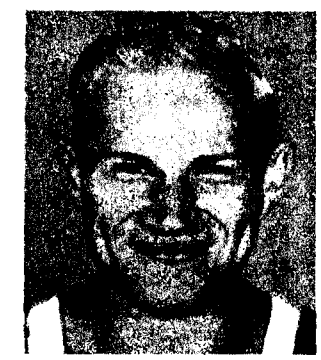
It's a tribute to the federal agents that they caught him at all. Of the 430,000 Germans and Italians held in POW camps in this country during World War II, a total of 2,803 escaped. Most were quickly caught, but a number who spoke English well attempted to assume new identities, as Pabel did, and melt into obscurity. Tracing them was a needle-in-a-haystack operation: a scant 6,000 FBI men combing almost 160,000,000 people. A Chicago police officer said after Pabel was arrested: "Any prisoner of war smart enough to go to work in a big city, as Pabel did, or lose himself on some remote farm, ought to be able to remain at large forever."

Yet today, only five escapees are still free. The FBI has weeded out and captured all the others. For the remaining five, it's probably only a matter of time before the G men catch up with them (although it might be a different matter if their fingerprints and other identifying data were not on file). You may be able to speed up the process. Here are the pictures of the Nazi POWs still at large; if any of these men look familiar to you, notify the nearest FBI office at once

Curt Richard Westphal

Now 31, Westphal, an ex-sailor and truck driver, broke out of a camp in Bastrop, La., in August, 1945. He is stocky, ruddy and blue-eyed

Werner Paul Lueck



Lueck, now 33, is blond, blue-eyed, of medium height. He weighed 167 when he escaped from Las Cruces, N.M., in November, 1945

"IT'S EASY TO BLUFF

Reinhold Pabel, as a noncom in the 115th Panzer Grenadiers of Hitler's First Army

Doubt it? Then read this astonishing adventure story by a captured German soldier who broke out of an Illinois prisoner-of-war camp almost eight years ago, married an American woman, started a small, successful business in Chicago, and might still be at large, if—

LET us suppose for a moment that you are an ardent Communist living behind the Iron Curtain. You have been thoroughly trained in espionage and sabotage. You have learned to speak English with only a slight accent. One day your superior officer orders:

"You will proceed to Canada and cross into the United States. You will establish residence in Chicago and obtain a post-office-box address under the name of Joseph Brown. You will not under any circumstances communicate with anybody in this country or with personnel in our embassy or consulates in America. Instead, you will live as an ordinary American citizen. It should be relatively simple for you to establish a small mail-order business, preferably as a dealer in rare books. You will support yourself from this business indefinitely; it may be 10 or 20 years before you hear from us. When the time for action arrives, you will receive a personal letter containing coded orders.

"Then," your superior officer concludes, "you will carry out the acts of sabotage described in your orders."

If you were that hypothetical agent, do you think you could live in Chicago as Joseph Brown for the next 10 or 20 years without being caught?

When I asked an American friend that question recently, he commented: "The *saboteur* wouldn't have a chance. The FBI would grab him in less than a month." My friend may be right; I hope so. But I think a well-trained *saboteur* could slip into the United States and live here comfortably and undetected for an indefinite time. In fact, barring the outbreak of a war, I believe he could stay in this country long enough to collect Social Security benefits!

I make that statement on the basis of my own experience. I am a former noncommissioned officer of the 115th Panzer Grenadiers of the German First Army. On September 10, 1945, when I was twenty-nine, I escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp near Peoria, Illinois. For almost eight years after that, I lived openly in Chicago under the name of Phillip Brick.

As Phillip Brick, I washed dishes in restaurants, set pins in a bowling alley, clerked in a bookstore and worked in the circulation department of the Chicago Tribune while accumulating the $450 it took to open my own bookstore, the Chicago Book Mart, at 1021½ Argyle Street. As Phillip Brick, I courted and married my American wife. I have a ten-month-old son, Christopher Brick. Six months after I escaped, I filed my first American income-tax return, signed Phillip Brick; I have

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escaped from POW camps—and are still at large in the United States

Harry Girth

Tallest of the five, Harry Girth is a husky, blond six-footer, born in Poland. Now 27, he broke loose from Fort Dix, N.J., in June, 1946

Georg Gaertner

A former draftsman, Gaertner is 32, tall and fair, with a scar on his left index finger. He escaped from Deming, N.M., in September, 1945

Kurt Rossmeisl

Oldest of group, Rossmeisl is 46, college-educated, speaks English with British accent. Broke out of Camp Butner, N.C., August, 1945

AMERICANS!"

By UNTEROFFIZIER
REINHOLD PABEL
with BILL FAY

been filing them that way ever since. When, at 4:30 in the afternoon of last March ninth, eight FBI agents arrested me in the back room of my bookstore, I had been at liberty for almost eight years.

Although the Federal Bureau of Investigation does not reveal its investigative procedures, I believe my apprehension resulted from my continuous correspondence with my mother and sister in Hamburg, Germany—a calculated risk I felt compelled to take because they desperately needed food and clothing, particularly in the days just after the war ended. I mailed them more than 150 packages, plus a letter a month, addressing the mail to a friend in Hamburg who acted as intermediary.

During all the time I lived as Phillip Brick, the FBI had the photograph and fingerprints of Reinhold Pabel on file. Moreover, a Wanted circular with the photograph of Reinhold Pabel was placed on the bulletin board of every post office in the United States. I used to see it regularly at one of the post offices where I picked up my mail.

Waitress Saw But Couldn't Believe

Two years before I was recaptured, I met a woman who had known me as a dishwasher in 1946; she had been a waitress in the same restaurant. She remembered me and remarked: "Funny, Phillip; after you quit, one of the other waitresses saw the picture of a man who looked just like you on a circular in the post office. Of course, she knew it couldn't be you, but she said the resemblance was simply amazing!"

I was constantly surprised at how easily I was able to assume a new identity in this country—and no questions asked. Only 10 days after my escape from prisoner-of-war camp, I walked into a Social Security Administration office in Chicago and applied for a Social Security number. The clerk who helped me to fill out an application blank asked: "What's your name?"

I thought fast. Phillip was a familiar name both in Europe and the United States and would match my slight accent. A last name? I cast my eyes about the office. The word BRICK stared at me in big black type from an advertisement on a calendar hanging on the wall.

"Phillip Brick," I said.

Once I obtained my Social Security number, I could go to work anywhere in the United States. Such absolute freedom of activity is permitted in few other nations. In Germany, a citizen must register with the government whenever he changes his address. Supervision is even stricter in Russia. If I had escaped from a Russian prisoner-of-war camp, I'm sure I would have been recaptured within a few days.

Of course, I am not suggesting that the United States adopt police-state methods. I know how Americans cherish their freedoms, and it would be presumptuous of me to suggest any limitations on them. However, I feel obliged to point out that the United States is peculiarly vulnerable to the threat of sabotage because of the American conception of personal liberty—and because of a willingness to take people at face value, which makes it easy to bluff Americans.

I believe the story of how Reinhold Pabel was able to live as Phillip Brick for years should give every American cause for grave concern. Here is my story:

My escape was scarcely as dramatic as some of

As Phillip Brick, he was a respectable family man and rare-book dealer in Chicago, Ill.

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"A well-trained saboteur could slip into the United States and live here comfortably

the cloak-and-dagger fiction on the shelves of my bookstore. From January 2, 1945, until early September, 1945, I was held in prisoner-of-war camps at Camp Grant, Fort Sheridan and Camp Ellis, all in Illinois. During this period, I accumulated about $15 in American money by selling my medals and war souvenirs to guards. I also bought a white sport shirt and a package of blue dye from a guard; I told him I wanted to color a pair of GI khaki pants for use in a play staged by a group of prisoners. After these purchases, I had $10.20 left.

Early in September, 1945, I was transferred from Camp Ellis to Camp Washington, near Peoria. Washington was a small camp holding about 200 prisoners who were working in a corn cannery. I was assigned to the night shift.

On the morning of September 10th, after answering eight-o'clock roll call, I went to my tent and put on my white sport shirt and blue-dyed pants; then I strolled along the barbed-wire fence. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched the guard in the sentry tower. When he turned his back, I ducked through the skimpy fence and into a clump of trees.

The prison stockade was about 50 yards from a highway and traffic was fairly heavy. Concealed from the camp by the trees, I started waving my thumb. Within two minutes, a farmer driving a truck picked me up. In those days, when tires were rationed and gasoline rationing was still a sharp memory, it was considered patriotic to pick up hitchhikers.

During our 30-minute drive to Peoria, the farmer bitterly denounced the late President Roosevelt as a warmonger. When he asked how I felt, I was in a quandary. In view of my accent and the fact that he had picked me up almost at the front gate of the prison camp, I decided it would be less suspicious if I was *for* Roosevelt. I had been reading American newspapers for more than a year, so I had no trouble citing pro-Roosevelt arguments.

Apparently angered by my political views, the farmer didn't even speak to me during the last 10 minutes of our trip. We arrived in Peoria at about nine thirty. After locating the bus station, I experienced my first and virtually only language difficulty. In German idiom, I would have asked the ticket agent: "When does the next bus ride for Chicago?" I realized that would be incorrect in English, but I didn't know the correct phrase.

When I reached the ticket window, I said only one word: "Chicago?"

"Eleven thirty," the ticket seller volunteered. That was that.

The ride to Chicago was uneventful. I read a pocket book most of the way to discourage conversations with other passengers. My ill-assorted clothing—sport shirt, dyed GI pants and Army shoes—aroused no comment. In those days, immediately after the war, it was not unusual for discharged soldiers to wear bits of Army clothing.

In Chicago I ate a big dinner of bacon and eggs in the bus terminal, then walked into Grant Park along the lake front. I intended to spend that night sleeping under a bush. It was damp and chilly near the lake, but two years of infantry action on the Russian front had accustomed me to cold.

Reinhold Pabel, freed on bond after capture by the FBI, with his wife Avis and Christopher, their ten-month-old son. Former POW kept the truth from his wife to avoid implicating her

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Unfortunately, the park seemed overrun with police. Afraid of being discovered and questioned, I left the park, walked into Chicago's brightly lighted downtown business section and made a marvelous discovery—an all-night movie. So I bought a ticket for 50 cents, curled up in a back-row seat and slept until an usher shook me awake at 6:00 A.M. with a brusque "Get goin', buddy."

When I walked out of the movie that morning, I had only a few dollars left. I would have to get a job, and quickly. Walking aimlessly, I spotted a Dishwasher Wanted sign in a restaurant window. The job paid 50 cents an hour plus meals. I took it.

The second night I found a small furnished room in a dilapidated boardinghouse at $2.75 a week. I washed dishes for six days, saved $19, then refurbished my wardrobe with a secondhand suit ($12.50) and a raincoat ($4).

Told to Get Social Security Card

At the start of the second week my boss, who knew me only as Phil, asked for my Social Security number. When I told him I had lost my Social Security card, he said: "You'll have to get a duplicate. You can't work without a card. It's the law."

So I got a Social Security card, quickly and easily, as Phillip Brick. Once in possession of that card, I felt there was no need to go back to dishwashing. I could work anywhere.

In the want-ad columns of the Chicago Tribune, I discovered an intriguing headline: YOU CAN MAKE $10 A DAY! It was an ad for pin boys at a bowling alley. So I went to work setting pins. I never did make $10 a day, and I developed a very stiff back. After two weeks, I found another restaurant job on North Clark Street as dishwasher and general handy man at $1 an hour plus meals. Now that I was earning so much, I felt justified in moving into a more comfortable room on North Orleans Street. It cost $6 a week.

One month after I escaped, I wrote a letter to my friend in Hamburg. I explained that I was now living in the United States ("under changed circumstances," I said carefully) as Phillip Brick. I enclosed my address, and asked my friend to relay the letter to my mother.

At that time I was deeply concerned for my mother, who had undergone three saturation bombings and was virtually destitute. In early November, about eight weeks after my escape from Camp Washington, I shipped $25 worth of food—sugar, powdered milk, canned butter, coffee and tinned meats—to Hamburg. In my first year as Phillip Brick, I was able to send almost $500 worth of food and clothing.

Although these expenditures kept me broke, I had one unexpected windfall. On March 15, 1946, I made out my first income-tax return, and discovered that too much money had been withdrawn from my weekly pay envelope; I got a $72 rebate from the Internal Revenue Bureau.

When people asked my nationality, I said I was a Dutch refugee; that explained both my slight accent and my disinclination to talk about my past. On several occasions, when other workers at the restaurant asked about my wartime experiences in Europe, I easily diverted the conversation by saying, "Please, the whole business was so terrible I don't like to discuss it. It brings back bitter memories."

My accent proved no handicap. After studying English for eight years in prewar Germany and polishing my idioms for a year in prison camp, I discovered that I actually could speak the language more fluently than many of the native-born Americans who frequented the restaurant. Consequently, when one of Chicago's largest bookstores advertised for a salesman in April, 1946, I felt no hesitancy about applying for the position.

The job paid only $36 a week, $9 less than I was averaging at the restaurant, but I felt that it offered promise of advancement. I knew something

nd undetected for an indefinite time—long enough to get Social Security benefits!"

about books. When I was drafted into the German army in the spring of 1940, I had completed three and one-half years at the University of Münster. I know Latin well (at one time I intended to enter the priesthood), and can speak Russian, Ukrainian, French, Italian and some Greek.

I had been on my new job just three days when I encountered my only serious threat of exposure up to the day of my arrest. A customer asked me where the dictionaries were located—and I recognized him as one of the guards who had been on duty during my stay at Camp Grant. Fortunately, he did not recognize me. I pointed to the dictionaries, and he walked away and never came back.

I worked as a book salesman from April, 1946, to late April, 1948. During this period, I became interested in the numerous requests which our customers made for rare or out-of-print books. Since our store made almost no effort to fill these orders, it occurred to me that I might be able to establish a profitable business by finding and selling these hard-to-get volumes.

The more I thought of the idea, the better I liked it. The beauty of it was that I could operate on a mail-order basis, which would eliminate that one chance in a million of being recognized by somebody who might spot my photograph on the post-office circulars.

On May 1, 1948, I opened a small office at 1166 Diversey Avenue. My assets totaled $450 and 50 assorted books on photography which I had bought for $8 from another bookstore owner who was going out of business. As a starter, I placed small ads, offering to find and quote prices on rare books, in the Chicago Tribune and Popular Mechanics magazine.

At the outset, business was decidedly slow. Within two months, my $450 capital disappeared. To keep myself going, I took a part-time job in the circulation department of the Chicago Tribune at about $40 a week.

I worked almost a year at the Tribune. During that period, I made my first real friend in this country. I'll call him Joe, to avoid embarrassing him. He was an ex-Army pilot, who also was working part time at the Tribune while completing his college studies at Northwestern University.

For nearly three years, I had deliberately avoided friendships. I felt that friends inevitably would ask questions about my past which I could not answer. But I liked Joe—and I had gradually acquired considerable confidence in my ability to play the role of Phillip Brick, the Dutch refugee. And so when Joe invited me to have Sunday dinner at his house, I accepted.

Sunday Dinner with Joe's Family

It was a strange feeling, sitting down to dinner with Joe and his mother, father and brother. It was the first time I had eaten in a family group since I had gone home to Hamburg on leave in the summer of 1943, almost five years before. I realized how lonely I had become when Joe's father casually addressed me as "son."

Joe liked to dance. He kept urging me to go out on double dates, but I couldn't dance. Finally, to quiet Joe, I started taking lessons at the Y.M.C.A. on Chicago Avenue. Within a month, I learned to fox trot, waltz and rumba.

After that, I dated a lot of girls. It was fun, but I quickly discovered that the female of the species can be much more inquisitive than the male. The girls' questions would probe deeper with each date, and I found that it wasn't safe to go out with a girl more than three times. By then, the questions would be so penetrating they were almost impossible to answer.

During the summer of 1949, I took one inquisitive blonde swimming in Lake Michigan. While we were sun-bathing, she asked: "Phil, were you in the Dutch army?"

"No," I said.

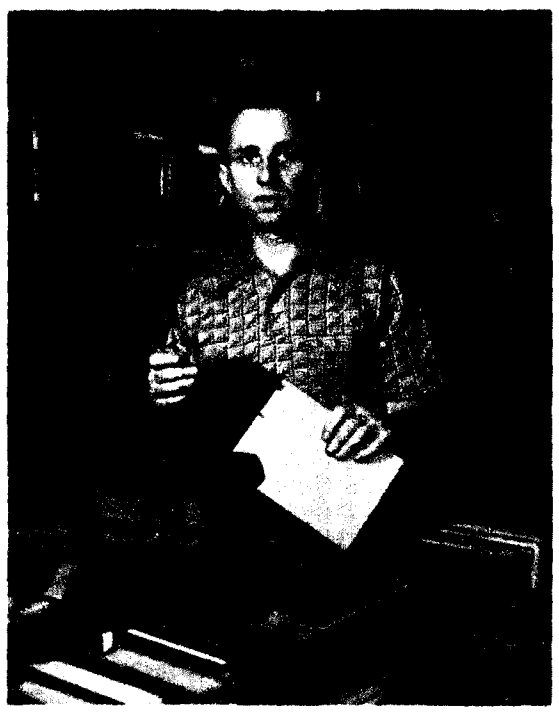
"Gosh, that's funny. When I saw those scars on your shoulder and thigh, I just took it for granted they were bullet wounds."

"Nothing as exciting as that," I said. "I got them in a fight."

Actually, the scars were indeed from bullet wounds. I was shot in the right thigh on the Russian front in 1942, and an American machine-gun bullet pierced my chest in Italy several hours before I was taken prisoner on October 13, 1944.

While my social life was expanding, my mail-order book business was also prospering. On May 1, 1949, I took a three-year lease on a store at 3725 Southport Avenue, and quit my job at the Tribune.

Several months after the move to Southport Avenue, I discovered that I had fallen in love with one of my customers—a pretty blonde named Avis Melander. This unexpected development raised a momentous question. Could a man in my position



The author in his store. A former guard of POWs once came in, but didn't recognize him

marry? And for many reasons, I finally decided that the answer was "yes."

Four years had passed since my escape, and I was confident there was virtually no chance that I would be caught. Even if I were, *I had committed no crime;* as American ex-POWs know, it's the duty of a prisoner of war to escape if he can. Moreover, I had not entered the United States illegally. I had been brought in as a prisoner. Technically, I figured, the only charge which could be lodged against me was that I was a foreigner living in the United States without a visa. The worst that could happen was that I might be deported.

After I decided to propose to Avis, I had a hard time phrasing the proposal. I did not want to tell her I was an escaped German prisoner of war. As an American citizen she would be obligated to expose me to the military authorities. Yet I did not think it was fair to propose without telling her there was some question about my status as a refugee. Finally I said, "Avis, I want to marry you, but there's some doubt about the legality of my visa. There's a chance—a slim chance—that someday I may have to go back to Europe."

It wasn't exactly the truth. It wasn't exactly romantic. But it got results. Avis said: "I'd like to marry you, too, and if you have to go back to Europe, I'll go with you."

To marry, I needed several documents, including a birth certificate and a baptismal certificate. I wrote to my friend in Hamburg, explaining the situation in vague terms. My friend is a perceptive man; within a month, I received copies of the documents—with the name on each changed from Reinhold Pabel to Phillip Brick.

Avis and I were married at St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church at Paulina Street and Addison Avenue in Chicago. Our son, Christopher, was born on June 29, 1952, shortly after we moved our store to its present location, 1021½ Argyle Street.

An Order That He Enjoyed Filling

Business picked up steadily during 1952. One order I particularly enjoyed filling was for 20 textbooks on cooking and economics from the United States Army at nearby Fort Sheridan, Illinois (where I had spent two weeks in 1945). I made $18 on the deal.

Then, just when I had almost forgotten that there ever was such a person as Reinhold Pabel, my past caught up with me.

I remember exactly what I was doing at 4:30 P.M., last March 9th: sitting at my desk in the rear of the store, having just written a letter to a customer in New Orleans who had asked for a price quotation on The Human Side of Plants, by Royal Dixon.

It was time to close the store and go home. Usually, I keep open from 9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M., but this was a very special day—Avis' twenty-first birthday. At lunchtime, I had bought a big chocolate cake and a pink camellia corsage for her birthday party. I was sitting there thinking how pleased Avis would be when I surprised her with the camellias—when the front door opened and eight men walked in. I counted them as they came toward me, because I couldn't recall ever seeing that many customers at one time. I thought to myself: Business is picking up!

One of the customers, a tall, slender man wearing a brown topcoat, opened his wallet and produced an identification card. "Will you look at this, please?" he asked.

I looked. The card identified him as an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. "What can I do for you?" I asked.

"Just answer one question. *Are you Reinhold Pabel?"*

"Yes," I said. "I am Reinhold Pabel."

That is how it ended. The agents took me to their office and questioned me for three hours. The story I told them is substantially the one I have told here. It was easy to tell because I had nothing to hide. During the almost eight years since my escape, I had asked help from no one.

After being held overnight in jail, I was released on $1,000 bond. As I write this, I am uncertain of the future. My lawyer, Carl Cipolla, believes there is a chance the immigration authorities won't press charges against me. If the charges are dropped, I will apply for U.S. citizenship.

If the immigration authorities move for my deportation, the proceedings could be suspended by a special federal legislative act, and I have heard that a member of Congress from Illinois is willing to propose the necessary legislation.

Of course, the act might not pass. But if I'm deported, I've been told, I might be placed on a preferred quota list for re-entry because I have an American wife.

No matter what the immediate future, I hope eventually to establish legal residence in the United States and become a citizen. Meanwhile, I will keep on working in my bookstore. My inner feelings have not changed since that morning in 1944 when, wounded and taken prisoner along the Volturno River, I wrote in my diary:

"I now deliver myself into the hands of God and hope the worst will be diverted from those I love." ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO

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Red-Hot Rookie

By WILLIAM E. PETTIT

Rocco was a scrappy, mixed-up little guy, and I didn't want him fooling around my sister. He meant trouble—bad trouble

I MET Rocco right after he got off the boat from Italy. In fact, I went down with his cousin to get him, and boy, was he a scared, tough-looking little foreigner. I don't mean foreigner in any derogatory way, because my pop was one himself. I just mean somebody fresh over from the old country.

Even then, at fifteen, Rocco was a hell of a powerful little guy, and after all that starving, too. He'd been in the guerrillas with his father, before the old man died. And he knew American pretty well too, from the GIs. He wouldn't speak Italian at all. He said, "No guinea talk, Nick. We are Americans now. Okay?"

So we talked American, Bronx talk, while I showed him around. He stuck to me like a shadow that first summer—not a drag or anything; just sticking close and watching, asking quick questions in that way of his and understanding right away.

And my sister Amelia stuck to *him* right away, and that was a sight, the three of us always together. Rocco was very different when he talked to Amelia, though, very quiet and soft with her, and she hero-worshiped him like crazy. He liked her too, but one day when we'd left her home, we were going down to the stadium on the el, and he said, defensive like he said everything, "I ain't never going to marry your sister."

"Who asked you?"

"Nobody. But she thinks about it, I can tell. But I ain't never going to marry her."

"What's wrong with her?" I said. I knew a lot wrong with her, but hell, she was *my* sister, and I didn't like him saying it.

"Nothing," he said. "She's a swell kid. But she's Italian. I ain't never going to marry an Italian. If you're going to be an American, then you got to be one. You can't bring Italy over here with you and then say, 'I'm an American,' can you?"

I shrugged. I didn't know, I hadn't thought about it, but it sounded like sense when Rocco said it. Anyway, he didn't say anything more, and so we went ahead to the ball game.

That was the thing that took him—baseball. I didn't go for it too much myself. Watching, that is. I liked to play in the lot, but watching and listening didn't interest me much. But in three weeks,

Nights I'd find him on the front steps, telling Amelia how he had played and what he was going to do in the next game. He was a pest

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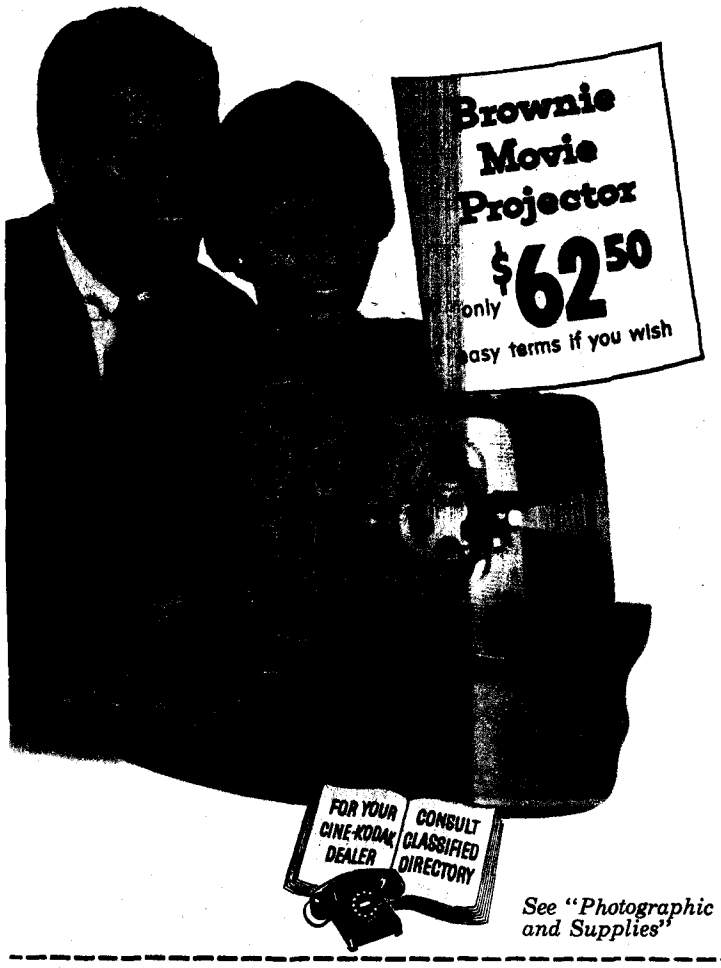

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Rocco knew more about every team in the majors than I ever did. And play! Geez, he played like crazy. The GIs taught him in Italy, and boy, baseball was it for him.

He played all summer, and then in high school he kept right on playing. That first year he made the team, and the next he was the star. He was terrific; he was like a little bazooka whizzing around those bases. He could hit almost anything, and playing shortstop, nothing ever got by him—nothing.

After school started he stopped dogging around after me, but nights I'd find him sitting on the front steps or in the living room, telling Amelia how he had played and why and what he was going to do in the next game. Frankly, he was a pest to me then, because what did I care about Rocco and the Yankees?

But I cared about my sister, so one night I walked him home. I said, "You still feel that way about Amelia?"

"What way?"

"About not marrying her?"

He nodded his head up and down once. "Sure. Why?"

"Well, I wondered. She's nuts about you, you know. I wouldn't like anything to happen."

Little as he was, he grabbed me by the throat and pushed me back against an iron fence, his fist cocked and aimed at my nose. "Take it back," he said.

"Okay, don't blow your top. I just wanted to know." I don't go for that rough stuff; I didn't want to fight him.

He said, "I always shoot fair."

"Sure, but what about her? She's not going to marry nobody while she's eating up your baseball career."

"Hell, she's just a kid."

"Sixteen—that's no kid. How many sixteen-year-olds you know in Italy that get married?"

He swatted his hand at me. "Okay, okay, I get it. I guess I just like to have her listen. Don't worry, I'll stop."

He did. He not only stopped coming around to the house, he stopped seeing her at all, and I didn't know if it was better or not. Amelia never said a word to anyone about him not coming around any more, but she didn't look very happy either, and she didn't go out with any other guys.

BY THE end of Rocco's senior year, he was more star than ever. I heard there was a couple of baseball scouts around watching him play. And then, before I heard anything else, he came to the house one night, and he said, "I wanted to say good-by. I'm leaving for training camp tonight."

"Training camp?" Amelia said it first, and her voice was high and tense.

Rocco nodded his most positive nod. "The Yankees took an option on me, they're putting me on their farm. They think maybe I'll make it for them if I gain some beef."

I said, "Gee, that's terrific, Rocco," and the rest of the family started to congratulate him. But Amelia said, "You can't, Rocco. You're too short."

He turned toward her, quick, the way he'd jumped at me, except he didn't raise his hand of course. He said, "What do you mean?"

"What I said." She wasn't scared of him at all, just calm and sure and sad. She said, "You told me yourself you were too short for a big-leaguer. You said Rizzuto was an exception."

"Nuts. I didn't say that; I said I was short, that's all, not too short. They got Rizzuto, haven't they? They oughta know, hadn't they? Hadn't they?"

She didn't say anything, just looked at him, and he looked at her. And then he went out the door, and she kept looking at where he'd been.

He was gone two years, training and playing in the bush leagues, and whatever else they do on baseball farms. I'd get a post card from him every once in a while, from Florida or someplace, and sometimes I'd answer them. But I guess I forgot about him most of the time, even if Amelia didn't. If he wrote to her too, nobody ever saw the letters or cards. Amelia was eighteen now, and of course she went out with different guys, but really she was always just waiting for Rocco to come back. All of us knew that. I finally had to say something. So I said, "Rocco told me he'd never marry an Italian girl."

She said, "So?"

"So what are you waiting for?"

"Who said I was waiting?"

"Nuts, who has to say? Look at you."

"All right, look. When he comes back, maybe he'll feel different."

"What makes you think he'll come back? The Yankees is big time, you know. Lots of moola and classy blondes. Why should he come back?"

She just shook her head. "He'll be back." And that was all she'd say.

He came back all right—not to the house, but to the neighborhood. I met him on the street; he was stockier, but that was all, just as short and just as tough. I say, "Hey, Rocco, how are you? When did you blow in?"

"Tuesday," he said. "For keeps."

"What happened?"

"A fizzle, that's all. They said, Rocco, you're a brilliant ballplayer, son, but you're just too short; you're fast on your feet all right, they said, but your legs just ain't long enough." He laughed a short, hard laugh. "They offered me a coaching job on one of their bush-league teams."

I knew what a comedown that must of been for him. I said, "How come they kept you this long?"

He shrugged. "Maybe they figured I'd grow. I knew I wouldn't grow. I'm an inch taller than my old man was, now."

I felt sorry for him all right, but I didn't dare show it. I said, "Hell, that's tough luck. Well, drop around to the house sometime."

"Sure. Thanks." He walked away, looking like he'd never come near us if he could help it—near Amelia, I mean. I figured he couldn't take her seeing him a flopperoo like that.

I told Amelia, but she already knew. She said, "I saw him."

"What'd he say?"

"Nothing. He didn't stop."

I said, "Is that what you waited two years for?" But she just looked away, and went right on waiting.

And sure enough, she was right again. One night he walked into the living room like he'd never been away, and he sat down and started talking with the family, looking very small and unhappy. Then, right in front of all of us, he said, "Amelia, let's get married."

She just nodded. She said, "All right, Rocco. Whenever you say." I couldn't figure it out myself, but I could see she'd known what she'd been waiting for.

"You must have thought I was awfully dumb with that menu, but filet mignon is the only French I know . . ."

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

THEY got married about one month later and moved into a flat up the block. Rocco got a job someplace, working in a factory, and two or three nights a week they ate supper with us.

At first it was tense. Momma liked Rocco because he ate a lot, but Poppa felt uneasy. Poppa is a guy who laughs and talks all the time, but Rocco never said anything and that shut Poppa up too—for a few weeks. Then one night Poppa got Rocco a little tight on wine, and got a little tight himself, and we all began to laugh and feel better. When supper was over and we were sitting at the table, while Momma and Amelia and the girls were taking out the dishes, Poppa said, "Tell me, Rocco, I never understand. Why you don't play for the Yankees no more?"

"I'm too short, Poppa. That's all."

Poppa shook his head. "That don't make sense. They knew you were too short, why they spend all that money?"

I said, "They thought he'd grow."

Poppa laughed. "Him grow? Of course not. Anybody knows Italians knows how tall he is, how tall he's gonna be. I'm right, Rocco?"

"Sure. I knew, but they didn't."

"Why'd you go ahead then?" I said.

We watched him, waiting, Poppa and I, and Amelia stopped clearing the table and stood waiting and listening, behind Poppa's chair. Rocco took a drink and poured some more wine into his glass, even if it wasn't empty. When he answered, it was slow and not like the way he usually talked. He said, "Because I had to try. There's always a chance a little guy can make it, even a guy as little as me, and I had to try. Baseball was it for me. Baseball was America, even when I was back in Italy, watching the GIs. Baseball was working hard at something that was fun, instead of working hard just to get food to live. That's why, I guess."

Amelia said, "That's not really why." I looked at her, and that was the first I'd noticed that this marriage wasn't all easy. Her face was sad, sadder than it had been all those years she was waiting for Rocco to marry her. And Rocco looked that way too, sad and lost, and he said to her, "Why ain't it, then?"

"You know why. Sure, baseball was America, but that wasn't really why you had to try. You wanted to be what you knew you couldn't be."

Poppa said, "Amelia." But she said, "No, this once I'm going to say it. You knew you were too short for a big-leaguer, and you knew you wouldn't settle for anything less." She grabbed the back of Poppa's chair and held it, leaning forward toward Rocco, and I knew she was fighting to keep from crying and screaming. She said, "Sure, you wanted to be an American all right, but not just an American citizen. You wanted to be a kind of American you couldn't be, a born American, a tall, white American. Didn't you?"

He didn't answer her, just sat looking at her with his face dead. Poppa turned and put his hand on Amelia's arm, but she shook it away. "That's why you didn't want to marry me, because I was Italian. You wanted to marry a blonde American girl, and you only married me after you had to admit to yourself that you would never be a major-league star."

His voice was very quiet and sad. He said, "That's not true, I loved you."

"Sure, sure," she said, crying now, "but you hated me for being Italian."

She stopped talking, trying to fight back the tears that were flooding out.

Poppa said, "That's not right, Rocco. Sure, you're an American. But you're Italian, too. And that's good. Just—"

But Rocco got up and walked out the door. He walked out very slowly and closed the door quietly behind him. I was too embarrassed for Amelia to look at her, but the sounds of her crying kept coming into my ears until Momma came in and led her away.

We didn't see Rocco again, any of us, for more than a month. Amelia lived alone in her apartment for a couple of weeks, and then she sold the furniture and moved back in with us. None of us mentioned Rocco at all, but all the laughter was gone out of the family. We all spoke quietly and watched Amelia draw further into herself.

THEN Rocco blew into the house at dinnertime one Sunday, without warning, the way he always did things. He looked fine, grinning and cocky. When he took off his coat, we all saw he had on a shirt that said across the chest *Monroe Mudlarks*—the Yankee bush-league team he'd played on last.

We all sort of gawped at him for a minute, and I saw Amelia's face get white and set and waiting, so I said, "What happened, Rocco?"

He grinned and shrugged, a little embarrassed. He said, "Oh, I decided to take that coaching job they offered me. What the hell, it's still baseball."

Poppa laughed, glad to be able to laugh again, and he stood up and slapped Rocco on the back. The two of them stood there, swarthy little guys looking at each other eye to eye. Poppa said, "That's fine, Rocco. Now instead of one great ballplayer, you'll be ten, twenty, maybe fifty great ballplayers."

Rocco said, "Yeah, Poppa. I guess that's the way I see it, too." Then he looked at Amelia, who hadn't taken her eyes off his face since he breezed in the door, and after looking at her for a minute with his face all locked in, he said, "Well? You comin' with me?"

Then she smiled and nodded her head, and when she said, "Sure, Rocco, sure," the whole family started to laugh and dance around the room—even Rocco. ▲▲▲

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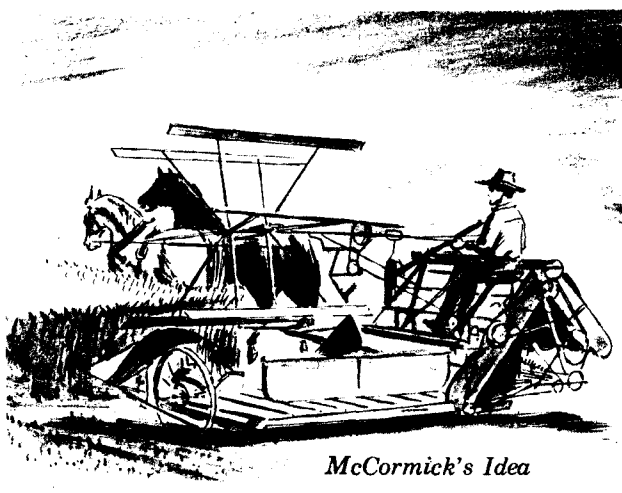
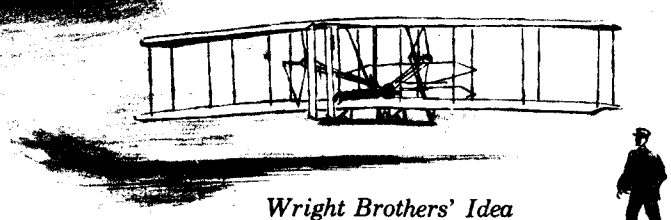
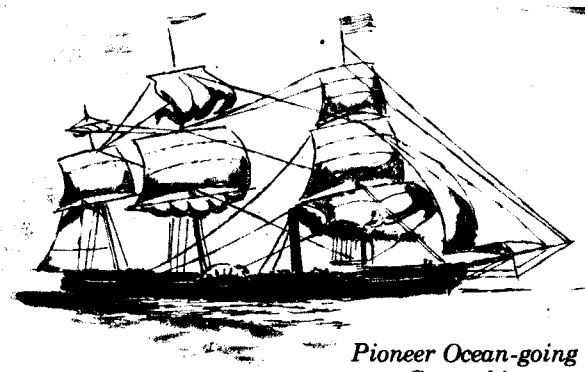


McCormick's Idea



Wright Brothers' Idea



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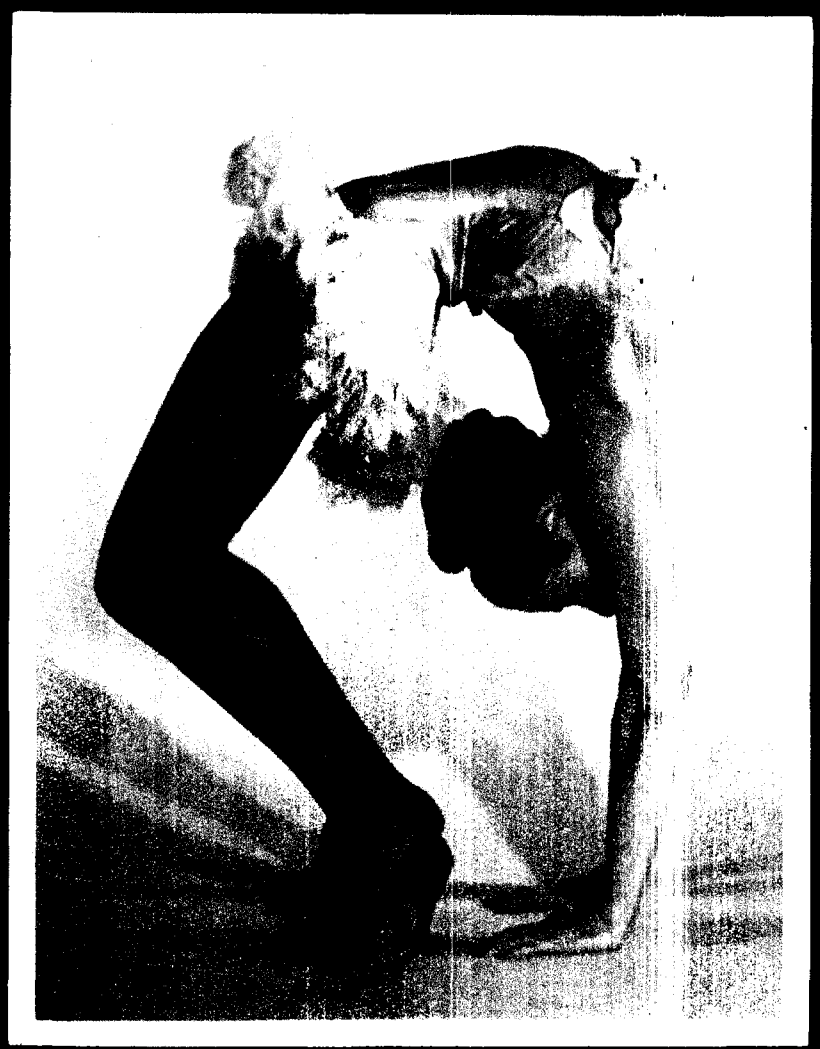

X-ray of Julia in steep back-bend shows unusual flexibility of her cartilage tissue, dark areas stretching between square-looking vertebrae

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

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The X-Ray Looks At Dancer Julia

Julia Darvas casually performs breath-taking stunts which should snap her bones like fragile twigs. Why don't they?

THE dance team of Darvas and Julia has been called the most exciting in the world by any number of hardened critics. Here's why: at the climax of each appearance on a theater or night-club stage Nicolas Darvas, standing on a platform, holds the spotlighted form of his pretty, twenty-three-year-old half sister high above his head, 15 feet in the air. Suddenly he flings her outward and upward. Her body hovers in space for a fraction of time, then turns down, gaining momentum, and smashes to the floor in a thudding, shuddering, beautiful split.

How does she do it? And how can she, in the rest of her performance, twist into a series of extraordinary positions which would send crippling pains through the average person's body? Much of the answer lies in an X-ray taken by two curious New York bone specialists who recently saw her perform: Julia has a built-in shock absorber. The disks of cartilage between her back bones are as resilient as a baby's. Her ligaments are incredibly tough and flexible, like elastic ropes. Together, they give her great bending power and perfect protection in a fall which, logically, should shatter her bones. Her amazing flexibility is mostly the result of long training and practice. But, say the doctors, it takes more—you need courage to hit the ground with a crash and—as Julia does—with a smile. ▲▲▲

Nicolas lifts half sister Julia in another startling stunt

Multiple exposure captures jolting descent as Julia, flung into space, reverses position in mid-air and crashes into a show-stopping split

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HENRY LUHRS

The old man's troubles would not let him rest. "Please, what'll happen to the boys?" he asked

A Priceless Gift

By ROBERT PATERSON

FOR a long time after the young doctor had driven away from the little house on the edge of town, the old colored man lay motionless in his old-fashioned iron bed. He was dying and he knew it, and in his heart he was sad.

It was not dying that bothered him. Most of his friends were already gone, and he himself had long since made his peace.

No, it wasn't for himself that he was sad. It was for Peter and Billy, his young grandsons, who had lost their father during the war and their mother shortly after, and had lived with him ever since. They were good little boys, and bright, and never any more mischief than a couple of healthy boys of ten and eleven should be. But he was all they had in this world, and he was dying, and he had nothing to leave them.

He opened his eyes as the nurse came in. She was a white woman, large and middle-aged, a good woman and a good nurse. The Welfare people had sent her over to tend him. His eyes followed her as she moved quietly about the room, straightening up, and pushing the curtains back farther so the afternoon sunlight could come in through the window and make a bright square on the floor.

"Mrs. Russell," he whispered.

"Yes, Mr. Meakins?" She turned to him, and her eyes were kind.

"Please, what'll happen to the boys?"

She came over to the bed and stood looking down at him, and he remembered how, as a little, round-eyed girl with pink ribbons on her pigtails, she used to come with her father to the livery stable on Saturday mornings, shyly waiting outside while he hitched the high-stepping bays to the shiny black surrey. Her father had always driven good horses.

"Don't you fret about them," she said softly. "Just hush up and rest, like the doctor said."

But the old man's troubles would not let him rest. "Please, what'll happen to them?"

Her eyes met his steadily for a moment; then she leaned over and straightened his pillow. "The Welfare people," she said, and her voice wasn't a nurse's voice any more, but a warm, comforting woman's voice, "they'll look out for them. Don't you worry."

The old man looked away from her to the window, where he could see a green, leafy branch from the old maple tree in the yard rustling in the spring breeze against a bit of white, fleecy cloud and a patch of deep-blue sky, high up and far beyond. He thought back to the day when he himself was a small boy, and his father, whom he loved, had lain dying of injuries inflicted by the kick of a frightened colt, and he remembered how lost and miserable he had felt.

"Do the boys know?" he asked.

"The doctor is going to tell them," Mrs. Russell said gently. "He's going to bring them home from school tonight—he and Reverend Simms, who's going to talk to the Welfare Board."

She put a little bell on the bed beside his hand. "Just ring it if you want me," she said. "I'll be out in the kitchen."

When she had gone, the old man lay staring at the patch of blue sky beyond the window, and his sadness weighed down on him. The Welfare people were good people, and the boys would be taken care of. But just the same, the boys would have a rough, rough road ahead, and he'd feel better if he could help, even though he had no money—the cottage was rented and he didn't even own the bed he was dying in. But there should be some way.

He began thinking again of the day his father had died. He and his father had had a talk that day, with his father lying here in the bed just as he was now. In turn, each of the children in the family had been sent in for a few moments alone with their father. He'd never forgotten that last little talk and the words his father had spoken to him. Many times, down through the years, he had found in the memory of them the strength and courage he'd needed to face up to what had to be faced.

He lay there thinking for a long time, and finally he knew that perhaps, with the good Lord's help, there *was* something he could leave his grandchildren after all. He rang the bell.

The door opened and Mrs. Russell came in.

"When the boys come home," he whispered, "I'd appreciate it if you'd let me talk to Peter alone for a few minutes. Then I'd like to talk to Billy by himself, too. If you could fix it, please, I'd be most grateful."

Mrs. Russell smiled. "Of course," she said. "I'll fix it. You just rest, now."

WHEN she had shut the door, he lay back again and closed his eyes, and his sadness wasn't so heavy any more. Then he knew he must have slept, for the next sound he heard was a movement in the room, and when he opened his eyes Peter was standing by the bed. Peter was ten, and his clean, shiny young cheeks were streaked with tears, and his lips were trembling.

The old man's heart was filled with love for the boy, and stretching out his hand he drew Peter over and made him sit on the edge of the bed.

"Don't cry, Peter," he said softly. "Everything's going to be all right. So dry your eyes now, and listen close, because I've got something awful important I want you to know."

Slowly the boy raised his eyes. "What, Grandpa?"

A smile touched the old man's lips. "You see, Peter," he said, "you're my favorite little boy. I've never been able to tell you before, but now I can. Of all the little boys I've ever known and loved, you're my favorite, and I'll tell you why. It's because you've got a kind and cheerful heart, and the courage to face up to troubles honestly, and the faith to keep on trying no matter how many mistakes you make, no matter how hopeless things look."

As the old man spoke, it was as if he could hear his own father's voice, speaking to him so long, long ago. "You may be rich or poor, it doesn't matter. You'll always be loved, and you'll always make folks happy wherever you go, because you've got a sure-enough rare instinct for doing the right thing, with God's help. And that's what makes for a happy, useful life.

"I'm an old man, and I've done a lot of living, and I know," he concluded. "And pretty soon I'm going to be sitting up there with the angels in heaven, and I'm going to be awful proud, watching you." The old man drew the little boy's head down close to his for a moment. "That's why you're my favorite. I just wanted you to know."

Afterward, when Peter had gone out of the room, the old man lay back and rested a bit. But he didn't have long to wait for Billy. It seemed like he'd just closed his eyes for a second, and when he opened them, Billy was there. He was a year older than Peter, and some taller. His cheeks were stained with tears too.

"Hello, Billy," the old man said gently. "Sit down here on the bed beside me. Please don't cry. I'm only going up to heaven, you know. And it's time, Billy, because I'm an old, old man, and I've lived out my span. But there's one thing I wanted you to know, and it's awful important to me to tell you."

And then he extracted a promise from Billy—the same promise, of course, that he had got from Peter, at the end of the younger boy's talk with him. "Will you promise, first," he said, "that you'll never tell *anyone* what I say?"

The boy's eyes swam with tears, and he nodded his head quickly. "I promise."

Once more a smile touched the old man's lips. "You see, Billy," he began, "you're my favorite little boy. I've never been able to tell you before, but now I can. Of all the little boys I've ever known and loved, you're my favorite, and I'll tell you why . . ." ▲▲▲

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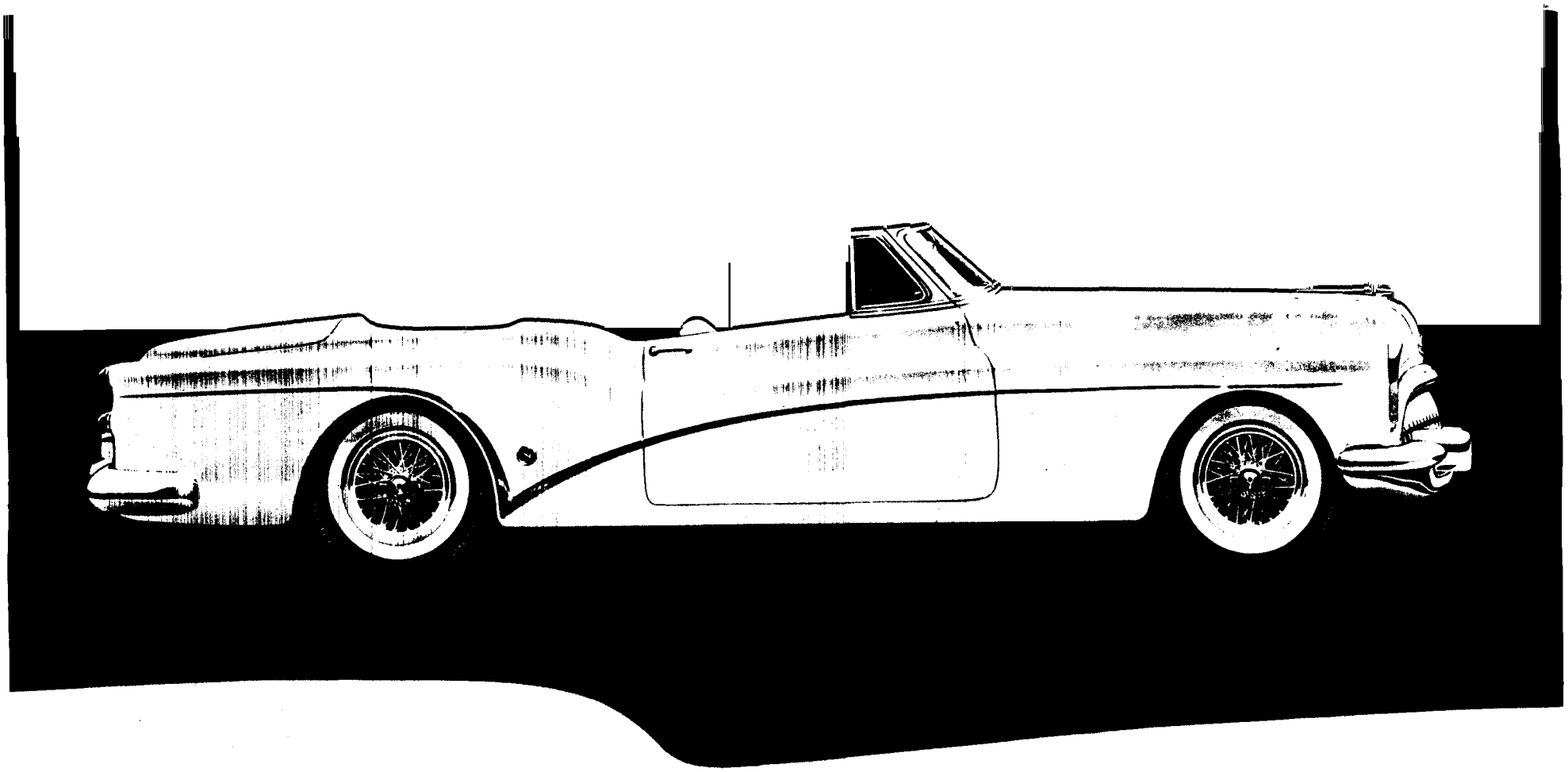

Its beauty is just the beginning

THIS joyous thing of exquisite grace is the Skylark — Buick's stunning new luxury sports car.

Yet the gorgeous beauty of this motorcar is just the beginning of the deep excitement.

For it's a Buick. And in any Buick, the real heart-lift you get is from the manner of its going — impeccably smooth, gentle of ride, superbly easy to handle, trigger-quick in response.

Upon the Skylark, we have lavished practically every modern automotive advance —including the world's newest V8 Engine, Twin-Turbine Dynaflow, Power Steering, Power Brakes, hydraulic control of the radio antenna, windows, top, and front-seat adjustment.

In other Buicks—SPECIAL, SUPER and ROADMASTER—many of these advances are yours either as standard equipment, or as options at moderate extra cost.

But in *all* Buicks — even the low-priced SPECIAL—you get the Buick Million Dollar Ride, Buick room, Buick comfort, Buick Fireball power — the highest horsepower and compression ratios, Series for Series, in all Buick history.

Your Buick dealer is waiting to seat you at the wheel of the car that will do fullest justice to your dreams and your purse. See him this week.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

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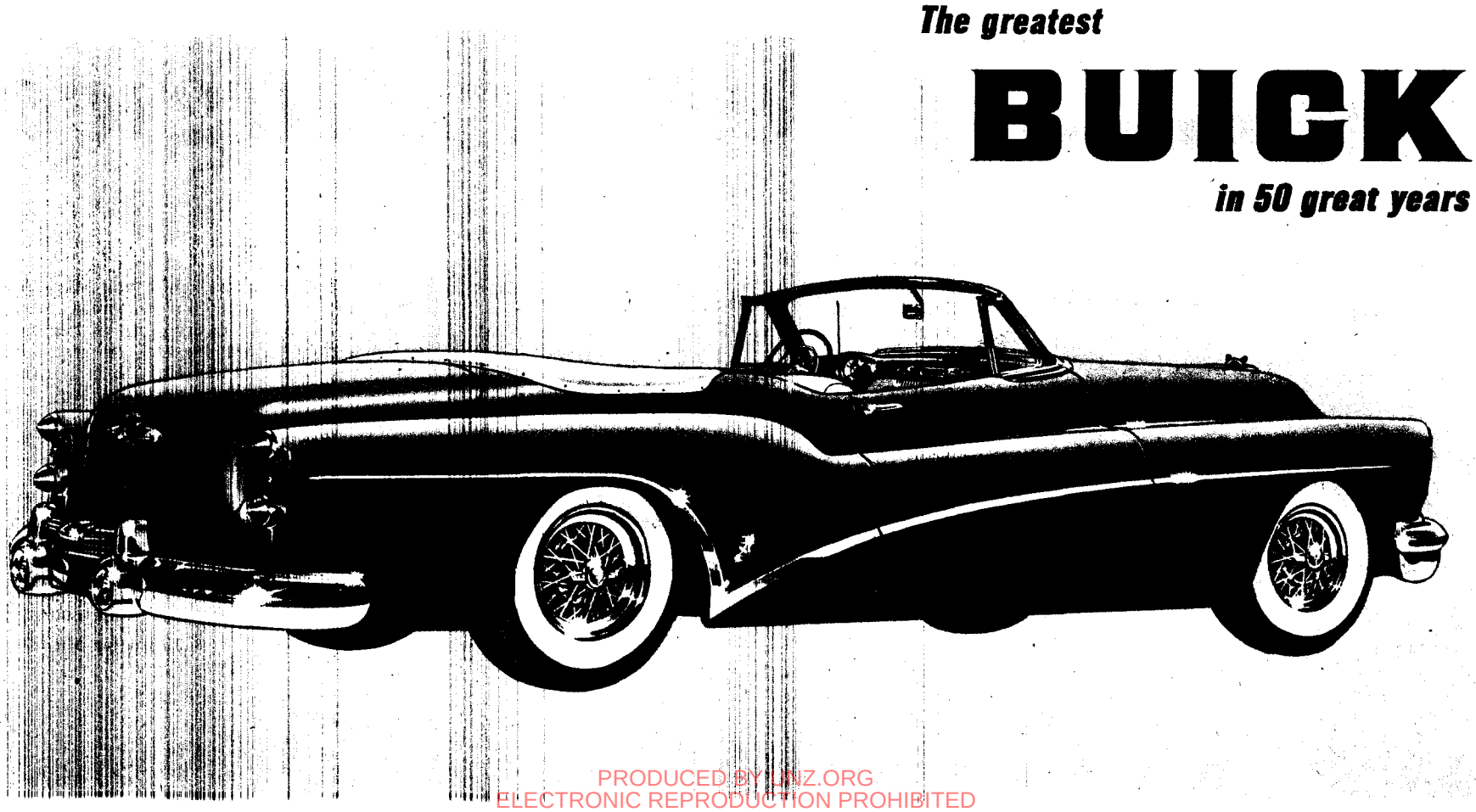

The greatest

BUICK

in 50 great years

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Our visit to the Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens Greece. An unforgettable visit. Matt is holding a doll dressed in the uniform of the famous Evzones of the Greek Army which was presented to Miss Jean Matty.

Matt and Matty. Playtime in our garden. What fun they have together! After a long day at the office Matty is indeed a joy to his heart.

Pretty Penny Ridgway

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

She was just a government girl in a one-room apartment seven years ago. Now she's the wife of the top American in Europe and lives in a mansion. She's the target of envy—and gossip—but ignores it and goes about making friends for the U.S.

Paris

SEVEN short years ago young Mary Anthony Long was making her own breakfast, gulping her coffee and dashing out of her one-room apartment in Washington, D.C., to grab a bus and buck crowds on her way to a job in a government office.

Now, as wife of General Matthew B. Ridgway, Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers in Europe, the onetime government girl is mistress of a great mansion near Paris staffed by five servants. She rides in a chauffeur-driven limousine, owns a mink coat and wears *couturier* clothes and made-to-order shoes. When her husband takes off on inspection tours around Europe, she often goes along in his plush official plane. Glittering social functions and world-renowned per-

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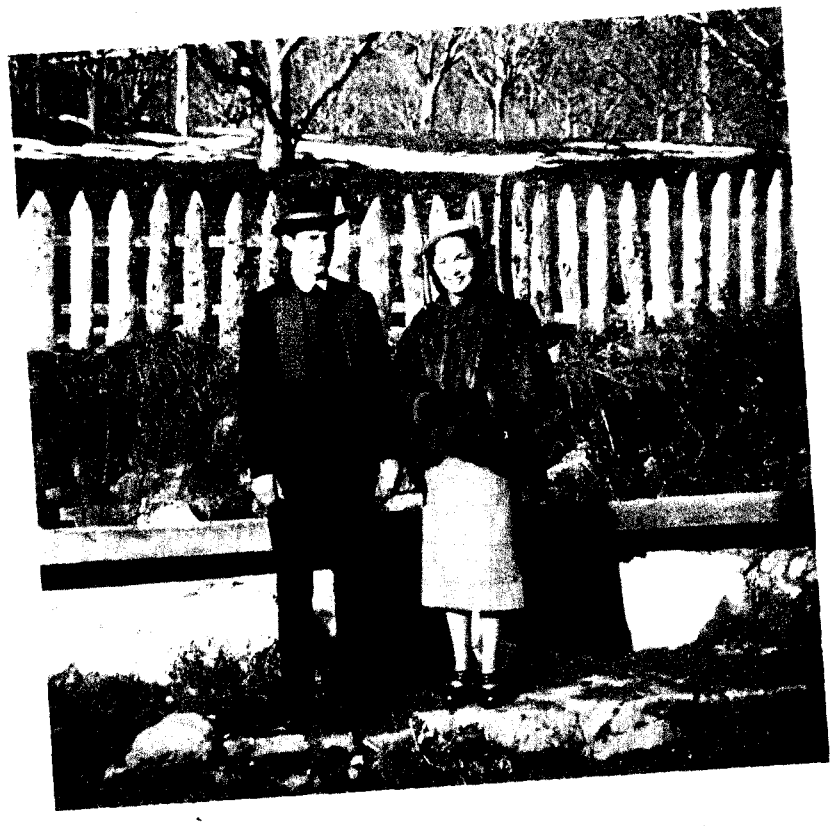
Ridgway's personal album with her own handwritten notes

Matt's most frequent playmates. Billy Kay age 3 on the left and Billy McCleary age 6 on the right. One day they will be cowboys and Indians, the next day "a Big Bad Wolf," on another day — Nobody Knows.



She had to stop and ask directions at a house in a village on our sightseeing tour to one of the castles in the Italian Alps. She were cordially greeted by one of its fatines dressed in this brilliant costume worn only on Sundays and holidays. As she was so colorful, I had to have a picture.

—The General's Lady

sonages have become part of her regular routine.

Hers is indeed a Cinderella story. But Penny, as her intimates call her, is a Cinderella with social significance. Because she is the wife of the man generally recognized as the top American in Europe, what she does and what she says can have a direct effect on what Europeans think of us. Like Mamie Eisenhower, her predecessor in Paris, Penny Ridgway is an unofficial American ambassador abroad.

A measure of how skillfully she fills the role appears in her reaction to the virulent campaign waged by Western European Communists against her husband. Riding around the French countryside, she has, perforce, seen many a stone wall plastered with signs demanding: "Ridgway go home." I asked her how she felt about them. Her reply was worthy of a veteran diplomat. "It makes us sad," she told me in a low voice pleasantly tinged with a Southern accent. "We're only human."

She herself has been the unwitting target of another sort of campaign, and has met it with equal finesse simply by ignoring it. Penny Ridgway, at thirty-five, is a strikingly beautiful woman who makes other women reach uneasily for their mirrors. Full-figured, slim-hipped, trim-ankled, she might well be a fashion model. She is five feet seven in high heels, weighs 120 pounds, has long, shoulder-length black hair draped in a big, fan-shaped coiffure, and slightly slanting black eyes which give her an almost Oriental look.

Her sleek presence has excited envy, jealousy and—inevitably—gossip among other Army wives. For example, they are quick to point out that her marriage to Ridgway is her second and the fifty-eight-year-old general's third. They also call attention to the 23-year gap in the couple's ages. If aware of such feline talk, Penny Ridgway gives no sign. Smiling, friendly, straightforward, she discusses her earlier years with ease.

Born on a modest farm near Richmond, Virginia, Mary Anthony lost both her parents while still a child. Her eldest sister, Lucy (Mrs. Morgan D. Kalbach), took her and another sister, Myrl (now Mrs. Howard Bradbury), to live with her at Silver Spring, Maryland. (Lucy, incidentally, was responsible for Mrs. Ridgway's nickname. "I was bundled in a blanket when she saw me for the first

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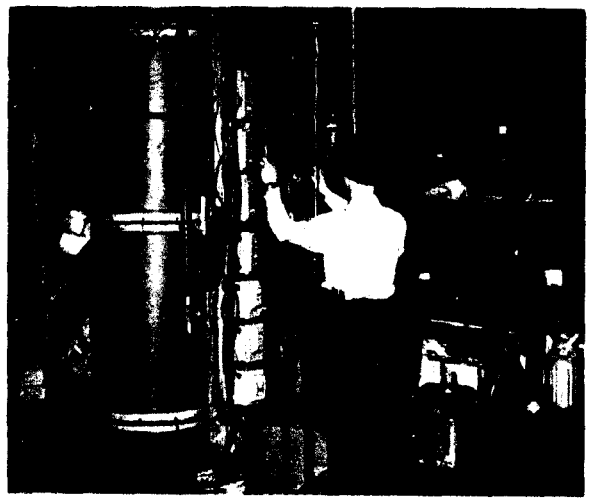

TAX LOSS: $750,000. This still, seized in January, 1953, in Brooklyn, had a daily potential output of over 10,000 "fifths" of illegal whiskey. Government agents estimated the Federal excise tax loss at $750,000 during the 3 months it operated.

TAX LOSS: $247,500. This innocent-looking cottage in a quiet Long Island suburb housed a still that had been operating at capacity for five months when seized April 11, 1951. Local police said it cost the Government $247,500 in taxes.

TAX LOSS: $42,000 A DAY. Last September, Philadelphia police seized their biggest still since Prohibition, capable of producing over 40,000 "fifths" of bootleg whiskey *a day*. Every day it operated at capacity, according to police, it robbed the Government of $42,000. Commented a local newspaper: "Raiding stills is fine, but the most effective way to stamp them out is to reduce taxes to the point where the legitimate products will be preferred to those which often bring death and illness."

BOOTLEGGING

. . . a vicious racket hits the big time

TAX LOSS: $12,000 A DAY. Revenue agents said this modern still, captured near Lakewood, N. J., in October, 1952, was able to cheat the Government of over $12,000 *every day* it operated. The gang had erected a special building with a peaked roof to hide the 22-foot still from passing motorists.

When the Federal excise tax on distilled spirits was increased from $6 to $9 a gallon in 1944, the profit to be made from illegal "no-tax" whiskey was too big for organized crime to ignore very long.

By 1946—with copper, sugar and other raw materials available—underworld bankrolls were financing stills, warehouses, trucks and salesmen in setting up shop in and near metropolitan cities.

By 1951, Federal seizures of moonshine stills had jumped from 6,461 to 10,250* . . . an increase of 59% since 1946. More alarming, their daily producing capacity had more than doubled*. Today, when undermanned law enforcement agencies are able to seize a still, they find more and more of the mass production equipment pictured above.

And today, the Federal tax is not $9 but $10.50 a gallon. The last tax increase of November 1, 1951, simply made a bad problem worse.

*Source: *ATTD, Bureau of Internal Revenue, U. S. Treasury Dept.*

The bootlegger is more than a thief of Government tax millions. He breeds graft, corruption, disregard for law and order. Sickness, blindness, sometimes death itself, come from his bottle.

What's the answer?

The legal distilling industry proposes: (1) Reduce the excise tax to a realistic $6.00 a gallon rate, which would still be 167% higher than it was in 1939. (2) Increase the penalties for illegal distilling. (3) Increase Federal and state enforcement staffs.

Before you agree or disagree with these recommendations, please read the "Tax Facts" column at the right.

PUBLISHED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY **LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.,** 155 E. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., IN BEHALF OF THE PRODUCERS AND MERCHANTS OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

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Penny Ridgway sweeps through Army protocol like a fresh breeze

TAX FACTS

When you pay around $4.27* for a "fifth" of your favorite whiskey, you actually pay about $1.89 for the whiskey itself, about $2.38 more in Federal, state and local taxes.

That's like paying a "sales tax" of 125% on the merchandise! Taxes take over half of your liquor dollar!

Here's what happened during the first full year (Nov. 1, 1951—Nov. 1, 1952) of the present $10.50 per gallon Federal Excise Tax . . .

. . . **You had to pay $237 million** more in liquor taxes than you would have paid at the previous $9 rate.

. . . **Your Federal Government gained** only $30 million in liquor excise revenue . . . *an increase of less than 2%* . . . because you bought less legal liquor.

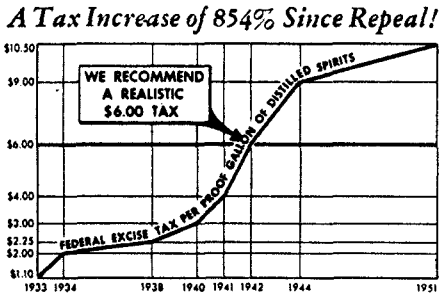
. . . **Your Federal Government lost** about $40 million in corporate income taxes as profits declined with drastically falling legal liquor sales.

. . . **Your Federal Government lost** additional millions in personal income taxes as distillers, wholesalers, retailers and suppliers cut their payrolls and dividends.

. . . **Your State Governments lost** approximately $33 million in liquor tax revenue . . . money badly needed for welfare and other vital programs.

Under the $10.50 tax, bootleggers had more reason than ever before to defy the law. In 1951 alone, Federal and state authorities with lamentably inadequate staffs were able to seize 20,402 illegal stills. No one knows how many thousands more escaped seizure.

A Tax Increase of 854% Since Repeal!



Since the $9.00 tax went into effect in 1944, whiskey has carried the heaviest Federal tax burden of any commodity or service. On top of today's prohibitive $10.50 rate you must pay an average of $2.80 a gallon *more* in other Federal, state and local taxes!

Distilled Spirits vs. All Other Excise-taxed Products—1939-1951

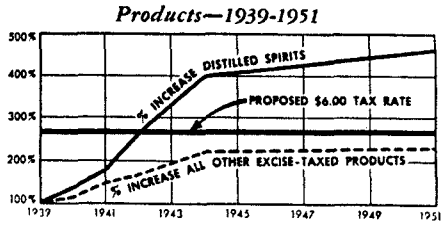


Chart above shows what's happened to distilled spirits vs. all other excise-taxed products and services since 1939. The $6.00 rate proposed by the legal distilling industry represents a 167% increase over the 1939 level, as compared to an average increase of 129% on all other excise-taxed products and services.

**The average national retail price*

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

time after my birth," explains Mrs. Ridgway. "Lucy exclaimed, 'Baby's eyes look like pennies in a blanket.'" From that day forward, Mary was Penny to her family and friends.)

After finishing high school, Penny went to business school and at eighteen got her first job, as a stenographer with the telephone company. Four years later—in 1940—she married James M. Long, twenty-six-year-old son of a local real-estate dealer. They had met at a high-school dance when she was only sixteen.

As a G Girl in Washington

After the outbreak of World War II, Long joined the Army Air Forces and served in the Far East with the rank of master sergeant. Penny took a job in Washington with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation at $1,440 a year. A few months later she shifted to the Inter-American Defense Board and by 1946 had become its head secretary. That same year Lieutenant General Matthew Bunker Ridgway was assigned as senior delegate to the board and met the young secretary. Ultimately Ridgway rose to chairman of the Defense Board.

In July, 1946, Penny filed suit for divorce from Long. The following June, the general's second wife, the former Margaret Wilson Dabney, divorced him at Reno. Penny and Ridgway were married in December, 1947.

In the five and a half years since, she has been at his side, poised and confident, as his star rose in the Army firmament—first as he commanded the Caribbean area, then as he succeeded General MacArthur in Tokyo in 1951 as Supreme Commander of Allied Powers in the Far East, and then, in 1952, General Eisenhower as Supreme Commander in Europe. The Ridgways are a devoted couple, obviously in love. They have one child, Matthew, Jr., now four.

Wherever she has gone as the general's lady, Penny Ridgway has injected a fresh breeze into a world of hidebound Army protocol. She greets high and low ranks with equal ease. She used to do her own marketing and still does the budgeting. She finds her business training a great help in running Villa St. Pierre, the Ridgways' swank residence in the thirteenth-century village of Marnes-la-Coquette, 10 miles west of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

"I'm extremely proud that I held a position and worked for my living," she told me. "Women who have worked have a better sense of values. They understand the value of money, know how to manage a house. I hear my friends talking about their daughters, those who are graduating from school, and they say, 'I don't know what the girls will do next.' I say, 'Send them to business school. Let them work in an office.'"

Penny herself has carried over into her life today some of the habits she acquired as a government girl. She still rises as early as she did when she had to eat and run for the office. On a typical day, she breakfasts at 7:30 A.M. with the general and they go over the newspapers together. Then, after her husband has left for SHAPE and little Matty has gone to play, she charts her schedule for the rest of the day—much as she used to lay out her boss's daily program when she was a secretary.

"I like to have a schedule fixed in my mind," she says. "But I keep it flexible, subject to my husband's plans. He comes first."

Our home Villa St. Pierre, in the town of Marnes-la-Coquette, has a spacious garden surrounded by trees centuries old. It stands on the site which was once part of the Royal estate of Louis XVI in 1776. We enjoy the informality of the garden, its peace and serenity. Matty enjoys catching fish from the pond.

The day mapped, she sends for the chef, Master Sergeant Thurman L. Julian, of Washington, Kansas, and goes over the day's menus with him. His cooking, despite duty with the Ridgways in both Japan and France, remains 100 per cent American. For breakfast, he may prepare fruit juice, rolls and coffee; for luncheon, chicken livers sautéed in butter, carrot sticks, green salad, hot muffins and tea; and for dinner, roast beef, fresh peas, mashed potatoes, mixed salad and coffee.

"Neither my husband nor I ever eat dessert," Penny Ridgway says. "Our tastes are simple. We're easy to please."

She rarely makes a luncheon date because the general lunches at home. In the afternoon, she slips off to Paris whenever possible to visit the art galleries. "I have stayed for hours at the Louvre," she told me. "The statue of Winged Victory remains an unforgettable memory."

Once at Christmastime she wandered, happy and unmindful of protocol, through the Marché aux Fleurs (Flower Market) in the shadow of Notre Dame Cathedral, buying scarlet poinsettias, glossy green holly wreaths, mistletoe, and two full-branched Christmas trees—one for the family apartment upstairs and one for the formal drawing room downstairs at Villa St. Pierre.

At the end of each afternoon she and her husband get together with little Matty again. In the winter when snow is on the ground, all three go coasting on a nearby hill. In the summer they often practice fly casting in the garden pond.

Evenings are casual, unless some official entertainment has been scheduled. Friends drop in for a drink and stay for dinner. Penny is a good hostess. She keeps things humming. An evening at her home usually concludes with the running off of some new movie. The villa has a special projection room and a library of the latest films.

After the guests have gone, the general and his lady generally stroll through the winding streets of Marnes-la-Coquette, the picturesque village which lies beyond the gates of their home. Both are great walkers.

Penny varies this daily routine three or four times a month with visits to military hospitals in the Paris area to cheer French soldiers wounded in Korea and Indochina. Her spontaneous gesture of good will has endeared her to the French.

She got the idea in Japan shortly after she joined her husband there in May, 1951, the month following his appoint-

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ment to succeed MacArthur. Someone mentioned to her that two young French soldiers, badly wounded in Korea, were in a hospital nearby. Mrs. Ridgway went to see them. She interested other officers' wives in visiting the wounded. Soon every wounded Allied soldier from Korea was on the visiting list.

When the general switched to Europe, Penny received a letter postmarked France from one of the French Korean vets. He wrote, "I will always remember your visits in Tokyo. I want to thank you. I'm sorry we didn't get a chance to do it in person—they shipped us off so quickly. We're at the Val de Grace Hospital."

She handed the letter to her husband. "I would like to see these boys," she remarked. "They're still pretty sick."

The general arranged for her to go to Val de Grace. "I wasn't sure whether I could remember their faces," she told me. "That made me a little nervous. But I recognized them at once!"

In the ward where they lay, she met other wounded Allied soldiers from Korea. Out of the visit developed a committee similar to one she organized in Japan. It includes wives of officers and men at SHAPE, plus women in the armed services and civilian workers. Characteristically, Penny personally corralled all the women, regardless of the rank of their husbands.

Her audacious disregard of rank may be subconscious, but it has helped turn enemies into friends. And she has set a pace the women are finding difficult to follow. They are trying, though, and, to raise money for their work, they recently staged a cake sale at SHAPE which I attended. We might have been at a small-town church social in the heart of the U.S.A. There were long wooden trestles covered by white cloths and laden with homemade cakes—an old-fashioned Virginia white pound cake, a rich three-tiered Lady Baltimore cake, spicy Kansas gingerbread, pecan layer cake, Oregon upside-down applesauce cake, and homey molasses cookies. The cakes were sold for French francs, which in turn were used to buy gifts for wounded French soldiers.

The Guards Are Not Her Idea

The day after the cake sale, I went with Penny and a dozen wives of high-ranking Allied officers to the Percy Military Hospital near Vincennes. Our four cars, laden with ladies, gifts and military guards, fell into line, one behind the other, as we left SHAPE. Mrs. Ridgway's big limousine followed a lead car of security police. She has been criticized for the covey of men—one FBI man, two U.S. Army majors and one captain—who guard her every move. But it's not her wish; the French Sûreté has requested that she be guarded because of the Communist campaign against her husband.

Percy Hospital lies on the outskirts of Vincennes. Its commandant, an elderly French doctor, waited at the gates to receive Mrs. Ridgway. "You have no conception of what your visit means to our patients," he told her. "They've been talking of this moment for days." He conducted us through the wards, and along the way I caught snatches of Penny's conversation with more than 100 wounded soldiers. She always found the right words: "We care; we want you to get well; we realize what you've been doing for all of us."

At another hospital we visited, the soldiers presented Mrs. Ridgway with a cyclamen plant and a song one of them had written and dedicated to her—material evidence that her visits to the wounded soldiers are appreciated.

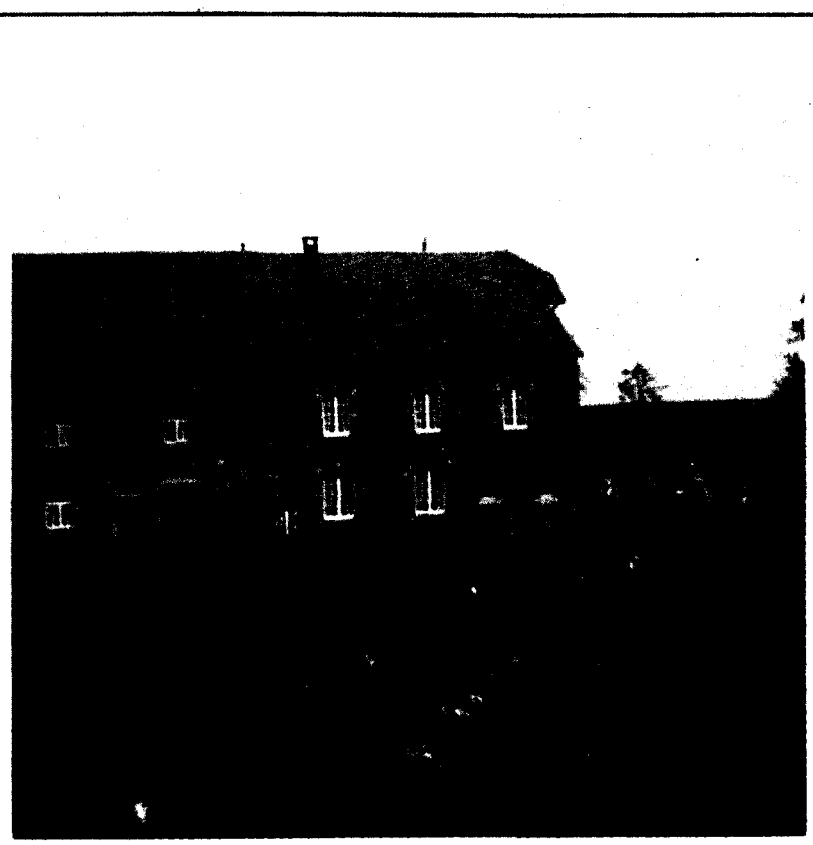
Actually she seems to evoke good will wherever she goes. The Ridgways' first trip after the general got his European post was a sentimental journey to the Normandy farm near Sainte-Mère-Église where, on D day in 1944, he parachuted to earth in command of the 82d Airborne Division. Boyishly eager to show his wife the exact spot, he hopped from the car and walked so fast she had to run to keep up with him. Locating the landing area in a meadow where some cows were grazing, he insisted that the cows recognized him. Then the general introduced his wife to some French people he had come to know in those difficult days.

Madame Simone Renaud, wife of the mayor of the little town of Sainte-Mère-Église, told me: "Mrs. Ridgway was so natural, so friendly, we all fell in love with her. One of our women presented her with a tiny doll dressed in the uniform of the 82d Airborne."

In Belgium, Penny and her husband visited another of the general's wartime bases—a farmhouse on the Waterloo battlefield used by him as headquarters not long after D day. Still living in the house was the peasant woman who had been his hostess during those tense weeks. Impulsively Mrs. Ridgway ran back to the car, grabbed a box of candy she had bought in Brussels and gave it to the old woman.

Together Penny and the general have visited Belgium, Turkey, Great Britain, the Netherlands, Greece, Italy, Denmark, Norway and Portugal. But she's not just a flibbertigibbet who goes along for the ride. She can, and has, acted as her husband's secretary en route—another advantage, as she is quick to point out, derived from her business training.

Ridgway's major interest on these flights is the terrain of the countries over which they are passing. One result is that Penny has become something of a terrain authority herself. During their flights she sits by his side, map spread out on her lap, jotting down his comments in shorthand as he observes the land below, or exchanging places at the window while he traces their course and she observes.



She had an interesting visit to this old farmhouse in the Belgian Ardennes which was Gen Ridgway's XVIII Corps Headquarters during the first critical days of the final German offensive in Dec 1944. Standing with Gen Ridgway to the left is Ste Hayde Freed who was the Belgian aide-de-camp until recently, and is now on duty in Korea.

She's a good trouper, ready for whatever comes. If the plane lands at 5:00 A.M., she is up and dressed as spick-and-span as if she'd had a night's rest in the comfort of her own home. She bumps along over rough roads in jeeps and laughs as she goes. And her easy manner is not a recent development. She learned what was expected of the wife of a soldier-diplomat before she came to Europe.

Her education in life in the upper echelon began in December, 1950, when the sudden death of Lieutenant General Walton H. Walker catapulted her husband into the job of bossing the Eighth Army in Korea. Two days before Christmas he left to take up his new command and Penny didn't see him again until she and little Matty joined him in Tokyo five months later. She refers to their separation as the unhappiest period of her life.

Meeting the Crown Prince

By the time they were reunited in Japan, Ridgway had become a four-star general and was both Supreme Allied Commander in the Far East and head of the occupation in Japan. As the general's wife, she found herself plunged into the limelight. The emperor and empress of Japan and young Crown Prince Akihito became her friends. The first time she met the crown prince she sat next to him at a long-drawn-out hockey match. He turned to her: "You like this game?"

"I guess I don't understand it too well," she confessed.

He grinned. "You're being polite. Let's admit the truth—it's boring."

She laughed. "You're right."

Penny got on equally well with the British royal family. After she and her husband had been presented formally to Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh in a huge drawing room in Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty asked Mrs. Ridgway: "How is little Matty? I've seen so many pictures of him that I feel as if I know him." The queen described in detail how her own two children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, loved to race along the corridors of the palace. "They run back and forth the length of the halls like young bunnies," she told Mrs. Ridgway.

Before the Ridgways left, Queen Mother Elizabeth asked them to stop in and see her. "She welcomed us," recalled Penny, "then talked to Matt about Korea. I was captivated by her warmhearted, spontaneous manner and lovely eyes. Princess Margaret has those same wonderful sapphire-blue eyes. They're unforgettable. Margaret's so dainty—tiny, like a beautiful little doll. She's got plenty of spirit, too. The British royal family are real people."

During the London visit, Penny and General Ridgway dined with Winston Churchill and his wife at 10 Downing Street. "The Prime Minister has the smoothest face of any man—skin like a baby's," she said. "That was my first impression. Next was his deep feeling for England. During dinner he began talking about the last war, especially as it concerned the United Kingdom. You could see the emotion in his eyes."

Not all the Ridgways' trips are official. Occasionally they go away week ends just for the fun of it. "Garmisch (Germany) was something to remember," she recalled. "It was the first ski-

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...pictures of him I feel as if I know him"

ing attempt for both of us and we enjoyed it thoroughly. And the bobsled ride! That was the most unforgettable experience of my life."

Numerous trips have disciplined Penny to systematic packing. Before they leave, she asks for a schedule of the entertainments planned for her and the general, then makes a detailed list of what she will need in clothes and accessories. Each item is checked off as she packs it. "That's my business training," she smiled. "I travel with about four pieces of luggage in all. My stand-by dress is a black jersey—pleats down the front which flare out on the side. It never wrinkles."

It isn't easy for Penny to appear in public unnoticed. Even in Paris, the fashion capital of the world, her style of dress is eye-arresting. The first time I saw her she wore a pencil-slim gray-wool skirt and a form-fitting slip-on sweater shading from dark gray to white. Her hat was an intricately draped gray felt; her coat, a bulky white wool sport coat belted sharply to emphasize her tiny waistline. A huge square-cut aquamarine flashed on her wedding-ring finger. Her watch, a dainty gold timepiece of intricate design, was a Christmas gift from her husband.

The general's adoration of his wife is very evident. At parties he sooner or later drifts around to her. On trips he takes her by the arm as they get on and off planes, or helps her over rough spots in walking; and he constantly brings her directly or indirectly into a conversation.

On a bookshelf in the living room at Villa St. Pierre is a photograph of Mrs. Ridgway aboard a cabin cruiser standing by a sailfish which weighed 120 pounds and measured nine feet from tip to tail. She caught it in the South Atlantic when the general was commanding the Caribbean area. She admits it was a struggle to land the fish, but the general is much prouder of her catch than she. You hear him say at dinner parties, "Of course my wife is the fisherman—"; then he'll send for the photo of her with the sailfish.

A Cherished Bronze Medal

On his desk in the study is a leather case which frames a bronze medal. The inscription reads, "Our inspiration is from the past, our duty is in the present and our hope in the future." This good citizenship medal was presented to Mrs. Ridgway by the Sons of the American Revolution upon her graduation from high school.

"That medal batted around in my bureau drawer for a long while," she told me. "I happened to show it to my husband. He carried it back to the office. The next thing I knew it was framed and standing on his desk." She hesitated a little. "I'm not just a wife talking—I've known lots of people but I've never met anybody as inspiring as he. He's the most understanding person—he's never been angry with me or little Matty."

Young Matty is a very important part of the Ridgways' life. He trots after them around the garden, tries to swing a golf club when they practice on their miniature golf course, attempts to fly-cast when they fish in the little pool and bats around balls with them on the badminton court.

Mrs. Ridgway enjoys music, especially the opera. Parisians have grown used to seeing her and the general in the balcony, the orchestra or a box, attentively following the score. Ridgway inherited his love of music from his mother, a concert pianist, and can whistle arias from beginning to end. At Villa St. Pierre he and Penny play over the records of operas they've heard together.

Photography is another mutual interest. He uses an old camera which he has carried for years. Both get pretty good results with it.

Penny also likes to paint in oils. "I am not a very modern painter and I like landscapes," she told me. "I wish I had more time to paint. Whenever I get out my oils and put up my easel I think, goodness, I haven't written that letter! Or done this or done that. Then the mood is gone."

Personality Revealed in Villa

The minute you enter Villa St. Pierre you catch her personality. She exhibits the taste of a direct, clear-thinking personality: no clutter, and very little bric-a-brac. The house was furnished by the French government and occupied by the Eisenhowers when the President headed the European command. Since she supplanted Mamie, Penny has made a few minor changes, like converting an upstairs bedroom into a study for the general and replacing the card tables in the living room with a green-wool upholstered couch and a white tea table.

In the drawing room hang portraits, embroidered in fine silk, of Penny and the general—going-away gifts from the people of Japan. They are mounted in 200-year-old frames embellished with gold brocade and lacquer.

Big parties at the house don't faze Penny, and because of the need for official entertaining for visiting dignitaries, they occur quite frequently. One week it may be President Auriol of France; another, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Each time Penny personally plans the menu and places the chairs at the table. She wants to assure herself that there will be no slip-up in protocol.

It is on such occasions that she probably best demonstrates her qualities as a diplomat, according to General Anthony Biddle, deputy chief of staff at SHAPE. Said the general: "Mrs. Ridgway is a brilliant, charming, dignified person with a good sense of humor. That was my first impression and it's stuck. We met under difficult circumstances. She was in the receiving line. I stood next to her introducing the foreign dignitaries as they came along. Representatives of 70 missions were in the receiving line—some with practically unpronounceable names. She saw or at least heard me struggling with them. I caught a twinkle in her eyes. From that moment we were friends."

Her husband says: "If I've been any success, it's due to my wife." She has provided a very happy life for him.

As for Penny herself, she says: "I've had my unhappy moments in the past, but who hasn't? I'm not sorry. Trouble builds character. The hardest experience of my life was when Matt went to Korea two days before Christmas. The happiest moment of my life?" Her face lights. "Every day is the happiest for me now."

▲▲▲

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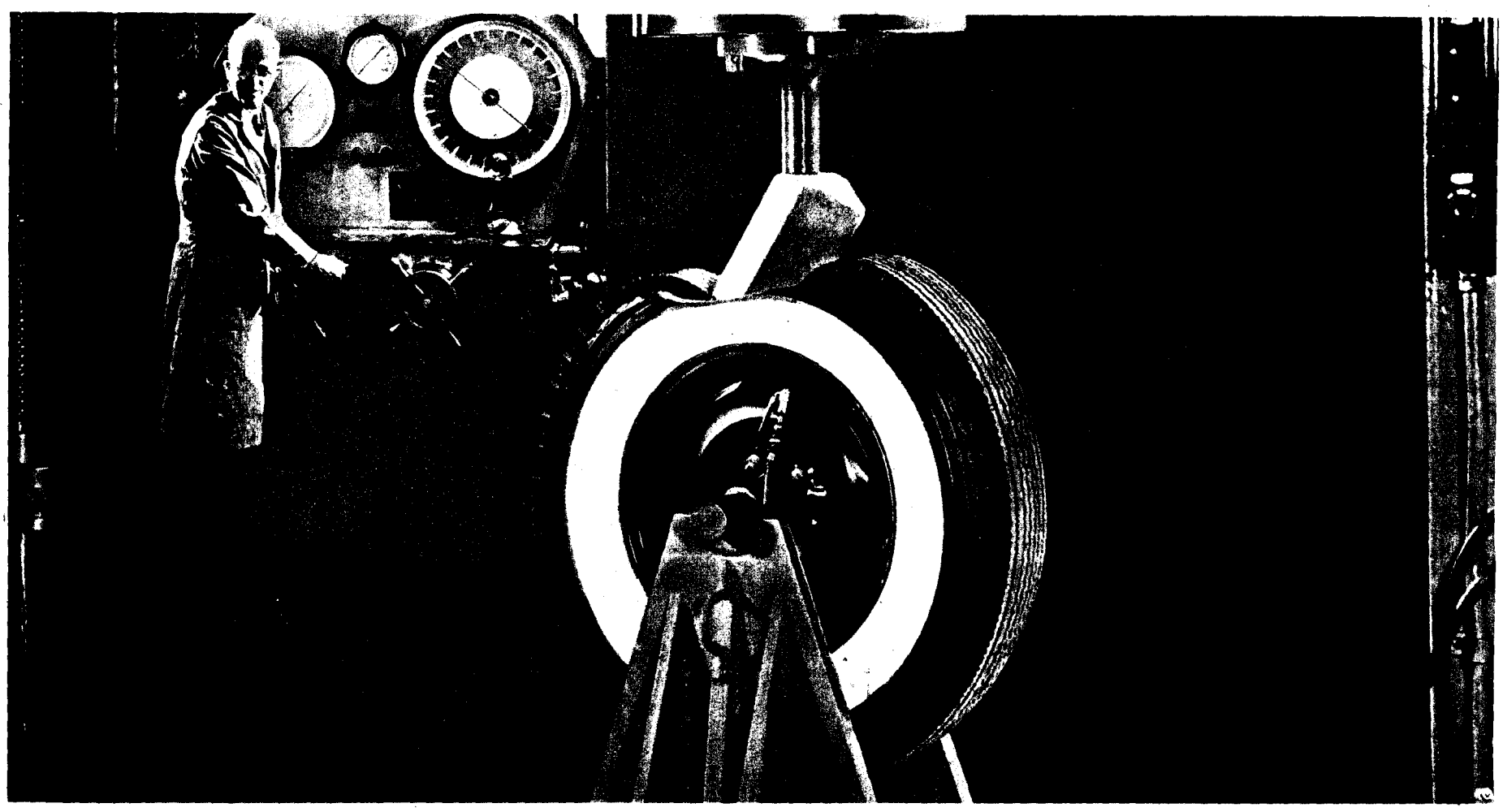

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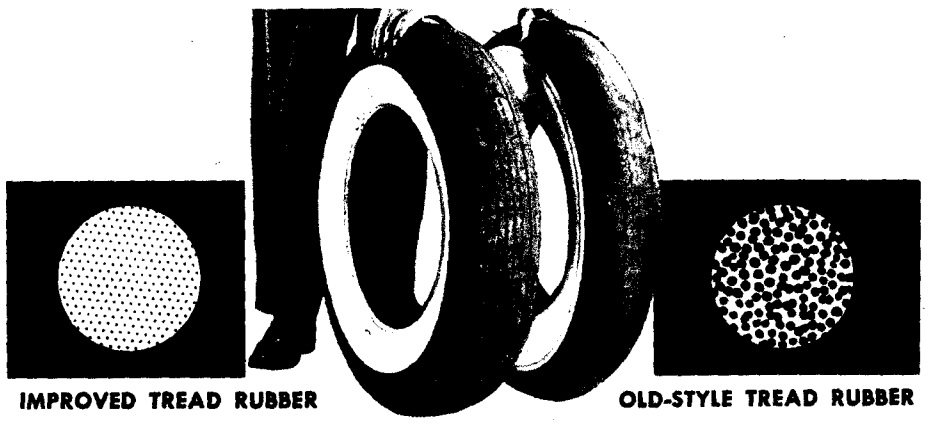
TIRE WITH STANDARD CORDS BREAKS AT 4040 LBS.!

Here's proof that the All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion is up to 80% stronger than a tire with standard cords, and may take up to *twice* the punishment. A brick was mounted on the hydraulic press above—a brick such as you might hit on the road today. That brick came down on the All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion with a force of *8560 lbs.—the tread was driven clear to the rim*, but that tough all-Nylon cord body bounced back *without a break!* In *this* particular test, with the amazing resilience of Nylon, the All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion withstood more than *twice* as much force as the tire with standard cords. Extra strength like that means longer tire life, greater safety against impact blowouts!



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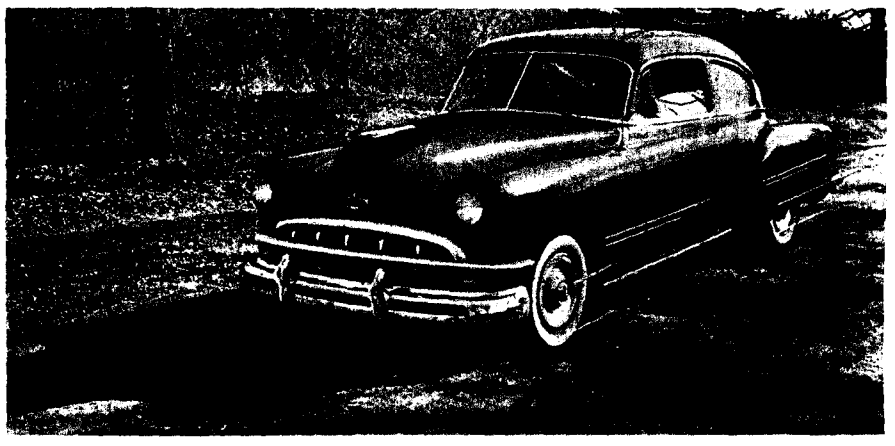
A new development in rubber-toughening carbon black gives the Super-Cushion a new kind of tread rubber. Gives you up to 21% more nonskid mileage—as much as an extra 1,000 miles for every 5,000 you used to get. Both tires above were driven the same distance. The tire at the right is smooth. But the new Super-Cushion with improved tread rubber still has thousands of miles of safe, nonskid driving left.



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There has *never* been such a smooth riding popular priced tire with all the advantages of this new All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion. Even that rough country road above smoothed out under the soft resilience of this amazing new tire. You see, the lighter, stronger Nylon cords flex more easily, cushion the jars and shocks you get with some tires. Ask for a demonstration ride at your Goodyear dealer's and see.

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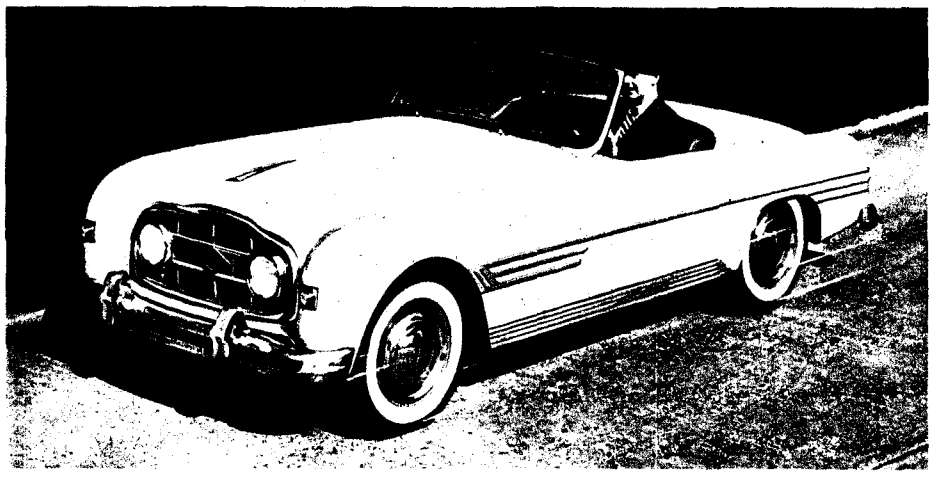

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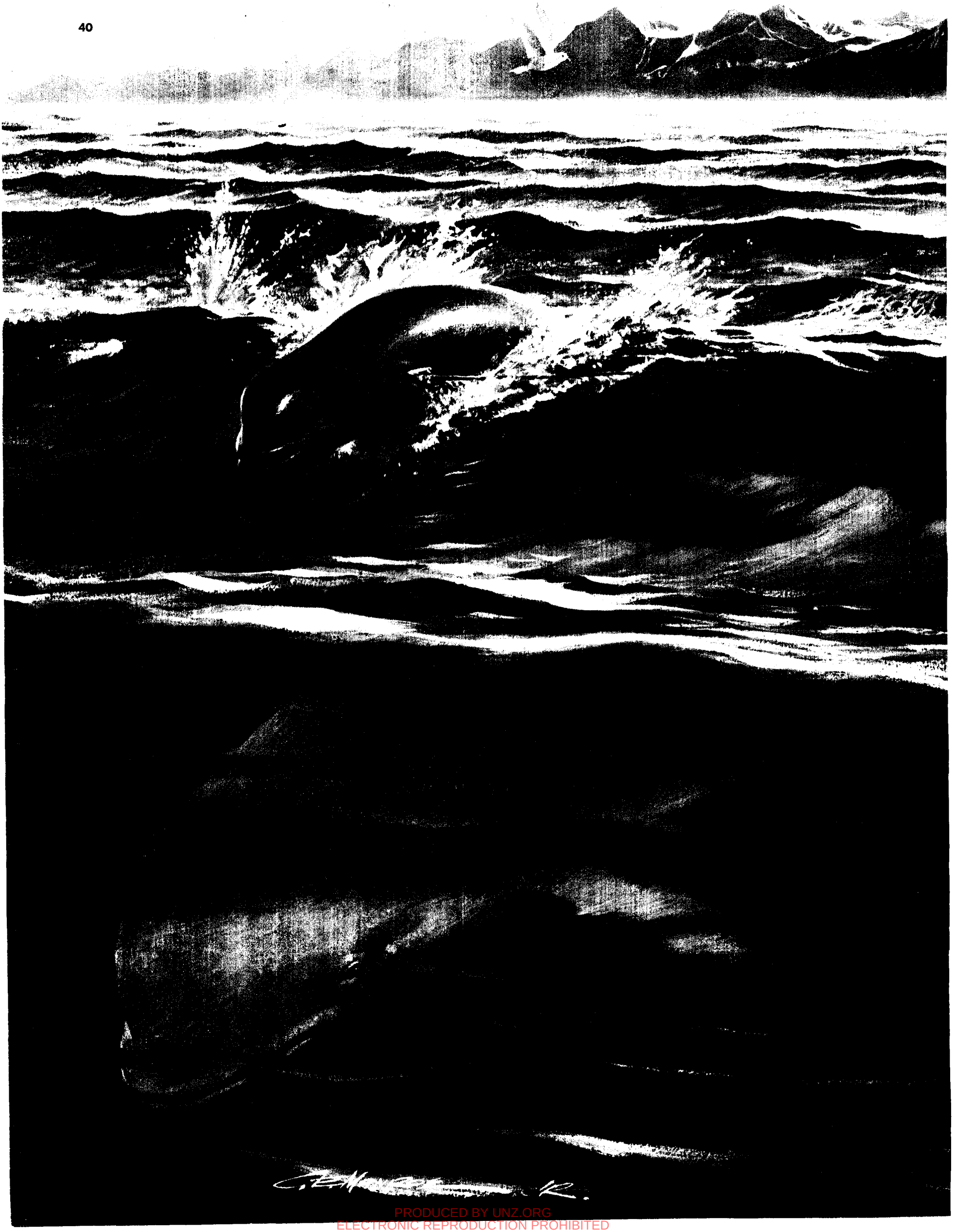

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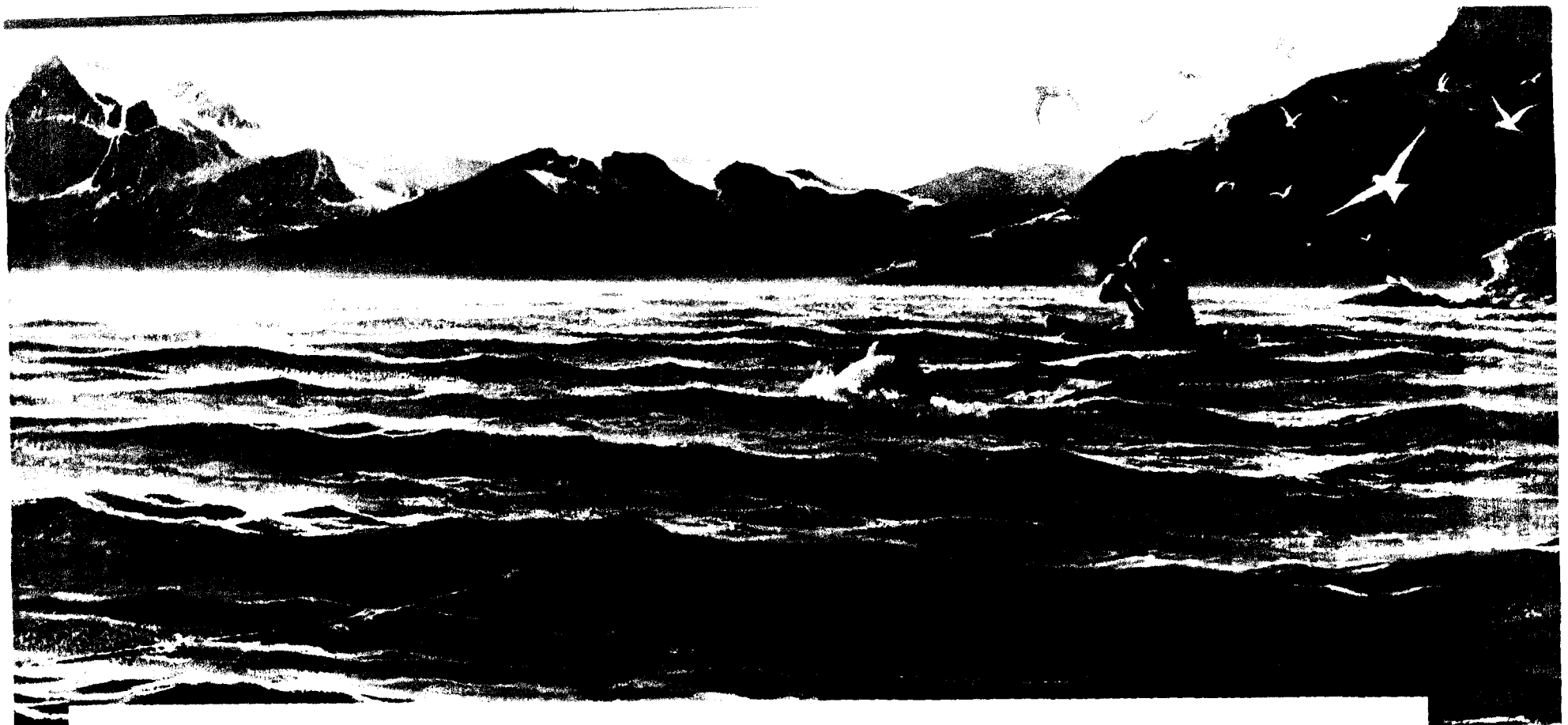

Ordeal of the WHITE WHALE

By SALLY CARRIGHAR

The rhythm of the arctic was changing. Through the icy water came a new vibration—the beat of the killer whales advancing toward their victims

THE morning was mild at the start. The beluga female, in company with the rest of the herd of whales, was loafing along the fringe of the ice. The ice field was moving, retreating up into the polar sea. Through the winter the ice had extended south to Alaska's Bristol Bay and across to Siberia's Cape Olutorsk. The beluga whales had been spending those months, with the walrus and bearded seals, in the loose drift of broken cakes at the edge of the ice. Food was plentiful there, and no enemies bothered them, no killer whales and no Eskimos.

Late in May, southerly winds and currents began to push the whole ice pack northward. The walruses would go with it on up through Bering Strait, but the whales and the seals would leave it. They had stayed with the ice, however, until that June morning when, having traveled two hundred miles, they were opposite Norton Sound. And they still were idling among the white ice cakes that sparkled in the blue water. The water was quiet. Smooth, glossy welts of motion slid over it but no foaming waves. In the depths, where the female was resting, the sound of the passing swells was a whisper that rose and fell like the breath of a creature asleep. The rhythm matched her mood, which was drowsy and indolent.

Every ten minutes or so, whenever she needed fresh oxygen, she would fan her tail just enough to propel her up to the surface. It was a trifling effort because in effect she weighed nothing; she was as buoyant, everywhere that she swam, as if the sea canceled gravity. After she took a new breath she would drift down again, to hang in the water with trancelike stillness, though her eyes followed the walruses diving for clams and the fish weaving their webs of bubbles around her. She came wider awake when one of the big male seals vaulted out of the water and threw himself onto an ice cake. By then, with the summer progressing, the smaller cakes were no more than ice skeletons, and the one he had mounted collapsed, dropping the seal in a puddle of chilly mush.

A young whale, a yearling, came nudging along the beluga's side. The touch was a greeting, for she was his voluntary, devoted nurse. The maternal instinct was so well developed in white whales that most of those without young assisted the mothers of offspring.

This little whale was the female's particular charge. All through the winter she had been helping to guard him. She spent less time with him now that she soon would have one

The fore part of the young whale's body shot out on the surface. The Eskimo fired; his bullets were quick, white nicks in the water. But this time he missed

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of her own, but she still felt some responsibility for him.

That morning his mother was with him, but was not giving him much attention. She was entertaining herself by teasing a fish. She would drop a piece of squid in front of a pollack and turn aside till the fish moved forward to take the food. Then she would whirl around quickly and snap up the squid. She baited the pollack again and again, and he continued to let her fool him. Tired of the game then, she ate the pollack and swam off among the white crevices under the ice.

The yearling remained with his foster mother. He himself played with a fish, a tomcod, catching it, letting it go—cat-and-mouse fun—and she watched him. When he too had eaten his fish, he headed out into the open water. He was almost old enough to look after himself, yet she felt slightly distressed at his daring.

Swayed by the undulant stir of the sea, the beluga eased off to sleep. She lay with her head and tail drooping, suspended in such deep rest that she looked as if she could be roused only by a tempest, or by the young life within her becoming impatient, finally, for its birth. But it was something quite small, indistinct at first, that caused her to open her eyes and straighten herself for quick flight. It was a faint but different beat in an ocean already full of rhythm—the accented motions of waves and of swimming animals.

The white whale was warily quiet now, listening, trying to catch over all of her smooth, rounded body this change in the usual sounds of her element. Sounds in the sea were more than external evidence caught by the ears. They were actual thrusts of the water, felt anywhere on the skin. Unmistakably there was a new vibration.

FROM the south, came a wide thrashing. Belugas themselves churned up the water like that when they swam as a herd. But these splashes fluctuated. At regular intervals they broke in noisy cascades. The climax was timed so perfectly that it seemed practiced, deliberate. The pulse was the onward driving of killer whales, a band of them swimming in close formation, all slicing up through the surface together and rolling down under as one. And they were, in fact, one—united in a most terrible purpose.

With a quick, smooth glide the beluga began to swing toward the ice, and a refuge. But her escape was checked by alarm for the little whale. He had gone out in the ocean, away from a shelter. And was he still there, with the killers advancing?

The female turned into the danger. Since the water was roily, she could not see very far, but she listened now for some sign that the small whale was swimming near. And she called in a low, urgent tone, sending her summons out to him through the water. The splash of the killers approaching was louder, and that could confuse him. She continued to search. The sea was quiet except for the killers' movement; the walruses and seals, as well as the whales, had fled into the niches beneath the ice. Finally, when to stay in the killers' path would mean almost sure capture, the female sped back to safety. She entered the ice area with relief, swimming first under a surface mottled with slush and then under larger cakes, inverted mounds hung in the water. Concealed in a hollow between two of these, she discovered the yearling, huddled beside his mother. The female went farther, down lanes of water between the large floes, not stopping until she had reached an ice grotto she knew of in the wall of the solid ice field. All glistening white herself, she was hidden as well in that frosty nook as a dark-furred animal is in the forest. The white labyrinth of the ice gave her a camouflage and instinctively she relaxed there.

THIS was the killers' first reappearance after a winter spent in warm, southern waters. The killers' arrival completed a food chain of which the belugas were one of the center links. In nature's heartless but practical plan, every animal in the chain was both hunter and hunted. At one end were the tiny and helpless travelers of the plankton. The ocean currents washed them into a dense concentration there at the edge of the ice. Those first links in the chain were creatures too small to be seen by the human eye, and they fed on others still more minute—but the fish found them.

The plankton animals were the food of the little fish, which in turn became food for the larger species of their own kind. Then the white whales ate any fish of sufficient size to nourish a creature twelve feet long. During the eight winter months, in the community there in the loose drift of ice, the chain stopped with the belugas, for they had no enemies in that season. But late in the spring two more links were added, men and killer whales. Both tried to capture belugas; and men, too, were sometimes the victims of killers. By then, in June, the whole contest was being transferred to the waters along the coast. The fish were leaving the deeper parts of the ocean, seeking rivers and beaches where they would spawn. And the white whales would follow them. They had no other choice, even though the fish took them into the range of Eskimos' harpoons and guns.

The killers had come; the safe season had ended. Swiftly, however, the menacing rhythm died out of the placid currents along the ice. The female came out of the floes and into the open sea, where two other belugas already were playing catch with a cod, and a walrus was teaching her young calf how to submerge. The white whale was becoming uncomfortable, since the recent excitement had started the expected event in her life. Not yet in much pain however, she swam back and forth, near the walrus.

While the calf, then about a month old, was swimming along the surface, the walrus mother would come up behind him and, placing her tusks on his shoulders, would force him down. At the touch on his back, he would take a deep breath, and the two would descend together. Sometimes, between dives, he climbed out on an ice cake, but his mother would not allow him to rest there long.

The beluga had been amusing herself by swimming around the pair, but soon she forgot them, for her suffering was acute. She slid along past the undersurfaces of the ice, often hitting it with her forehead. That was her method of breaking the ice, when it was thin, to breathe. Now she was only trying to counteract one agony with another. A few times she threw herself up on the edge of a cake, scraping her belly on it as she sank into the water again.

The birth took about thirty minutes. The little beluga's tail—the wide fans of his flukes, which were limp and soft—appeared first, in the normal way. For a while then there was trouble. On

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his sides were his paddle-shaped fins, and one of them caught. However, at this stage, the fin, like the flukes, lacked the stiffening it would later have, and before long it slipped out. The mother whale turned around with a characteristic, quick fling of her body that snapped the umbilical cord. Then she hastily boosted her young one up to the surface for air. With his head out of the water he took his first breath and squealed, a sound half a gasp and half whistle. She answered him with a warm, gentle note, after which she swam under him. He instinctively took his place at one side of the low ridge on her back. For the next few months that would be the position in which he would accompany her.

In spite of the floppiness of his fins and flukes, which would not become firm for about two weeks, he could swim almost as fast as his mother could. He was very precocious. To that end, nature had had his mother's pregnancy last for eleven months, whereas animals such as foxes, that simply lie in a den when they are first born, are carried a shorter time. The young whale was more developed than fox cubs and he had also, like other whales, a superior brain. It was much more complex than a fox's.

FOR the next few hours the mother and newborn son stayed in the leads of water between the floes. Once, when they rose for a breath, she swung off to the side to see his enchanting smallness, not four feet long, and his infant face. He had full lips, wide-spaced eyes, and above his eyes a pad of fat which gave him a prominent forehead almost like a human's. His ears were only tiny canals that needed no shells of cartilage to catch sounds in the water. On top of his head was his blowhole, navel-shaped and closed tight except when he took a new breath.

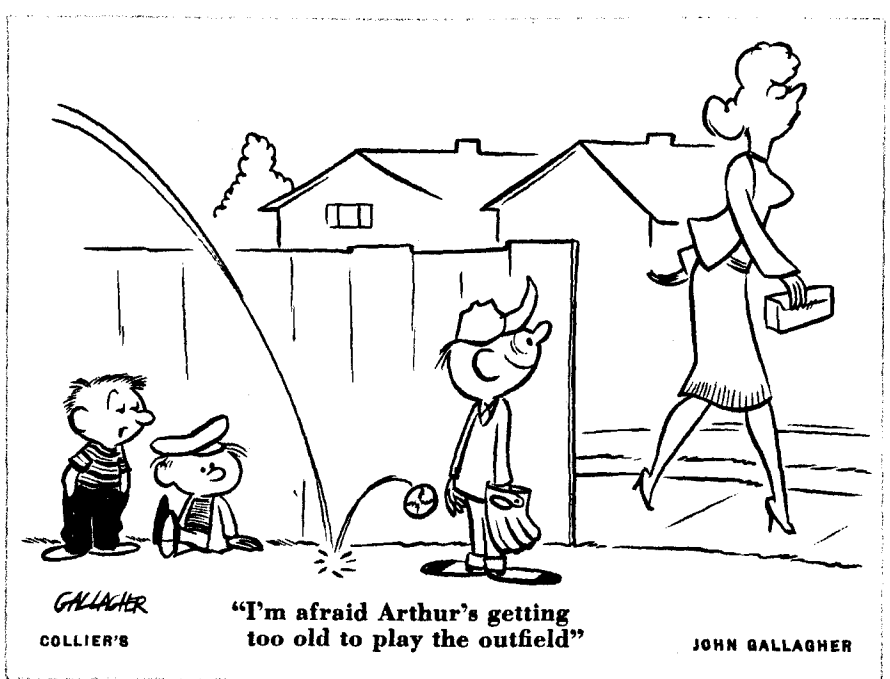
His hairless skin was the ocean's own color, gray with a tint of green-blue. This was the first spring that his mother, now four years old, had attained the smooth, gleaming whiteness of an adult beluga. There was not one mark of color upon her, even her tongue was white, and she was a lovely thing to see, appearing so pure, so immaculate, in the dark, shining water. But to her the gray infant was the more beautiful.

With a motion that was a summons, meaning that he should come, the mother slid under the young whale again and dived. Wherever she turned, he was touching her. But as if the touch were not contact enough, they kept reaching out to each other with sounds. The mother's range was quite extensive. She had little soft barks, a low warning note and calls that any creature could recognize as affectionate. Often her voice had a musical, bell-like quality and usually a wistfulness. They were wild sounds but with a tone that seemed slightly sad.

AS SHE swam through the ice with her son, she could hear that the walrus was exercising her calf again. The belugas, the seals and the walruses all had their typical ways of swimming; the whale could distinguish among their sounds. She was listening to the walrus, out in the flow of the tide, when suddenly she caught again the dreaded vibration. She hung in the depths for an instant, motionless, with her son just above her back. The sound in the sea became more distinct, its crescendo more definite. It could only be the killers returning. Mingled with it, now, was a violent splashing as the walrus mother and calf tried to reach the ice.

The walrus calf had climbed onto his mother's shoulders, but she was not able to save him. The tall, swordlike fins of the killers drew near too fast, cleaving the water, rolling up, over and down, all in unison. One of the killers had dived under the parent walrus. He rose, striking her chest with a blow so powerful that the calf was thrown several feet in the air and off to the side. When he fell back in the water the calf disappeared into the open mouth of the killer, with its great pointed teeth. The mother pursued the attacker. Bellowing in her rage, she held up her head with her tusks—two feet long and sharp—ready to make their strike. The killer escaped however, for he could swim faster than she. His thirty-foot length, glistening black with white ovals behind the eyes, curved upward in a last, arrogant leap, clearing the surface. With the rest of the band, then, he left. The black rapiers swung up out of the water and down with a perfect rhythm, until they could no longer be seen.

The walrus heaved herself onto the ice where she lay roaring with anger and grief and with pain, for the killer had bruised her chest. If she had been a beluga, the blow would have meant her death, but the ribs of the walrus were padded with thicker blubber. Several times the white whale had seen members of her own herd struck from below by killers. Their bones were broken, even their hearts were crushed,



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JOHN GALLAGHER

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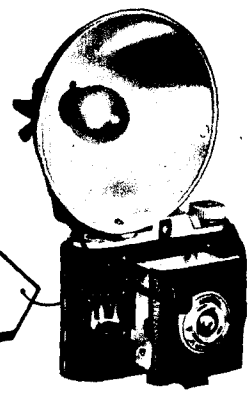

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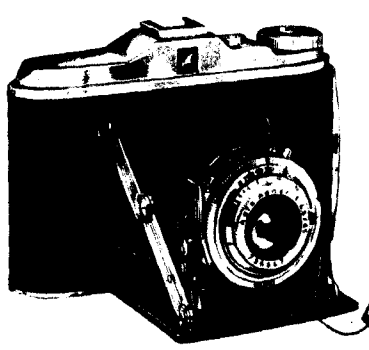

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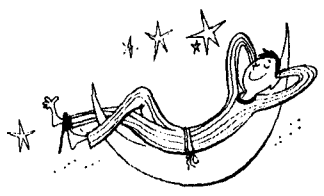

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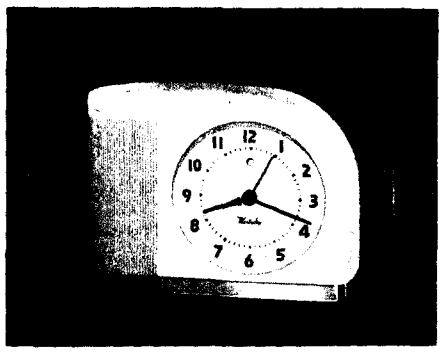

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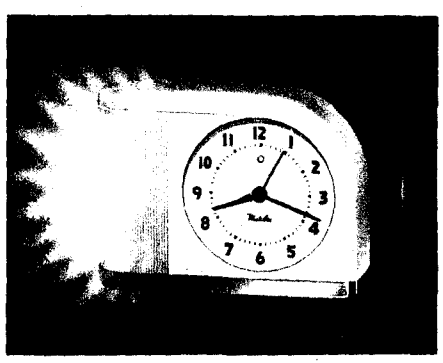

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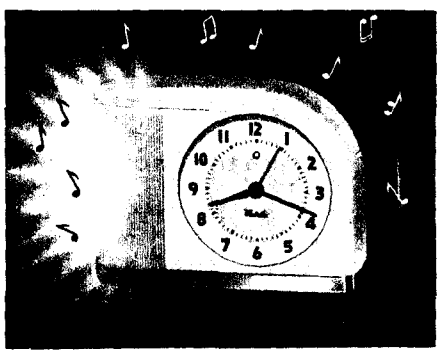

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before they were hurled from the water. They never knew when they fell into the sea again and the killer pack gathered around to share the grim feast. The killers ate only the inner flesh. The white skin and the fibrous fat, torn off in sheets, drifted to shore, where the Eskimos salvaged it.

"He share with me!" an Eskimo always cried when he saw a killer attack a beluga. "Strong, brave killer whale," the Eskimo often added, meanwhile paddling as fast as possible toward the beach. The praise was meant to appease the spirits of killers, for men greatly feared them.

The killer band had apparently gone to some other part of the Bering Sea. After several hours had passed with no sign of them, the mother beluga was reassured and began showing her son the fine points of swimming. She was as light in her motions as a gull would be if it could float in the air, all its energy used only to propel itself; and it was one of the whale's real pleasures to glide about with her buoyant and streamline body relaxed in the water. While the infant stayed close to her back, she taught him some of a whale's supple turns, banks and barrel rolls.

Within two or three days he was ready to make the trip to the coast. The mother was anxious to go, for fish were becoming scarce here along the ice, and she needed more food, with the young one to nurse. They set out about midnight. The ice field came to an end about thirty miles from the land, a long distance without any refuge if the killer band should return. The beluga maintained as fast a speed as her son could keep up. When she no longer could feel his touch, she would wait for him and then give him some milk, but she did not allow him to dawdle. Toward morning they came to the sand bars that fanned out in the sea off the Yukon delta.

HERE again they were safe from the killers, which never went into water too shallow to cover the fins on their backs, sometimes six feet tall on older males. Belugas, only half as large and built more compactly, were satisfied if the water was deep enough so that they could make headway. In one of the river's channels there was plenty of flow for the mother to grip with her tail, while off at the sides spread an expanse of liquid meadows. In them the mother and son would be safe from killers.

The herring run had commenced. The dark, blue-green hordes were striping the water with their own currents. They were so numerous that the whales seemed to swim in a sea of fish. The mother had not paused to catch any food on the journey across from the ice. She was hungry, and now she ate several herring. Her son seemed bewildered by all the activity around him.

The ice in the Yukon had gone out so recently that the trash it had brought down still floated about in the waves and was strewn on the beaches. Spruce trees and cottonwoods, that only a few weeks earlier had stood on the riverbanks more than a thousand miles inland, had been undercut by the moving ice. Now they lay in the sea, their foliage and roots awash. The female herring were swarming around them. They always tried to deposit their sticky eggs on some object, such as driftwood or reeds, to which the eggs would adhere till they hatched. As the females pressed into the tops of the fallen trees, the males were among them, in such numbers that the water around the herring was opaque with the milt.

For a while the belugas swam about lazily in the lee of one of the sand bars. The morning was wide and clean over the water, which twinkled everywhere with sunlit ripples.

But the whales, like the fish, had a schedule. In two or three weeks they would be due off the Arctic Coast. There the herd reassembled. During the northward journey they often dispersed, but they came together again near Point Hope, where the courtships took place. The summer was spent there in those far-northern waters, after which the belugas turned south, a few days ahead of the ice. They moved then as a group, swimming in V formation, and the Eskimos called them geese of the sea. It was time for the mother and son to start on their way to Point Hope to meet the other belugas.

At the protruding corner where the coast made its right-angle swing into Norton Sound was an Eskimo settlement. The beluga remembered it. As they passed it, she and the infant would turn farther out into the ocean; this was the white whales' habit when they approached any village.

She did not turn out soon enough. As they rounded a moss-covered bank on the shore, an Eskimo darted out from the cove beyond in his kayak. Immediately his harpoon was poised in his upraised hand. The whales were then at the surface, having risen to breathe. The Eskimo hurled the harpoon, and its head struck the infant in one of his shoulders.

Tied to the pointed tip was a very long rope of walrus hide. The sharp ivory tip was so designed that it came out of the shaft when it struck, but it continued to trail the rope. At the other end of the rope was a float, a poke, as the Eskimos called it. The poke was made of the skin of a seal. After all of its openings were sewed up, the skin was inflated with air. Wherever the whales might swim, now, that sealskin would follow them on the surface. And the hunter would follow the sealskin.

THE mother whale raced away from the land with the infant still close to her back. Since he would not be able to hold his breath for longer than five or six minutes, in each mile of their flight they would have to risk being seen. They were but a short way ahead of the boat when the young whale swam up to the top. He did not yet know how to make a smooth rise, as his mother did; she could catch a new breath and show only her blowhole and a low line behind it, but all the fore part of the young whale's body shot out on the surface. The man fired; his bullets were quick, white nicks in the water surrounding the whales. But being so dark, the small whale was not a conspicuous target. This time the hunter had missed.

The mother made a deep dive, guiding her young one down close to the ocean floor. She was trying instinctively to avoid being seen, not understanding that the sealskin would make it impossible to conceal their course from the Eskimo. The sealskin, bouncing along on the waves, jerked the rope, causing each time a new stab of pain in the infant's flesh. A hard tug would have pulled the harpoon point out of his shoulder, giving the pair a chance to elude the man, but the point was securely lodged and the float was not catching on anything. The small whale swam steadily and as fast as he could. He was touching his mother through

TIZZY

COLLIER'S "I've had a lovely evening, Timmy, and you can pay me back the $1.25 anytime" KATE OSANN

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most of his length, clinging to her but driving himself hard, as if he knew that this was not one of the normal problems in which he could turn to a mother for help. He was the one that must free himself of the rope.

When the mother could feel that he needed a breath, by the convulsiveness of his motions, she lifted him by her own ascent. They emerged from the water, and bullets again splashed around them. The waves aided them. There in the sound they were high enough to be breaking in whitecaps, and they made it difficult for the man to take steady aim.

THE mother was beginning to understand that this chase was different from others—that a headlong flight out to sea would not take them to safety, for the hunter would stay behind them. Her fear, for her small son more than herself, was now tending toward panic. She would try a new stratagem. Back of the coast line here was a wide, low area where tidal sloughs, channels and bays wound intricately through the tundra. One could enter the mouth of a stream and disappear in a maze of water and islands with banks of wet reeds. She had once escaped from a hunter there.

When the whales dived again she made a sharp turn and headed in toward the shore. The rope became slack as they doubled on their course, but it caught with a tug when the sealskin was pulled again. The pair had to rise for one more breath, but they finally were in the marsh. The mother's anxiety eased. It seemed to her, as they glided through the bays, opening one from another, that surely the hunter had lost them.

They reached a last, remote channel where the mother felt that they were well hidden, and there she stopped. The infant was very tired. She gave him some milk, a feeding which took place under water and lasted not more than ten seconds, for the bladderlike reservoirs of her mammary glands were completely filled. The little whale's lips and cheeks had no muscles, therefore he could not suck, but as soon as he took her teat she, by a contraction, ejected a stream of milk into his mouth. It was as rich as the thickest cream. For a while after he was nursed, the two rested, submerged in the water. They came up for a breath, when they needed one, so drowsily that they scarcely knew.

At the time they entered the sloughs, the tide was still short of its crest. As it continued to rise, the sealskin drifted beyond the whales. Later it floated back over them, drawn by the water receding toward the river's mouth. The whales, sleeping heavily, were not aware of the change in the flow, but once when the mother was letting herself sink down from the surface, the flukes of her tail touched the bottom too soon. She swung the tail and came quickly awake. She realized that the tide was going out, rapidly now. They could not remain here any longer.

She and her infant moved toward the shore line again. As they were crossing a sand bar she found the water so shallow that she had to turn on her side, swinging her flukes horizontally, to get over. At the outer reed beds they stayed for a brief time while the mother fed on the herring that were depositing eggs on the stalks. And then the belugas proceeded out into the sea.

As they were drawing away from the shore, they saw the long, slim, white shape of the hunter's kayak above them. They saw the anchor snatched up and the Eskimo's paddle make its first dip. He had known he might lose the whales while they were in the marsh. He also knew that the fall of the tide would force the pair to come out again. He therefore had let down his anchor and waited outside the stream.

The chase was resumed. It seemed hopeless indeed, but the whales could not simply allow themselves to be taken. Now, in late afternoon, the waves were subsiding, and when the belugas emerged from the water they found that the hunter's bullets were striking closer. He was trying to hit either whale. He wanted the mother, but his experience with belugas told him that if he should kill the infant she would not leave its body. This opportunity was important to him. He too had a young one, a child who was sick, and the only food in his cabin was fish. A change from that diet to one of the tender skin of beluga would help the child recover, he thought. He was not killing for sport; on this northwest Alaska coast animals were not killed for pleasure. But they were in all the more danger because their pursuers—human as well as wild—were motivated by hunger.

The contest between the beluga and man was one parent's skill against that of another, and the mother's next move was to take her son toward Egg Island, a steep mound of rock on whose crags kittiwake and murre colonies nested. She did not know what she would do when they arrived there, but at least she and the infant would not be exposed on the whole stretch of the sea.

AS THEY approached the island the mother swam to the side where, as she remembered, the cliffs formed a bay. Would the bay, like the sloughs, be a hiding place? She still did not understand why this hunter could not be evaded. It was evident by this time that something about the chase was not right. The normal relationship between hunter and hunted was not in effect, for none of the usual ruses was working—not the dodging or the long, motionless wait, the rapid flight or the blending of one's white self with the white curls on the ridges of waves. These methods, instinctive with whales, were, amazingly, of no use here, and the mother was now both confused and desperate. But she felt some relief as she entered the bay, where the water was deep and quiet. The whales dived to the bottom and rested there.

Birds, a large congregation of them, were swimming about on the surface. That in itself, the birds' lack of alarm, gave the beluga confidence. Nothing was seen of the murres from below but their bellies, white exactly to the water line, and the pink legs that were pushing the melon-shaped bellies about. Sometimes one murre chased another, but most were merely idling. One bird had dived. Using his wings to propel him, he went all the way to the floor of the bay. There he found a small pebble and brought it back to the top in his slender bill. He let it fall, dived after it, took it up, dropped it. For several minutes he played with his pretty stone. And a kittiwake skated down onto the surface. The dainty webs broke through first and then the white breast. The bird treaded the water, flapping his wings until he was upright, only his toes submerged. After he had settled himself in a floating position, there was no more disturbance. The murres swam about lazily, and the heart of the mother whale slowed to its normal pace.

The placidness of the sea made it possible for her to hear the killer whales when they were still a fair distance away. The splashing, the flat, metallic din when the water was slapped by so many dives, grew louder. The killers were entering Norton Sound. If they should pass near the island, they could discover the mother and infant. With all of her body she reached for the sounds, trying to sense their direction.

For several minutes now there had been no sign of the man. His boat was not visible on the surface above the white whales nor was the sealskin. The rope from the harpoon head trailed out behind the cliff, but it was slackening. The float was apparently drifting closer in toward the belugas.

The kayak came suddenly leaping around the cliff. The Eskimo's paddle dipped fast. Had he seen the killers, and was he seeking a place to land? Or had he glimpsed the pale forms below on the ocean floor? He stopped near the rocks at the beach, where he kept his place by adroit turns of his paddle. It was a short-handled paddle, and he held it under the kayak, not out at the side, in the hope that the whales would mistake the boat for a drifting log. The mother knew better. During the moment when she first heard the killers, her fear of them had banished her consciousness of the man. Now she had two different terrors to balance.

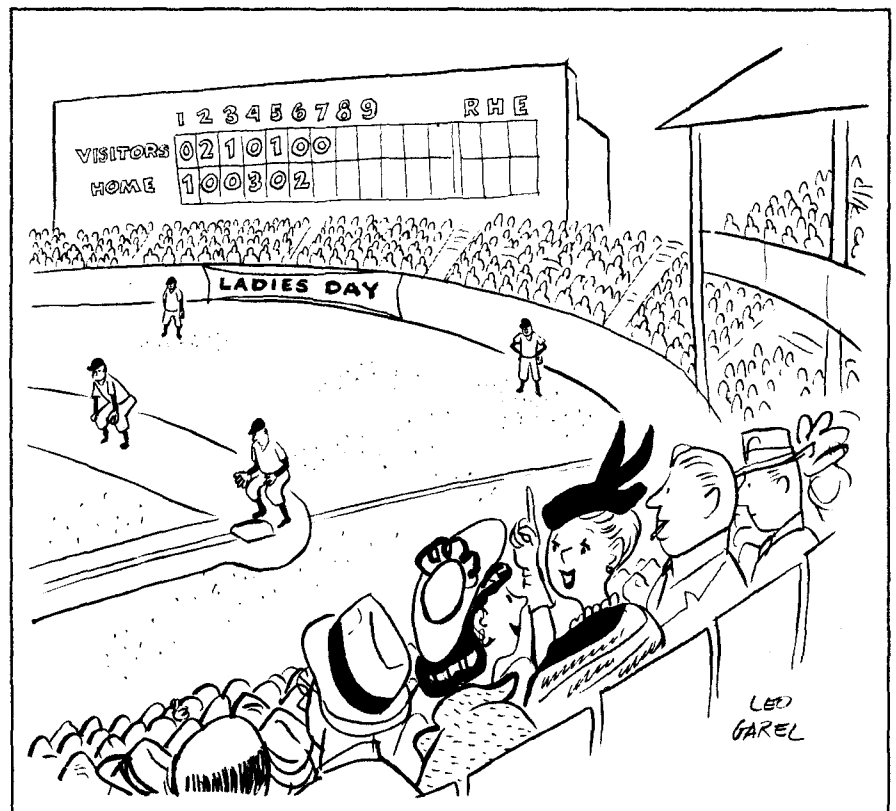
AS THE man appeared in the bay, the birds had splashed up into flight. Soon the water was smooth again. Only the clattering of the killers' approach broke the submarine silence. The route of the killers was evident. They were coming east, into the sound, and would cross the channel between the coast and the island. The mother must act. The air in the white whales' lungs was not quite exhausted, but it was getting short. She must choose between enemies—the killers, which hunted in well-known ways, traditional in the sea, and this human whose method was mystifying and so infallible. If the belugas had only not needed to breathe, they might have waited here till the killers were gone; then the mother again would have attempted to dash away from the Eskimo. But if they stayed, in a very short time they would have to rise to the surface in range of his gun.

The killers, her instinct said, probably were the lesser danger. If she and her son could hold their breaths enough longer to swim to the shore, the wild predators would not follow them into the shallows. The killers might catch them en route, but if they stayed close to the bottom, the killers, cutting along through the top of the water, could miss them. They had a chance to escape from the killers, but none to escape from the man.

Faster than thought, the mother set out, and the infant responded as if he were part of her body. They pushed ahead at their best speed, with the little whale driving himself frantically to keep up with his mother. They had not yet been found, but the killers were very close. Unexpectedly, then, with a rip of flesh, the head of the harpoon was torn from the infant's shoulder. The killers had seen the seal, apparently swimming along the surface, and had closed on it. One of them had tossed it aloft for a sporting catch, jerking the rope with sufficient force to pull out the point. The small whale was free.

The belugas did reach the safe waters along the coast, for the attack on the sealskin had distracted the entire pack of killers. The one that had gulped the inflated skin swung his head angrily as the punctured float burst in his mouth. The band milled about for a while, sensing that possible victims were in the sea here, but finally they assembled again and moved away in formation, farther into the sound.

In the breakers along the shore the belugas themselves advanced eastward, inaccessible to the killers and lost to the hunter. Beyond was a lonely land where they would not soon be encountering men again. After an hour or so the mother allowed herself to play with her young one, rolling him over and over and talking to him with small and endearing sounds. ▲▲▲



"Henry explained the game to me—all you have to do is watch the numbers on that board, and the team that has the highest number at the end wins"

COLLIER'S — LEO GAREL

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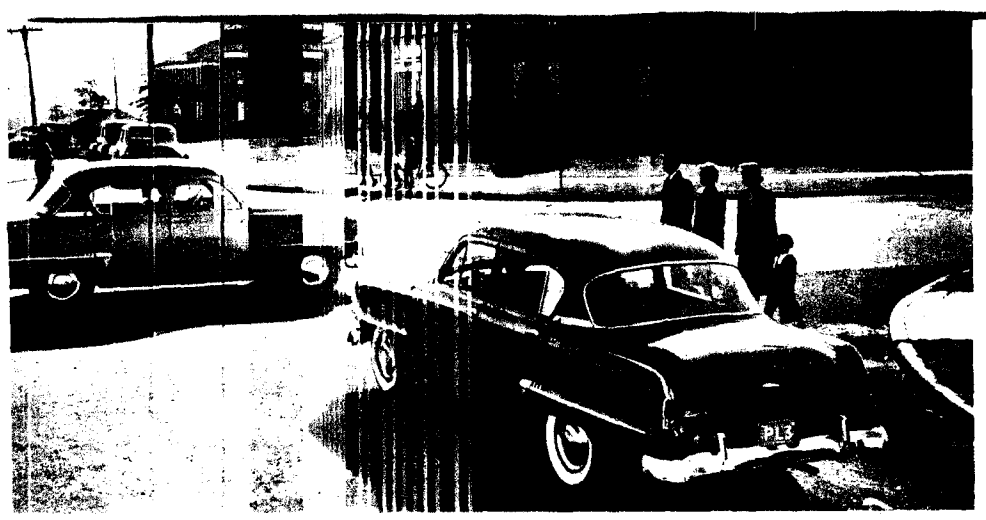
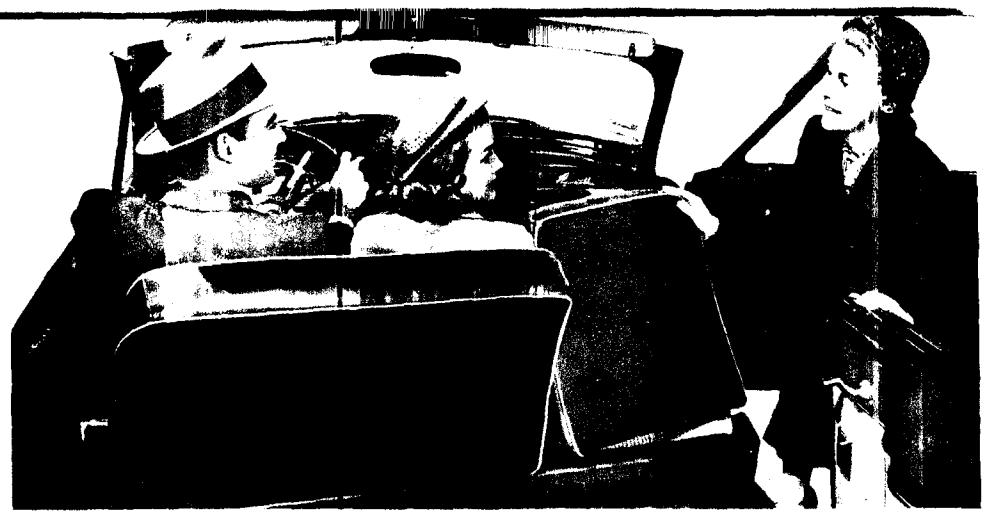


New Hy-Drive no-shift driving, now optional in your new Plymouth at extra cost, lets you drive cross-town or cross-country without shifting, and gives you the *smoothest* no-shift driving in the lowest-priced field.



In the new Plymouth 2-door models there's a 1/3-2/3 division of the front seat. This permits a rear seat passenger to get in or out as shown above without disturbing front seat passengers.

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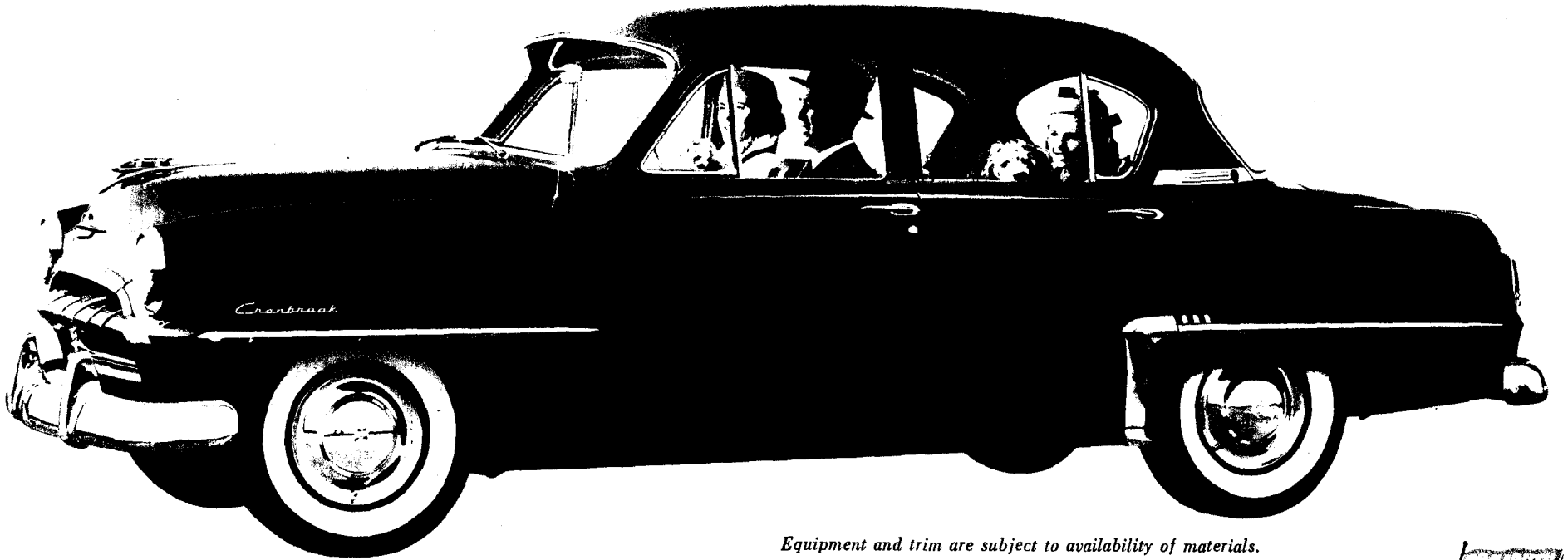
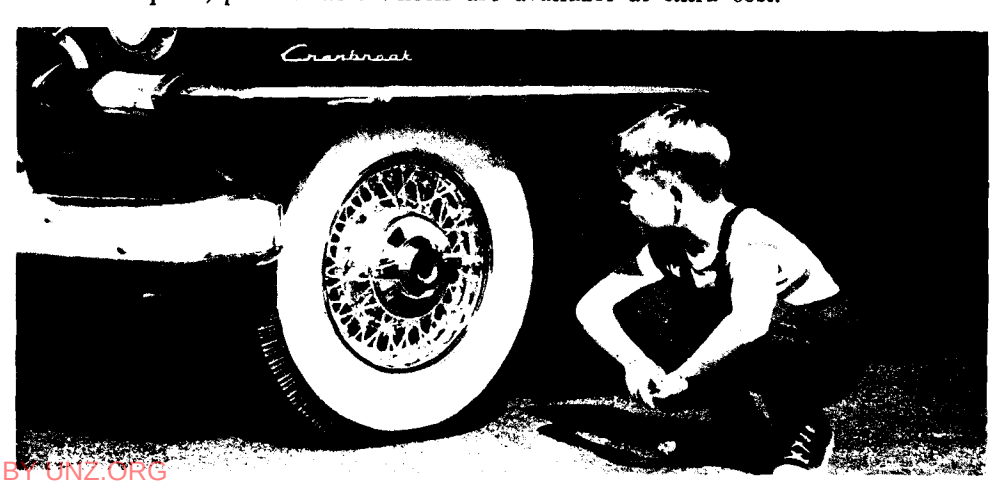


Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials.

PLYMOUTH — Chrysler Corporation's No. 1 Car

Plymouth offers special models, like this *Business Coupe* with a removable rear seat that gives you a choice of carrying either extra passengers or luggage. Also, the *Suburban* and *Savoy*, with the rear seat that folds into the floor.

Something new for Junior — wire wheels! Of course, his Dad remembers them, but never any like these beauties. *Chrome* or, at a lower price, *painted* wire wheels are available at extra cost.



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NEW ORLEANS KNOWS

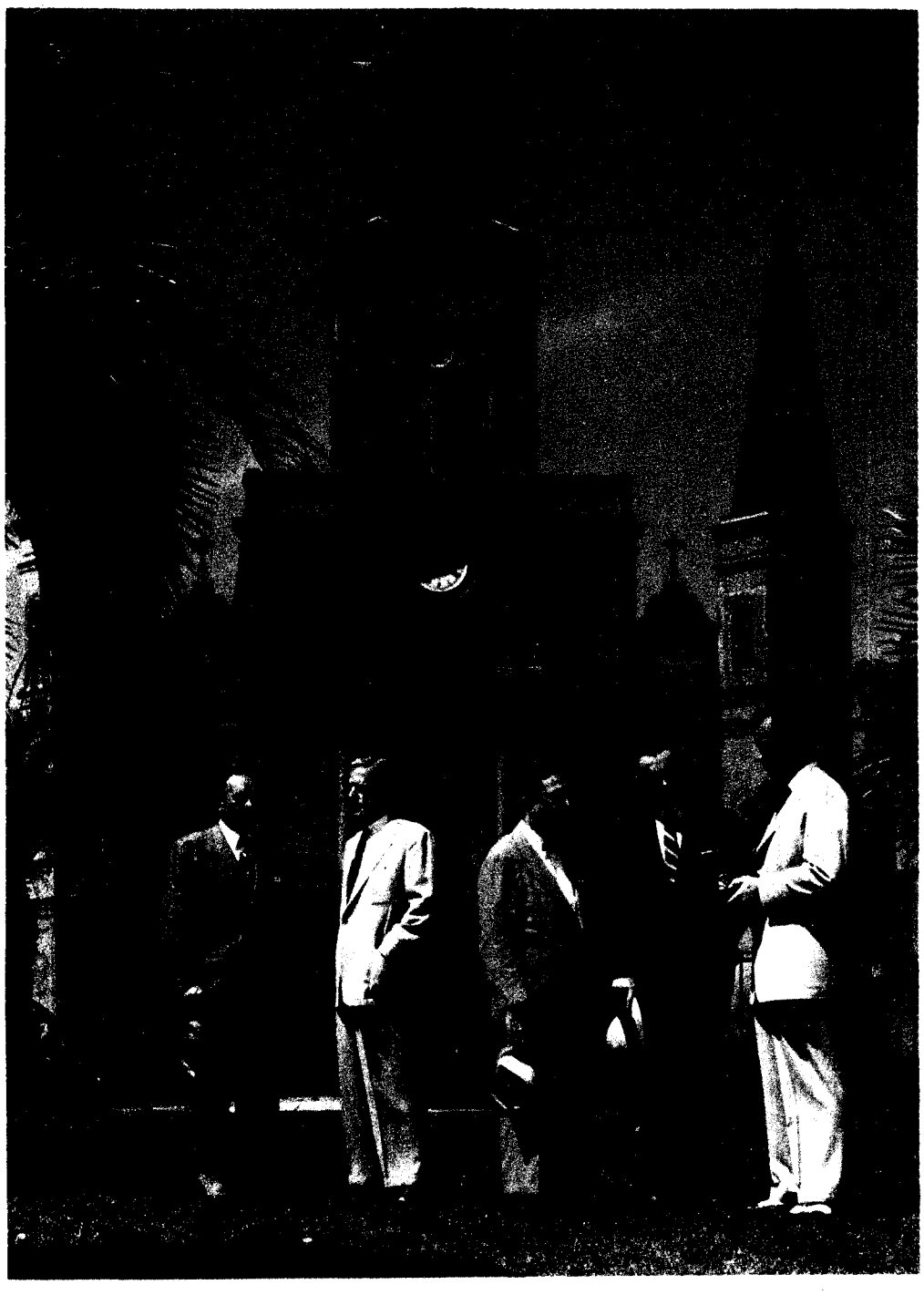
Smart Southerners pioneered in summer suits. Now they've added to their warm-weather

IT'S getting around to that time of year again: we have to face up to hot and humid weather and the problem of being comfortable, well dressed and hard working all at the same time. What to do? Well, we took our camera and notebook to New Orleans, where the city's businessmen always have attacked clothing problems with the same good sense which helped them build their metropolis into the nation's number two port.

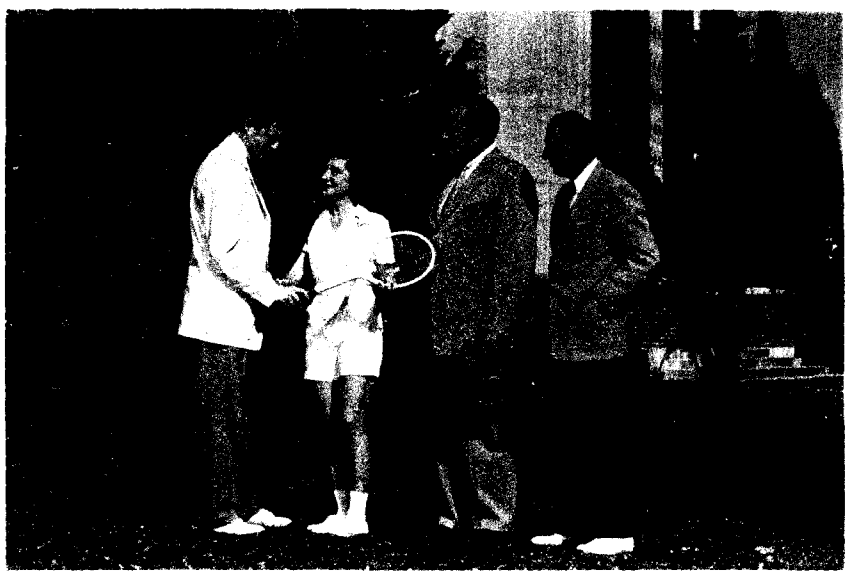
New Orleans enjoys a reputation for good grooming, even though its citizens must cope with heat and humidity as much as nine months a year. We figured—correctly—that they could probably teach the men of the country a lesson in dress.

The very first summer suits ever seen in the U.S. are said to have been made in New Orleans. This apparel, made of cotton, proved it isn't necessary to strip down to keep cool. But where too many men merely put on a lighter-weight suit when hot weather comes, Southerners beat the heat by changing their entire outfits from head to toe. They wear featherweight, porous hats which weigh just a few ounces but shade the head and so keep down body temperature. They doff regular-weight shirts and turn to tissue-weight jobs with a comfortable, low-slope collar. They store their heavy, year-round shoes and don casual or porous slip-ons.

We've come a long way from those first cotton summer suits, too. Today's summer wear—the improved cotton suitings, the always popular tropical worsteds, the man-made fibers (either pure or blended with wool), the silk suits, Shantungs, linen weaves and other fabrics too numerous to mention—affords an immense variety of selections. And there have been great strides in making these fabrics resistant to wrinkles, spots and moisture and improving their construction and tailoring. Nowadays, it's easy for all to emulate the men of New Orleans: dress right and keep cool. ▲▲▲



Standing in front of Saint Louis Cathedral are (l. to r.): hotel man Frank J. Monteleone, in tropical worsted; insurance executive Marion Kessler, in flannel; Roy Alciatore, proprietor Antoine's Restaurant, in nylon cord; Charles Nutter, manager of the International House, in gabardine; Joe Brown, head of New Orleans baseball Pelicans, in rayon



At the Tulane stadium are (l. to r.): Hamilton Richardson, a Tulane student and member of U.S. Davis Cup tennis team, in sport clothes; Marilyn Barnett, amateur tennis star and WTIX broadcaster; Albert Wachenheim, Jr., of Sugar Bowl sports committee, in tan Resortweave; Tulane tennis coach Emmett Pare, in a Dacron cord jacket and slacks

In historic Jackson Square, with typical balcony in the background, investment broker E. V. Benjamin, left, in tan linen, shows sights to Columbia Pictures stars Peter Lind Hayes and wife, Mary Healy—a New Orleans girl herself. At the right, acting as a co-guide, is manufacturer Joseph Haspel, Jr., in Orlon and cotton seersucker

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HOW TO KEEP COOL

:omfort with fashion tips that keep the sun on the run

By BERT BACHARACH

Five of New Orleans' outstanding citizens exemplify the tradition of dressing well and comfortably in hot weather. This group, from left to right, includes Mayor deLesseps Morrison, in a linen suit; John Minor Wisdom, attorney and well-known Republican leader, in tan silk; Lloyd J. Cobb, lawyer and former head of International House, New Orleans trade center, in a blue tropical worsted; Joshua Tonkel, manufacturer, wearing beige Shantung-weave fabric; and Harnett Kane, best-selling novelist, in one of the blends of man-made fibers and wool. The men are standing in the garden of the home of Edgar B. Stern, noted philanthropist and member of an old New Orleans family

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JIM THOMAS

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Bertha, who was nearly four inches long, had two large compound eyes with three simple eyes between them. Somehow she appeared solemn

My Friend Bertha, the Praying

Though she was smart and courteous, she couldn't help trying to kill her husband

Robert Carlyle Hermes, of Buffalo, New York, spent most of his working life earning a living as a free-lance advertising illustrator, but his heart and his spare time were always more devoted to nature than to commerce. Today, at fifty-two, he has given up advertising to photograph nature's wonders and to lecture about his observations to audiences from Newfoundland to the Gulf of Mexico. Neither his wife nor his two children—a married daughter and an eighteen-year-old son—are surprised at his attachment to Bertha. They like nature, too—even if they do have to share the living room with Father's unusual pets

I'M a nosy sort of person, not the kind who spies on his human neighbors but the sort who can't pass a stone without turning it over to see what's hiding underneath. I never see a dead log without pulling it apart, and I never take a walk without returning with a salamander, a bug or some other creature in my pocket.

It was on one of these hikes that I found my first praying mantis. She was standing on a fence post cleaning her antennae. As I reached for the insect she grabbed my finger and drove several of the sharp spines on her grasping front legs into my skin. She was big, strong and beautiful. I named her Bertha and took her home with me.

In the house I placed Bertha on a large branch

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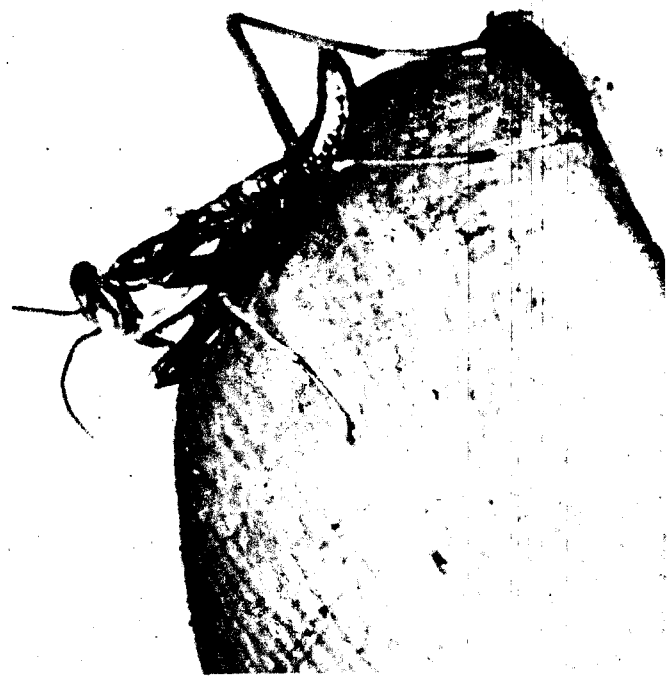
Bertha's appetite was big and varied—and, like many pet mantes, she was trained to eat horse meat from her master's fingers (left)



Baby praying mantes are less than a half inch when hatched, or big as a finger tip

A typical female mantis, Bertha (r.) was set to eat her fiancé. He knelt before her, waiting to be killed

Just after hatching, the babies hang from the nest, each striving to leave the mass

Mantis

By ROBERT CARLYLE HERMES

we keep for visitors like her. It became her castle and she rarely left it. Like most female mantes, she quickly adjusted to her new environment and made no attempt to escape. Now, as I walked about the room her head turned to follow me and her antennae moved slowly and inquiringly in my direction. Little by little her trust in me grew.

Bertha must have been capable of simple mental processes. Certainly she showed signs of fear, and I am sure that while she was with us I was able to condition, frustrate and even outrage her. Like humans she could sometimes be timid, shy or gentle; but on other occasions she could change into a raging miniature monster. Although I have worked with many kinds of insects I shall never

Testing Bertha's strength, the author found she could lift sixteen-and-a-third times her weight

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CARLYLE HERMES

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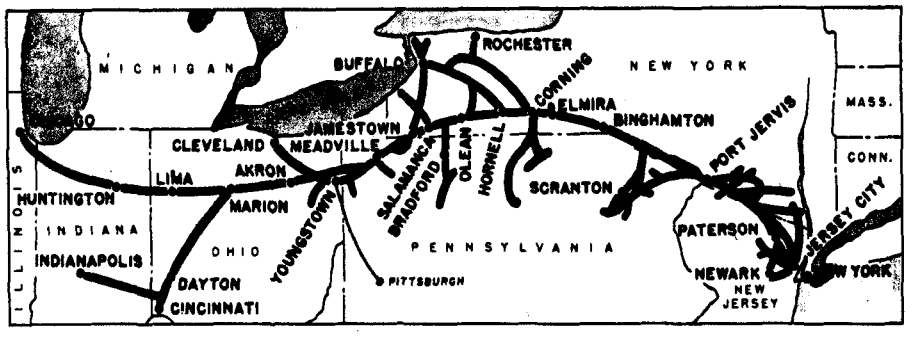

Feeding Bertha's young was soon a jol

forget her—because Bertha was a bug with a personality.

I must admit, however, that I could have treated her better. I complicated and sometimes confused what otherwise might have been a very simple life. My offerings of strange foods, odd companions, and the unusual situations in which I placed her must have caused Bertha much distress.

Nothing upset her more than having her abdomen pinched. Wings fully opened and rigidly set, she would hop about like a boxer in ballet skirts, her strong grasping legs drawn close to her body ready to strike. Her abdomen moved up and down rapidly between her pleated wings, causing a rustling noise loud enough to be heard across the room. She would jab at my threatening fingers with dazzling speed and then rapidly draw back in retreat.

Was She Capable of Emotions?

On one occasion I put her in an aquarium with a tiny garter snake, a small toad and a salamander. Within a few minutes she had sampled each one, her horny front legs holding them so tightly they could only squirm. Their taste, however, did not please her and she ran to the corner of her prison and clawed at its glass sides until I removed her. I cannot tell you whether Bertha was capable of emotions. However, she must have experienced something akin to our sense of taste because while she refused the snake and salamander, she often accepted other strange and new foods. And when I was unable to capture enough insects to satisfy her appetite, she accepted bits of beef and even chocolate from my fingers.

Bertha was a fastidious creature. She spent five or six hours of her day cleansing and preening her body. Her antennae received first consideration and she was forever running them through her mouth, scraping and polishing them with her sharp mandibles—or jaws. Each meal was followed by an elaborate cleansing of every part that came in contact with food, and sometimes she would stop eating to polish up a grasping claw or free her mouth of clinging particles. As I watched this endless primping I wondered who first called an insect "dirty."

Bertha was beautiful. Her body was a masterpiece perfected millions of years ago. Her head was triangular in shape, with her mouth located at the lower point. Her eyes were at the top. They were large, compound organs composed of hundreds of tiny facets, and placed as they were at the corners of her head she could see in almost any direction. Between her compound eyes were three simple eyes called ocelli, set like jewels in a crown. In front of them, two hairlike antennae protruded from movable sockets, but when I examined them under the magnifying glass I discovered the hairs were really tiny balls joined together. These antennae may be well named. Some think they are used to send and receive some kind of messages.

Bertha's powerful jaws were on the underside of her head, and moved in a sidewise motion instead of up and down as ours do. Attached to the mandibles were palpi, or sensory organs, covered with short hairs, which Bertha probably used to taste the food she ate. Her head was fastened to her body by a flexible membrane which acted as a neck and allowed her to turn her head almost completely around.

Like all insects Bertha had six legs, but the front two were large grasping organs fitted with sharp spines. She used them to catch and hold her prey.

She wore her skeleton outside her body. It was the hard armor that protected her. The muscles which move her were fastened to the inside of this frame.

In the insect world the female is usually the larger and stronger of the sexes. Unless they were extremely hungry, two male mantes could never be persuaded to fight, but Bertha wouldn't hesitate to engage another female in deadly combat. I often started battles by pushing her close to another of her sex. They would grab each other, straining and struggling like wrestlers for minutes at a time, their bodies hardly changing position. Clasping one another with strong spiked legs in vise-

"I never talk about the days of low prices any more. It was so long ago it dates me"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

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...f fantastic proportions. The whole family had to go to work

like grips, each tried to sink powerful jaws into the other's body.

Bertha overcame and devoured her first antagonist. She twisted her head and bit and severed the muscle of her opponent's leg, which was holding her, then kept right on chewing. Life ebbed slowly from her foe—and even as she died, Bertha's victim opened and closed her wings and tried to pull away from her destroyer.

Bertha won three such encounters, but the experience made her cowardly, and she refused to fight again, striking instead of grabbing, and fleeing at every opportunity. Even caution was neglected in her anxiety to escape. After intervening several times to save her life I retired her from the arena.

Bertha was powerful for her size. I first tested her strength by adding weights to her food. Fastening a thread about a grasshopper's head, I would tie the other end to the branch on which the mantis rested and then I'd feed her the insect. To the thread I fastened the weights, gram after gram, until she released her dinner. The first time I tried, she held an ounce, but after that, Bertha released her hold at half that weight and I realized some other method must be used to prove her total strength.

Often I had tried to pull her from a branch and I knew the power of her tiny muscles. So I held her with my fingers as she lifted weights with her grasping legs. Eventually, Bertha supported sixteen and a third times the 80 grains (.18 ounces) she herself weighed.

I have never known a female mantis to destroy a male before she has mated, and Bertha was no exception. She met her first love on a branch in front of my camera one night. As I placed him close to her she reared to full height and turned to look at him. He was much smaller than she, but as slender and graceful as a fawn. The long antennae on his head pointed in her direction. Was he talking to her? I think so. But Bertha did not move. Her eyes were fixed upon the little male. Finally her antennae pointed toward him, and as he approached they began to wave in a gentle undulating motion. I had the distinct feeling that I was being excluded from a conversation.

An Affair Ends in Frustration

Suddenly Bertha seized him by a leg and held him tight. He opened his wings frantically, but Bertha still held on. Here was food, and some strange power would not let her eat it. She released him unharmed, and he flew away.

The next suitor I brought into the house for Bertha was successful. He surprised her with one bold leap as she was dining on a tender locust. This time she struggled, but only briefly.

After her successful mating Bertha's only interest in the opposite sex was gastronomic. She captured and ate the next two males that came within her reach and would have finished the third had I not intervened to save him.

Bertha built her egg nest on the branch that was her home in our home. Secreting a creamy substance from the rear of her swollen abdomen she beat it into a froth and laid her fertile eggs within it, neatly arranged in a semicircular pattern, their ends pointing to an escape hatch at the top. The nest, called an oötheca, finally hardened to protect her offering to her race.

Bertha's nest was quite complicated. Above each egg she had left a passageway through which the young hatching mantis could escape. The remainder of the nest consisted of hardened fiber bubbles filled with air, protection against birds and other natural enemies which would have torn at the nest had it not been safely hung indoors. Bertha toiled over it, but did not understand what she did. Some wonderful plan within her nervous system, inherited from countless generations of praying mantes before her, built the nest.

"By the way, Marvin, have you and your new secretary got to the point yet where I do not understand you?"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

Bertha began to fail a few days after her eggs were deposited and her life's work was done. She aged just as we do, weakening gradually. At last her strong mandibles could not pierce even the soft underbody of a cricket. She dropped it and ate no more. She weakened and passed away.

All winter long we cared for Bertha's nest. It was now safely inside a glass jar, waiting for spring to come. An earlier experience had taught us the necessity of the glass. Some weeks before, we had found several egg nests in the field and, putting them on our mantel, forgot about them. Sometime later we awoke to discover that our home had been taken over by several hundred little creatures. They covered the ceilings, the curtains, the floors and the walls. They rode about on our shoulders, crawled over lampshades, and popped out of teacups. Without food they survived only a few days, but we were brushing up and removing the tiny bodies for a long time.

Still it was an exciting experience to watch Bertha's nest hatch. The show began between eight and nine one spring morning. First, a single wormlike creature wriggled free and hung suspended on a long silken thread below the nest. I watched in amazement as another and another appeared. They struggled free from their home, each encased in a thin skinlike membrane which remained fastened to the nest. Soon a cluster of tiny mantes had formed below—dozens and dozens of squirming animals breaking and pulling themselves from their birth sacs. As the skins enclosing the tiny insects split and the mantes freed themselves, their soft bodies seemed to expand to almost twice their former size. After an hour or so, all that was left was a bunch of empty rolled-up skins still fastened to the nest by silken threads.

Fruit-Fly Formula for Babies

We had prepared ahead of time for Bertha's young by putting a banana in the glass jar, and we had a dinner of fruit flies waiting for our babies. I never troubled to count Bertha's young but I'm sure there were more than a hundred, and as soon as they hatched, each caught a fruit fly for his dinner.

From that time on, our work began. Our flies all disappeared the first day. We discovered aphids on our rosebushes and rushed them to our wards. More bananas were put in more net-covered jars, but still a hundred hungry mouths worked on. As summer approached, our pets grew and our problems increased. Larger and larger insects were needed to satisfy their expanding appetites. Mealworms were easy to raise and at first they solved our problem, but bigger and fatter mantes became increasingly harder to feed. As worms became scarce we tied some of the mantes out-of-doors, placed a bit of horse meat before them and let nature do the rest. Flies came to feed on the meat; the mantes caught the flies. It was as simple as that.

But there isn't any simple method for raising a hundred hungry insects who demand more than their own weight in food every day. Our job soon developed into one of fantastic proportions. First my son, and finally my wife and daughter were pressed into service to aid in the task. Cages of coarse netting were made to cover the mantes, with spaces large enough to admit flies but which kept out the birds that might have eaten our pets.

Soon even the mantes had to be separated to prevent them from eating one another. Flies became scarce, our mealworms were gone, and we were now scouring the fields with butterfly nets capturing everything that crept, crawled or flew. Still we were not able to feed the hungry horde, and we released all but a few in our garden. Whether they wandered away or were devoured by birds I do not know, but in a few days most of them were gone or so well hidden in the forest of grass that I seldom saw them.

Some of Bertha's progeny surely survived; weeks later I found three egg masses fastened to the stems of flowers in my garden. There they remained to survive or be destroyed as nature saw fit. Bertha's grandchildren are free to roam among the blades of grass and stalk their prey through my flower beds, safe from the adventures my inquiring mind can devise for them. And I'm sure they are happier creatures. ▲▲▲

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Anybody Can Go to Coney Island

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

something. Not that I didn't want to, but even if I hadn't wanted to I would have had to. So—I'm a bright boy—I said, "Well, let's dance, you want to?" She said, "I'd like to, yes." So we danced, and it turned out this guy who'd brought her, he'd found some other dame, one he used to run with pretty good. Then Anne steered me across the floor to introduce us, and I found I didn't like this guy, not at all. I had no particular reason to dislike him. I am *not* chivalrous. I just didn't like him.

What I said to him, I said, "Look, I know how these deals work out sometimes. If it wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings, why don't I take Anne home after the dance?" I hadn't consulted Anne about this one way or the other, but she was standing there beside me, looking up at me, and she didn't say anything. This other guy licked his lips a little and said, "Well, if it's okay with . . ." letting me know he thought I had a pretty good idea there.

So I said, "Okay, it's settled. That's the way it's going to be." And I took Anne by the elbow and steered her back onto the dance floor. When we were dancing again, she put her forehead against my lips and said, "You shouldn't have done that," but by that time—you know how it is.

WELL, I flagged Sid, the guy I came with, and told him, and he said, "See?" and made eyes at me. When we got outside, I said to Anne, "How about a night club? We can get a cab and shoot downtown."

"No," she said. "I have to work tomorrow, and we shouldn't take any cabs, either."

"What's wrong with cabs?"

"Why, nothing," she said, as if she'd never thought about cabs quite that way before. So we ended up on the subway, the same Lexington Avenue line I used to take up to Betsy's on Park Avenue, only this train was a downtown train.

We got off at Fourteenth Street, at Union Square, and walked east past the Con Edison building to Third Avenue, and then we walked under the el to Thirteenth Street and turned east again, and pretty soon we were at her house. It was one of those five-floor walk-ups.

Anne's was the front flat on the fourth floor. It wasn't dirty in the stair well and in the badly lighted hallway outside her door, but it wasn't clean, either. It was dirty-clean, the way it is with people who don't have much dough coming in, but have the right idea.

For instance, take the rug on the floor in the hallway outside her door. It was swept and cleaner than any rug has a right to be. But it was still no more than a quarter of an inch thick, and there were holes in it from place to place. Somebody had even taken a scissors to the loose threads where the biggest hole was—so it was a neat hole, anyway.

Anne took the key out of her purse and held her finger up to her lips. "My uncle sleeps in the living room," she said. "Good night. Thanks a hundred times."

I said, "Well, where do we go from here? I mean, number one, do you kiss boys good night on the first date?"

Anne looks very pretty when she looks surprised, and now she looked surprised. She said, "I don't think there's any rule about it, one way or the other."

That left it up to me. So I put my hands on her shoulders and began to bring her to me, and at that point she turned her face and said, "But not tonight."

Sure, that's always the way. So I said, talking fast, "Well, number two. What are we going to do Sunday?"

"Are we going to do something Sunday?"

"Look," I said, "let me explain to you a few essentials about the male ego. Kiss, no. All right, then I have to think fast to show I'm not disappointed, that I didn't care one way or the other. So I assume we're going out Sunday. You tell me we're not going out Sunday, maybe I can't think of anything else. Maybe I run out of ideas. Then what's left for me to do? Jump down the steps. Only the light's not so good." It wasn't, either.

She smiled and said, "Well, I don't want you jumping down the stairs. I used to when I was a little girl, but it was fun then. I don't suppose it would be so much fun now."

"You lived here since you were a little girl?"

"All my life," Anne said. "I was born in the living room in there."

It sounded unreasonable to me, but I didn't say so. I said, "All right, Sunday. Where do you want to go?"

"I don't know," Anne said. "Let me think about it between now and then."

"Okay. Where do you want to meet me?"

She looked surprised again. "What's wrong with here?"

"Oh, nothing," I said. "I don't know why I said that. I used to run with a girl who was always meeting me someplace." That was a lie. "I get so I say things like that automatically."

Anne nodded. "That's why I didn't kiss you good night. Good night." She smiled and went inside.

I called her Thursday night—she had a telephone—and she said she had decided she would like to go to Coney Island, if that was all right with me. It wasn't, because I hadn't been to Coney Island since I was a kid, and I didn't like being there with a million people on a Sunday. I said, doubtfully, "You want to swim?" and she said, "No. I want to go to Steeplechase Park and ride the horses."

So all right, you don't press your luck. I picked her up at ten thirty in the morning, and I met her father, who was a big guy, and her mother, who was a little woman, and her Uncle Rodolfo, who was a little man. They were all eating. They were eating nuts from a big glass bowl on a drop-leaf table in the middle of the room. There were no books around, and no pictures. Pieces of the Sunday paper were half on the floor, half on different pieces of furniture.

Anne came out of what I figured was her bedroom. She wore low-heeled shoes and a soft blue summer dress. Her black hair was done up on top of her head, and her eyes were dark and very much alive. "Hi," she said, like she was glad to see me. "Did you meet everybody?"

I was going to say how could I help but meet everybody, but I said, instead, "Yes, ma'am. You ready?"

"Yes," she said, and then, "oh, my purse." Her dress swirled a little as she turned to go back in the other room for her purse, and I decided she had a fine set of legs. While she was gone, her old man got up from where he was sitting and went over to the bowl of nuts and said, "You want some before you go?" I said, "No, no thanks." Then Anne came back in the room and we left.

We got the Sea Beach express on the BMT. The West End express takes the same amount of time to get to Coney, but it always seemed to me the Sea Beach was faster. When I was a kid, I asked one of the trainmen why it was that one way seemed faster than the other, when it really wasn't, but all he did was tell me to get away from him.

The smell of Coney Island, as you come down the ramp of the big overhead station there, is something you never forget. You hear the whistles from all the peanut stands, and you smell the popcorn and the hot beef sandwiches and the lard that they fry the hamburgers and potatoes in.

Coming out onto Surf Avenue, you see the big yellow-and-red signs out front of the freak shows: the elephant boy and the woman without a head—the one who has an electric socket in her neck where the head should be, with lots of wires running up and over and back into her neck. There is a penny arcade there, and that game you play by rolling rubber balls into holes to try and make a poker hand—they call it Fascination. I can stand for an hour listening to that guy on the loud-speaker, the way he says "*Fas*-in-ayshon. *Ev*-rybody plays *Fas*-in-ayshon."

You cut up the street to the right, past one of the wax museums. This one is an old one; they have a few new dummies, like famous modern-day murderers, but mostly they have old stuff. They still have one depicting Edward and Wally the day he abdicated. Then there is the little cut-through street, and the Tornado roller coaster and a bow-and-arrow game and a guy who wants to guess your weight, and then one of the bathhouses, and then the wooden ramp up to the boardwalk.

BY THE time we got to the boardwalk, I was glad we came. There were a lot of people, but not so many as I had expected. There was a slight overcast and it wasn't too hot. The beach was pretty crowded, but there was plenty of room on the boardwalk. We walked up past the Sodamat, where the soft drinks come out of the wall, and past the back end of the Thunderbolt, which I think is the oldest roller coaster there. Then we came to those little rides for the kids, and finally to Steeplechase Park, which is one of the big amusement parks down there. You buy a combination ticket outside, and that lets you go on everything inside: the little roller coaster and the Ferris wheel and the big slide and the merry-go-round and, of course, the Steeplechase itself, which is a bunch of horses that get pulled up a little hill and then roll down on individual tracks, sort of a cross between a roller coaster and a merry-go-round.

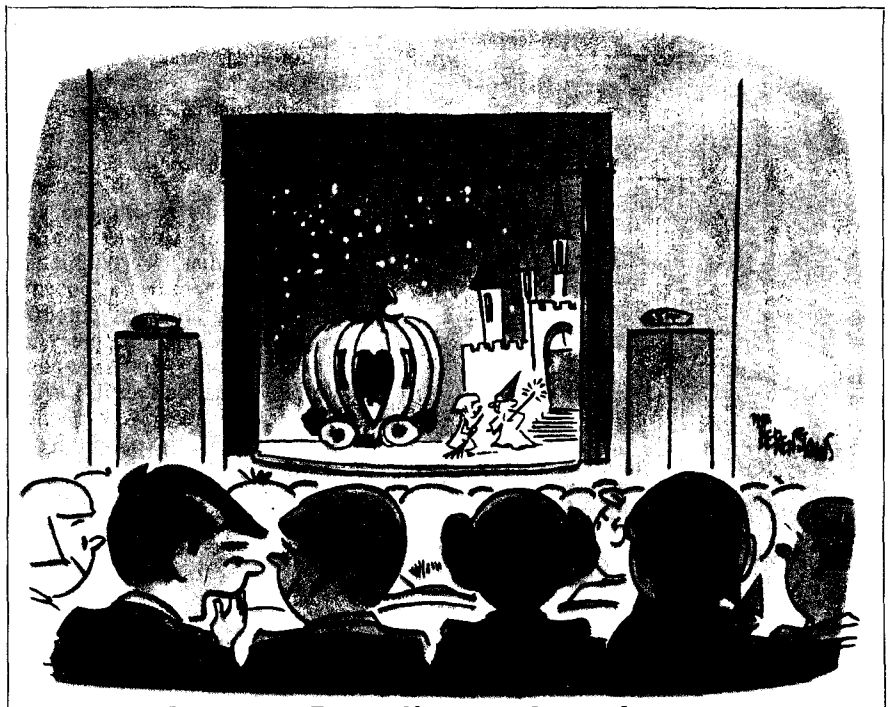
Anne wanted to go on the horses first, so we did. Then we went into the maze, the one that takes you out on a stage that has a lot of little air holes to blow up the girls' skirts. There are seats out front, too, so you can sit and watch the show, and there's always a bunch of guys there, sitting and watching. When I was a kid, we used to do that. You bring your lunch, go to Steeplechase, and get yourself a ringside seat. The way they work the blowers so the girls can't guess is to have a guy up in a big wooden elephant that stands there.

Anyway, I felt protective toward Anne, as far as the air holes were concerned. You might say I'd felt that way normally, or that maybe protective isn't the word for it, but I've taken girls there that I *didn't* feel that way about.

Well, I steered her through all right, and after a while we ended up in the Old Mill, which is that boat ride in the dark. It gets really dark in there, and I turned to her and said, "You expect me to kiss you, because it's the thing to do, so I won't."

In the darkness, Anne said, "How do you know I expect?"

What I should have done, I should have kissed her then, but I blew it. I said, "Well, it's part of the swindle. You



COLLIER'S — **"I was set as Prince Charming, but in the nick of time I picked up a case of mumps from a guy who owed me a favor"** — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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have a Sunday, you go to Coney Island, you go on the Old Mill, the boy kisses the girl, they go home—big afternoon. Some people live for things like that."

"What's wrong with living for things like that?"

Did you ever get on the defensive, the kind of defensive where you could get back on the offensive if you could only dare say what was on your mind? But you don't dare say it, so you're worse off than ever? Well, that was me now. Out loud, I said, "Nothing, except there are other things. There's art shows and ball games and beaches, nice beaches, out on Long Island."

"Are you sorry we came here?"

"No," I said, and it was the truth, and I was mad, real mad—at myself—for talking my way into this. "No, I was just thinking of the other night, when you said something about it being automatic, and I was just saying this is automatic too."

We passed another boat, going the other way in the dark, and heard a girl giggling. Anne said to me, "Well, I thought it was automatic the other night, and I didn't think so now, but you went and said it was, so I guess it is."

Okay. Like I say, I blew it. What I was going to say, if I'd had the nerve, was, all right, you live in a walk-up with your old man and your old lady and your Uncle Rodolfo, and they all chew nuts and read the funny papers, and I just don't move that way. I give you a week to think over where you want to go, and you say Coney Island. Anybody can go to Coney Island.

So maybe I *was* glad to be at Coney Island, but that doesn't take apart my argument.

We didn't talk too much more after that, not until it was late afternoon and we were headed home on the subway. When you're going home, any line of the BMT takes a long time. The Sea Beach is no faster than the West End. I had a little sunburn on my face from the sun behind the clouds, and I asked Anne a lot of questions. Her old man repaired furniture for a living, and her Uncle Rodolfo didn't do a hell of a lot of anything. He was getting old, and he wasn't well all of the time, but he was going to go back to work because they needed some more money. Anne herself worked as a secretary for one of the wholesale furriers on Seventh Avenue.

When we got back to her place, the old man was still sitting there in his suspenders, chewing nuts. Uncle Rodolfo was lying down on the couch. Anne's mother came in and said, "Good time?"

"Oh, yes," Anne said. She smiled up at me, and it was sort of a private smile, perhaps a little bit of an apology, although I don't know what *she* had to be sorry about.

Her mother said, "Why doesn't the young man stay for supper?" Uncle Rodolfo sat up on the couch and nodded his head at me. He needed a shave. He said, "We got the best soup."

"No," I said. "Thanks very much, but I've got some work to do tonight, and I've got to be getting uptown."

"Well," Anne's mother said, and she touched her husband on the arm, meaningfully. "Father, you come in the kitchen with me. Rodolfo, you too. Everybody has to help with the supper."

They went out of the room, and Anne walked over to me and said, "You sure you don't want to stay for supper?"

"I'd love to," I said. "But I can't."

"Oh," she said. "Well, I had a lovely time. I hope you did."

"I did."

Then there was a pause, and I figured it was up to me to say something. "Look," I said, "let me plan the next date. Okay? Next Saturday night?"

She thought for a moment, looking right at me. Then she nodded her head and smiled again. "Okay," I said. "Say good-by to everybody for me." I backed out the door. "Leave everything to me," I told her, and I blew her a kiss. She was still smiling.

I'LL tell you where I took her that Saturday night, I took her to the Pierre. I threw French at the waiter, and we had a hell of a meal, with wine and every other damn' thing, and afterward we got a cab out front and went over to the Beekman Tower and had a drink and watched Manhattan through the windows, and then we got a cab down to her place. We walked up the stairs, and I kissed her, long and wonderfully, outside her door. And then she opened her door, and I kissed her again, with Uncle Rodolfo snoring on the couch, someplace in the darkness back of her shoulder.

I went away trying to figure out what was wrong, because Anne was a girl such as I had never met before, and I was closer to falling in love—or maybe actually in the process—than I had ever been. But something *was* wrong. The evening had gone all right—Anne had loved it, and had said the right things at the right time, and had acted as though she ate at the Pierre every day and went to the Beekman Tower thrice weekly and rode in cabs all the time. So why was I miserable?

In the back of my mind I knew why. It was all a part of the same fear that made me dread the thought of meeting any of my friends while I was walking on the street on my way to Anne's house. I didn't like that street she lived on, and I didn't like the holes in the rug, or the fact that she wore the same dress every other date, and I didn't like the old man and his furniture-repair business, and that tired, unshaven Uncle Rodolfo, or the mother in the kitchen making soup all the time. I didn't like climbing four flights of stairs.

I liked Anne, though. Oh, brother, did I like Anne. I began to get these scenarios in my mind's eye, where I swooped down on East Thirteenth Street in my custom-built convertible and took her away from all this and settled down in a beautiful country home in Stamford. Of course, another thing—maybe the point of what all this is about—all snobbery is relative. I couldn't afford a custom-built anything, *or* a beautiful country home anywhere.

But talking it over with myself, realizing all there was to realize, it still didn't change what my feelings were. I still didn't like the house and the people in it—except Anne herself. Her I took to Jones Beach, and to the Polo Grounds to watch the Giants gum up a double-header with the Cubs, and when the autumn came I got a car on time payments and I drove her out to Idlewild to watch the planes come in.

EXTREMIST

When drinking coffee, I confess
I do a thing that's foolish:
I find it far too hot, and then
I wait, and when I sip again
I find it far too coolish.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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"Someday," Anne said, watching the running lights of a plane as it came down out of the east, "I want to fly."

"Fly with me," I said. "We'll take off for Dallas tonight."

"Why Dallas?"

"Why not?"

"You couldn't afford it," she said, and for the first time, almost evilly, it came upon me that maybe, in her own way, *she* felt sorry for *me*. I turned on her, and I said, "Listen, I can afford it."

"Dallas wouldn't be much fun," she said.

"I can afford it," I said. "Let's get that straight."

"All right," she said. She looked at me a little strangely. "You can afford it."

"Well, I can."

"All right," she said.

Nobody said anything after that, and in the silence I got mad—you know, sulky mad. I said, "Come on, let's get out of here."

"It's early," Anne said.

"Let's go anyway."

I TOOK her home mad and I left mad, and I didn't call her for a week. Not calling her for a week made it like a test, to see if I could stretch it to two weeks. When I made it two weeks, I decided to make it three, eating my heart out all the while and not really knowing why I was acting this way.

At the end of the third week I started trying to figure out how to pick it up again. Maybe I could tell her I'd been sick, except she'd know better. She knew me. That was the whole trouble, she *knew* me.

So I decided to do nothing, and sat down with the Sunday paper and began reading it from front to back, every page, with a lousy cup of coffee in front of me. There was nothing else to do. The telephone was two feet away, and there was nothing to be done.

So I read the paper. I got back to the society pages, and—it happens this way—there was the picture of Betsy, the Park Avenue doll, staring out at me. She was in the company of two other girls, dragons, and the line on top of the pictures ran: *A Bride and Two Engaged Girls,* and there was a story about each one. The little headline over Betsy's story said, *Troth Announced,* and there it was. Her parents, of New York and Bedford Hills, had made known that their daughter, a graduate of Miss So-and-So's School, would become the bride of whatever guy this was. He'd gone to Exeter and Princeton. I knew what he looked like—automatically. Guys like that never really get married. They're just part of the ceremony. The next week they marry some other society Jane. They come with the church.

I read it a couple of times. You know that hollow, useless feeling you get when you run into something phony and there's nothing you can do about it? And how much worse the feeling is because once you put on your good suit and tried to run in the same league? Tell you what it's like, it's like inviting your best friend to roll in a rigged dice game and then explaining it later by saying it was the only game in town.

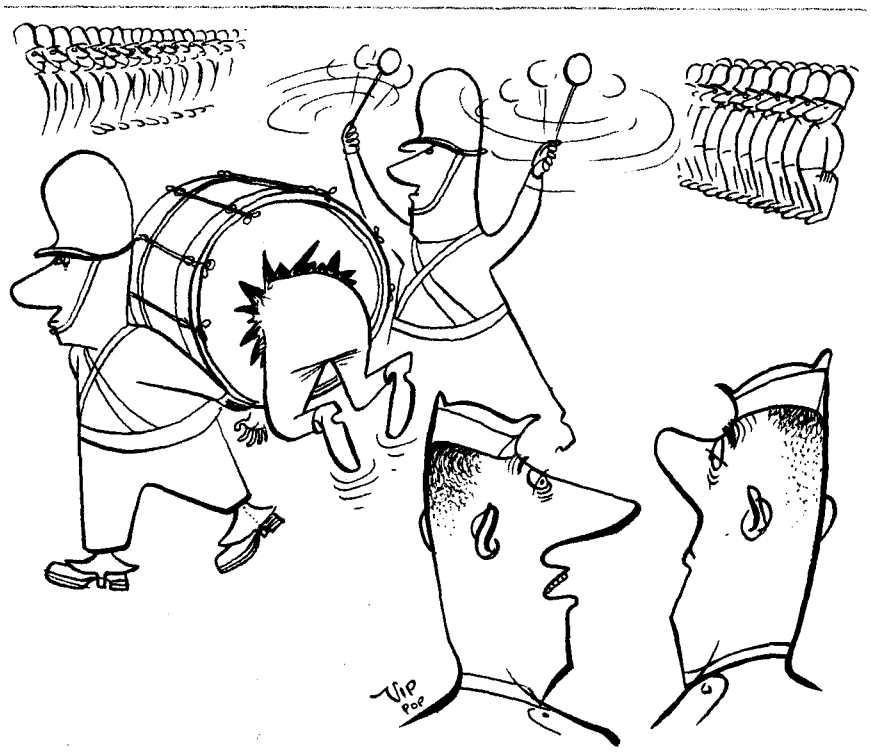
It bothered me, though. This wasn't the only game in town. I quick picked up the telephone and called Anne, and when she answered, I said, "Listen. Just listen. I love you."

She said, "Oh," in a very small voice. I could hear the people in her family, and my mind's eye could see her turning her shoulder and putting her mouth close to the telephone so they couldn't hear. Her voice was very soft and quiet. She said, "Hello, darling."

I took the subway down there, because it was the fastest way, and we all had a big, late breakfast and sat around jabbering. I kissed Anne's mother and Anne kissed me, and after breakfast we cracked some nuts and I found out some facts about the furniture-repair business, which is not so uninteresting as it might sound. There was cause for a dual celebration, anyway, because Uncle Rodolfo had gone and got himself a job, running telegrams for Western Union.

So we all now had work, and that's the story about Anne, and about me, too. ▲▲▲

VIP'S WAR



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In the Name of Justice

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

When they got my kid brother under oath, they could have asked him anything they wanted and got an answer. He was so honest the truth was running out of his ears

GRANDPAW was sitting on the courthouse steps when me and Pop and Leon got there. He's real old and has to use a cane; he's too old to make a living as a lawyer any more, Pop said. Too old and dirty and feeble-minded, Pop said when him and Mom had an argument about having Gramp come live with us. After that, Mom and Pop didn't have much to say to each other. I guess Pop shouldn't of talked that way about her father. Anyway, right now me and Pop and Leon had other things to worry about, and Pop wasn't very happy to see Gramp there.

"Did Marge call you?" Pop asked, kind of sore.

"I'm a lawyer, Ben," Gramp said.

"You *were* a lawyer," Pop said. "Anyhow, we don't need one."

"Hello, Leon," Gramp said. "Hello, Biff. How are tricks?"

"Hello," we said, and that's all we said. We followed Pop on into the courthouse, and when we got inside the courtroom, Pop stopped and looked at Leon. "Remember, now," he said, "deny everything. It's only Clell Parker's word against yours, and there isn't any evidence."

Leon nodded, looking scared. I let them go on inside and waited until Snuffy and Turniphead and Jack showed up. We hung around out there in the corridor waiting for Darrel Purdy, but he never showed up, and so we went in and got seats down front, by the railing. In a couple of minutes Gramp come limping down the aisle and set down beside me. He sighed and winked at me. "Why did that lame-brain parent of yours demand a public trial? This could have been settled without all the ballyhoo," he whispered. "Did Leon do it, Biff?"

I nodded and looked around the room. Churkee isn't a very big town, even if it is a county seat, and news sure spreads fast. Leon only got booked Tuesday afternoon, and now it was ten o'clock Wednesday morning, and about fifty people were there. Next to a good baseball game or a funeral, the favorite sport around Churkee is watching a trial, and Leon got a pretty good turnout. If they'd of had a chance to advertise it in the paper, he'd probably of drawed a full house. But it was a kind of hurry-up job, not a regular jury trial. Afterward, Gramp said if he'd been handling it he would of demanded a jury trial, as no jury in the world would convict a kid like Leon, but Pop just said well, Gramp wasn't handling it, and anybody could second-guess.

There was just Judge Ralph Ninety-Days Bruner, and Hays Ewing, the new county attorney that didn't even pass his bar exams until he was already elected, and then there was the court clerk, and Pop and Leon, and old Clell Parker, the head witness against Leon. And there was all the spectators, including us Catamounts that could of been witnesses against Leon too, but wasn't. Mom was home in bed with her headache and her crying jag. She said she didn't want to watch Pop make a fool of himself and a dupe out of Leon.

Leon looked like a plump midget fullback running for a touchdown with an oversized green football. Only he wasn't going for no touchdown; Clell was gaining on every jump

Well, the judge called the court to order and said, "Case of the people versus Leon D. Saunders. Petty larceny is charged." He scowled over his specs at Pop. "What are you doin' inside the railin'?"

"Defending my innocent son from a miscarriage of justice," Pop said, and beside me I heard Gramp mutter, "Oh, for Pete sakes!" I guess I felt a little that way myself. Pop is a real character.

"You ought to have a regular lawyer," the judge said.

"Man don't need a lawyer unless he's guilty," Pop said, and the spectators laughed a little, and the judge scowled meaner, and I felt sick. Go ahead, I thought. Get the judge sore at you first thing.

Well, the county attorney had Leon go sit in the chair beside the judge's high desk, and the clerk swore Leon to tell the truth and all that stuff, and Leon give Pop a funny look and said he promised to do it. And I guess that's where he made his biggest mistake, saying so help him God like he done. He was hooked then, all right.

The county attorney scratched his mustache with one finger and looked at Leon and cleared his throat nervously. "Did you," he said, "Leon Saunders, steal that watermelon?"

Leon fidgeted. "Well, I never exactly stold it."

The county attorney looked surprised. "Uh—but you do admit that you, ah, removed the melon from the rightful owner's premises?"

"I don't know if I got it clear off his premises or not."

"But," the county attorney said, "you did *take* it. Right?"

"Well," Leon said, sweating, "yeah, I kind of took it, all right."

Pop jumped up then, looking like he was going to bust. "Now just a darn' minute, there," he said. "Wait a minute now, everybody."

"Set down!" the judge roared. He looked at Leon. "You understand you just admitted your guilt, boy?" Leon nodded miserably, and the judge looked sore. "Why in tarnation didn't you admit it yesterday and save the county all this fuss and expense, boy?"

"Well," Leon said, "yesterday I never hadda promise to tell the truth. Today I promised, so I told it. A promise is a promise."

THE county attorney scratched his chin with his fountain pen for a while, and then he said, "The prosecution rests, Your Honor."

"About time," Gramp muttered. "They got him hooked, Biff."

Pop got up again. "If you two are finished browbeating the boy," he said, "I'll question him a little myself."

"Objection," the county attorney said, and the judge said it was sustained, and then he asked Pop what he hoped to accomplish by any further questioning of the defendant, and Pop said he figured he could prove there were extenuating circumstances. But he looked pretty grim and kept wiping his face with a handkerchief, and it wasn't that hot. He was worried. Who wasn't? Everybody knew the judge was a hardhearted old so-and-so. Old Maximum Penalty, everybody called him. He didn't like anybody, especially kids. He was as old as Gramp, but Gramp was a guy that liked kids better than grownups even. They grew up in Churkee together and both went into law, and Pop was always saying look at them now, one a judge and the other a has-been with tobacco juice all over his mustache. Well, I'd rather be a has-been that liked people than a big-shot judge that didn't, boy.

Well, Pop put his hand on Leon's head and rubbed it and grinned kind of feeble and said, "Relax, old-timer, they haven't hung us yet." And Gramp sighed. I saw what he meant, all right.

Pop sort of leaned back and hooked his thumbs in his suspenders and said, "Now since you're being honest, as I have always taught you to be, son, tell me this. Were you alone when you took this alleged watermelon?"

"Sure," Leon said, and Pop frowned and said, "Let me put it this way—who was with you down there on the river at the time, son?"

"I done it by myself," Leon said stubbornly, being honest.

I LOOKED at the other Catamounts, Snuffy and Jack and Turniphead, and wondered where Darrel Purdy was at. He was president of the club; he should of been there too, helping us sweat it out.

Pop was doing the most sweating, though. "Now listen, son, you were with a crowd of boys down there, swimming. Isn't that right?"

"*They* were swimming," Leon said. "I was gittin' that melon."

"Isn't it true those boys are older than you?" Pop asked. Leon nodded. "Isn't it also true they *told* you to go steal a watermelon?"

"Nobody made me do it," Leon said. "I *wanted* to do it."

Well, Pop looked like he didn't know what to say next. He rubbed the back of his neck with one hand and wiped his forehead with the other one, and looked out the window, and Gramp whispered, "He's got his big foot in his mouth for sure, Biff. He sure has loused Leon up."

Personally, I thought Leon done it himself mostly.

Pop looked at Leon again. "Son," he said, "yesterday was a mighty hot day. You walked all the way down there, you were hot and tired and awful *thirsty*, right? You were very, very *thirsty*, son. Right?"

Gramp whispered, "A good point, Biff. Brilliant strategy."

But Leon knew what to do with a good point. He said, "Boy, I'll say I was thirsty. That's what throwed me. If I hadn't stopped at a spring down there to git a drink, he never would of caught me."

Pop groaned and you could hear him all over the room. He kind of sagged and looked at the judge. "Listen," he said, "he's just a kid, Judge—and not very bright, as you can easily see. He's a good boy. He hasn't got a mean bone in his body. Have a heart, Judge. I'm gonna rest our case before I do him any more harm." He stood there for a minute like he wanted to say more, but then he went and set down.

The judge looked at the county attorney, questioningly, and the county attorney said, "No further questions," and the judge cleared his throat and scowled for a while, and then he said, "This is

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a court of law. We came here to decide whether this boy was guilty or not, and it has been thoroughly established that he is guilty of petty larceny. Before I pass sentence, I want to think about it. A crime has been committed. I must decide on the punishment, weighing all the factors. This court is recessed until one o'clock."

HE GOT up and went through a door back of the desk, and I set there feeling cold. I seen Leon and Pop go up the aisle after the crowd got out. Pop had his arm around Leon, and he was looking straight ahead. He looked kind of scared or something; he looked like I felt. I was remembering how the judge give Simkins Leach two years just for stealing two chickens, and I was trying to figure how much one watermelon was worth, and pretty soon I seen there was just Snuffy and Jack and Turniphead and me setting there—and Gramp. The others all looked gloomy—except Gramp. He just looked thoughtful.

"Well," Snuffy said, "what you gonna do now, Biff? You wanta do anything special? Go swimmin' or something?"

I started to say something, but I got a knot in my throat, thinking about Leon in reform school, a crimnal, and I got up and climbed over Gramp and beat it out of there. I run all the way home, and I didn't start bawling until I got to our cob house. Boy, you really take a kid brother for granted until something happens. You can't be bothered with a kid brother. Then he steals a watermelon and gets caught. All of a sudden he's a crimnal about to be put behind the bars somewhere, and you realize how much a kid brother means to you. I bawled for a while, there in the cob house. It wasn't really a cob house any more—since we got natural gas put in, us Catamounts used it for a clubhouse. Anyway, I got ahold of myself and rolled a corn-silk cigarette and smoked it, and I got to thinking about if there wasn't any club in the first place, Leon probably wouldn't be in trouble.

I thought about how it all started, right there in the cob house. . . .

When we first started being a club, Darrel Purdy said five members was plenty, but then later on he decided we ought to have four more so we could have a baseball team. And Leon, he found out we were fixing to expand, so he had to try to join up. Don't ask me why. The way I felt about the club by then, most of the time I just wanted out of it, on account of Darrel Purdy. But Darrel, he said we'd all took a vow to be blood brothers, and the only way a guy could get out of the club was by dying or moving away from Churkee—or else by whipping all the other members, one at a time. He said that was the custom, the way it was always done. So I stayed in. Me and Turniphead and Jack and Snuffy had been buddies for a long time, all our lives practically. And then, on the other hand, I didn't figure I could whip Darrel Purdy. He was only just the toughest kid below junior high school, that's all. Ever since he hit town, when his dad come to work as a tool pusher in the new oil field out south of town, Darrel Purdy had the reputation of being tough as a boot. I never doubted it for a minute.

Well, anyway, Leon never got in the club. Darrel said a fat kid would slow us down too much, and anyhow Leon was too young. Leon was going on eleven, and the rest of us were going on twelve, except Darrel, who was almost thirteen. He come to be in the same grade as us, he said, because he was sick and missed a year once. That was our tough luck. If he hadn't been sick that year, he'd of been in junior high last year and wouldn't of took up with Snuffy and Jack and Turniphead and me. Well, personally, I admit I didn't want Leon in the club. You know how any normal guy is, he don't want his kid brother tagging along everywhere. Let him go run around with guys his own age. Besides, if I'd insisted on hav-

BUTCH

"I hadda convince him there isn't any boogeyman. There isn't, is there, Slug?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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"Monday you liked beans; Tuesday you liked beans; Wednesday you liked beans. Now, all of a sudden on Thursday you *don't* like beans!"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

ing him in the club, it would have just of made trouble with Darrel.

"Can this kid catch?" Darrel asked at the meeting. "Can he pitch or play first? Is he your idea of a outfielder? What's his battin' average?" Well, he had us there. I felt embarrassed, and sore at Leon, the bookworm, the brain. Why couldn't he be athletic, instead of always reading or going around earning money? That was one thing about him I resented, the way he made money. Why couldn't he loaf and play baseball, like us normal guys? But I felt bad, too, thinking about him out there in the alley, waiting for the verdict, maybe with an ear wedged in a crack, listening.

"Let's git this over with," Darrel said, spitting at a knothole. "I wanta go swimmin'. Let's vote on it."

"I hadn't oughta vote," I said. "I mean, he's my brother and—"

"Don't vote," Darrel Purdy said, spitting at the knothole again and missing again. Ever since he'd been president he'd been spitting at that knothole, but he hadn't ever hit it yet. "All opposed signify it," he said, scowling.

SO I went to break the news to Leon. He was squatting in the alley, digging with a sharp stick. He didn't look up, just kept digging, like he heard there was buried treasure in our alley.

"Well, I done my best for you, kid," I said, and he said yeah, he bet I really put up a filibuster, and I said, "They want athletes. Go grow a muscle and come back, boy."

"I didn't want to nohow," he said. "It was just a whim."

"Go somewhere else and have whims," I said. "Go mow a lawn and make a buck, wise guy."

"Heck," he said, "I was scared you guys would let me in, boy."

"Relax. You can stop being scared."

And us Catamounts went swimming. When we got to the bend in the river, you couldn't hardly see the water for the people. It's right at the edge of town, and everybody uses it. It sure ain't exclusive.

"Say, we gotta find us another place to swim," Snuffy said.

"We could go down to Big Rock hole," Jack said. "That's the best place I know, even if it is quite a walk."

"Hey," Turniphead said, "ole Clell Parker's got a watermelon patch down the river from Big Rock hole, guys."

"Come to order, you guys," Darrel Purdy said. "Pipe down an' tell me about this here place."

So they told him about it. It was down below the railroad bridge, half a mile from town—nobody hardly ever went there, and it was deep and shady. So he scowled and spit and said, "Awright, awright, pipe down. I'm thinkin'. I'm mullin' it around."

That's how he was—bossy. I had an itch to say something to him that the world would long remember, but I needed my teeth. So I asked myself how we ever happened to be lucky enough to get him for president, and I remembered about it—what happened was he just kind of up and appointed himself president. In fact, it was his idea to have a club in the first place. I guess the rest of us felt relieved when he took the responsibilities of being president. None of us wanted it. The job didn't pay anything. At least not yet it didn't, but the way Darrel Purdy operated, he might vote himself a salary any day. I got to remembering the first time I ever seen that guy, when he moved to town back in March and showed up at school.

The first day, at recess, he said, "Who's the toughest guy here?"

Fuzzy Smith, naturally. It was unanimous. So Darrel had us point out Fuzzy, and he went over there and said, "I hear you think you're tough."

"I don't think it, I know it," Fuzzy told him.

"I'll let you keep the title until Sat-

"Did you really see ME on the Kate Smith Hour?"

(STAR OR LOOK-ALIKE? SEE ANSWER BELOW)

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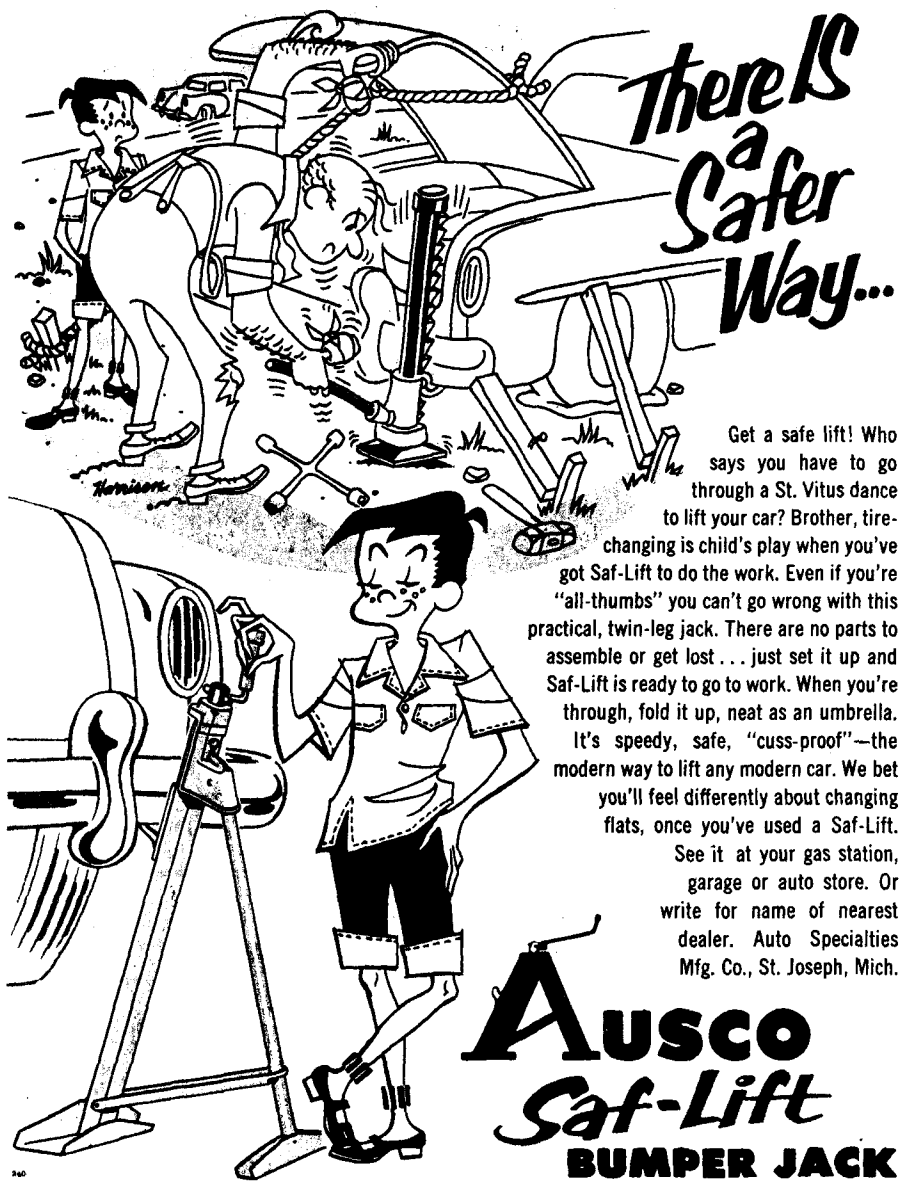

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urday mornin' at ten o'clock," Darrel said, spitting. "I'll meet you here on the school grounds at ten bells Saturday mornin', you has-been."

"I'll be here, you never-was," Fuzzy told him, also spitting.

But Fuzzy never showed up. He lived on a farm, and Friday, after school, his horse fell on him and broke his leg. I guess most of us figured he done it on purpose, just to keep from fighting Darrel, and I guess it made Darrel seem even tougher to us. Anyhow, Fuzzy wore crutches until school was out, and then he stayed on the farm. Darrel Purdy was there in Churkee with nothing to do, and one day he happened down our alley and found us guys smoking corn silks in our cob house, and he done a lousy thing—he got up a club.

RIGHT now the guy was trying to decide if he ought to let us do our future swimming down at Big Rock hole. I resented it. Anyhow, I didn't want to swim with all that mob. So I got dressed again and said, "Let me know what you decide. Write if you get work." And I started across Catlin's alfalfa field toward town.

They had just hayed the alfalfa and you couldn't tell where the path had been, and it was tough on bare feet, unless you knew how to kind of drag your feet and push the spikes down so you didn't step on them straight up and down. I went drag-footing across there, and I thought about Leon. In the back of my mind I felt bad about him, but in the front of my mind I resented him most of the time. Take for instance like when I'd hit Pop up for a quarter for something. What happens? I'll tell you.

"How is it," he'd ask me, "that Leon earns his expenses, but you're always mooching me? How is it your kid brother makes his own spending money, but you're satisfied to stay on the dole system? What are you, retired or something? Haven't you got any pride?"

I had pride, don't worry. I had enough pride to know a kid is only young once and he'll have to start sweating for a living soon enough without hurrying it, like Leon.

Pop was proud of Leon for being like that. "You think that boy is fat?" he'd say. "You're wrong. That bulge is his money belt."

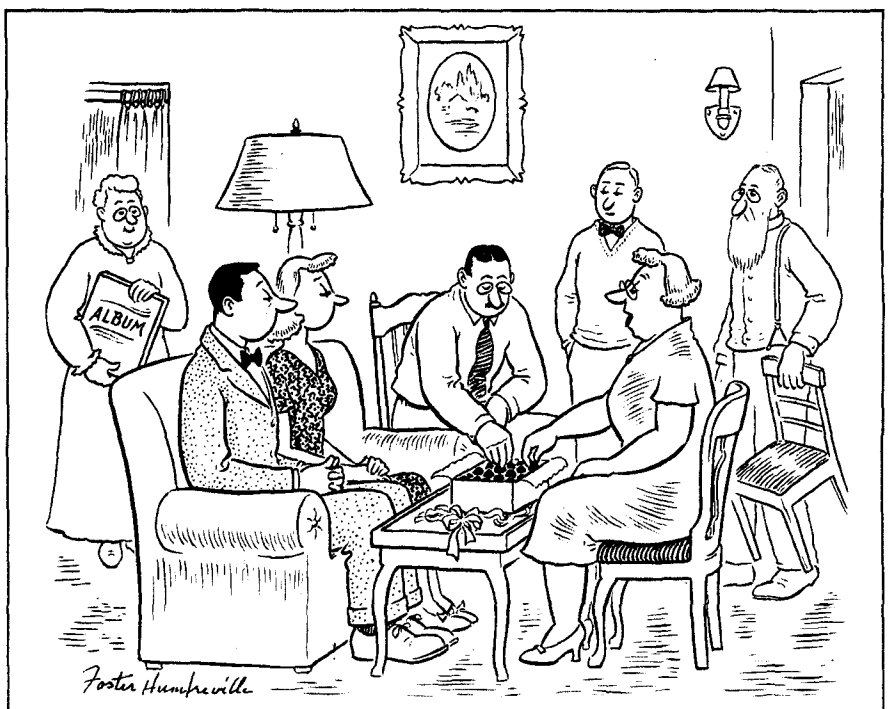
I don't say he favored Leon, exactly. He just threw him up to me all the time. The grasshopper and the ant, he called us. Okay. But who needed an ant in the club? That was my theory.

Well, when I got home, I found out the ant had been doing some stuff while us grasshoppers went swimming. He'd gone over to the Santa Fe depot where Pop was the agent, and he'd rented the cob house from Pop for a dollar a month, and he told me it was tough luck for us Catamounts, but we couldn't meet in the cob house any more.

I tried to argue with Pop that night at supper, but it was Mom's night to argue with him—about her father, Gramp. She said he was an old man and needed looking after, and she didn't like the thought of him being way over in Red Hill, thirty miles away. They'd gone all through that before a couple of times. We don't have the room; where would we put him? Pop would ask. And then they went from one thing to another until Pop yelled that he didn't especially want to live all cramped up with a talky, feeble-witted, dirty, tobacco-stained, old childish ex-lawyer, and Mom said if Pop was that old and didn't have anybody to look after him, he'd be untidy too, and besides, her father was not childish or feeble-witted or talky.

Personally, I liked Gramp. He was a great hand to go fishing, and he could sit and whittle on a stick and tell one hair-raising story after another and never repeat himself. I wished we could have him come live with us. But like Pop said, we didn't have room in our house, and since the oil boom, there wasn't an apartment or furnished room to be had anywhere in Churkee. So that's how it was. But it don't make a guy enjoy life any more than usual if his mother and father go around acting like they never been introduced.

Well, getting back to Leon, he never fooled me for a minute. I seen through his plan, I thought, and I had to kind of admire him for it. He had control of the cob house; the Catamounts needed the cob house to meet in and stuff, and there wasn't any other place for us to



"... and that poor Myrtle Smith—how *she* ever keeps a young man is beyond *me!* Her family shows no interest whatever. They go upstairs every evening and leave the poor young things all alone to entertain themselves whatever way they can"

COLLIER'S — FOSTER HUMFREVILLE

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COLLIER'S

"But which are the good men and which are the bad men?"

ROBERT DAY

meet, unless we wanted to do it in a tree or on somebody's front porch.

"Okay, boy," I told Leon after supper. "I get it, boy."

"You do?" he said, acting surprised. That ham, I thought.

Every club ought to have a fat kid in it, I thought sarcastically. So I got in touch with the rest of the Catamounts, and we had an open meeting on this new situation. I mean, out in the open. Where else?

"He could be the team manager," I suggested.

Darrel spit. "I'm the manager." Well, that was news.

"I thought you was the pitcher," Snuffy said.

DARREL spit at the knothole again before he remembered we weren't in the cob house any more. He wouldn't of hit it anyhow. "Check," he said, scowling at Snuffy. "I'm gonna be a playin' manager."

"Well, he could be our bat boy," I said hopefully.

Darrel sneered at me. "Who's got a bat, lame-brain?"

He had me there. "Well, how about mascot?" I asked.

"Is he a midget? Who wants a fat mascot?"

He had me again. Leon wasn't no midget. I give up on it.

"Well," Jack put in, "what it boils down to is, do we or don't we want to have a clubhouse?"

"Shut up, I'm thinkin'," Darrel Purdy said, very nasty. We waited. After a while he said, "Well, I guess he's in. But just to teach him a good lesson, we stiffen up the requirements for joinin' the club."

"I didn't know we had any requirements," Snuffy said.

"Silence," Darrel said to him. "We do now, bub."

"What are they, then?" Jack asked him, and Darrel scowled at him and said, "I ain't decided yet. I'll mull it around a while." And then he said the meeting was adjourned until further notice, and we broke it up.

Nothing happened about it until the next afternoon, when Darrel and the others come by our place and said they were going down to Big Rock hole swimming. It was after lunch, and Leon was there in the living room, reading.

"You still wanta join the club?" Darrel asked him.

Leon looked surprised. "Why, gosh, yeah, sure, I guess so."

"Then come on," Darrel said. And after we got down to the railroad tracks and were headed north, he said, "I guess Biff told you about the initiation stuff, didn't he?" Leon said no, and Darrel spit and said, "Well, you never figured you just moved in, period, did you? You're just a probation member, until you pass the tests. A member in name only, see. You got to show us you're fit to be a member, see."

"Oh," Leon said, looking worried. "Well, what is this stuff?"

We were coming to the old railroad coal chute, and Darrel looked up at it and said, "First thing is you got to climb up to the top of the coal chute and hang by your knees from the railin' up there."

"I hafta do it *now?*" Leon asked him.

"You hafta do it before you're a full-fledge member."

"Oh," Leon said nervously. "Well—uh, I just ate, and I wouldn't wanna do it on a full stomach." I almost laughed at that one. How else could he do it? He had a full stomach all the time.

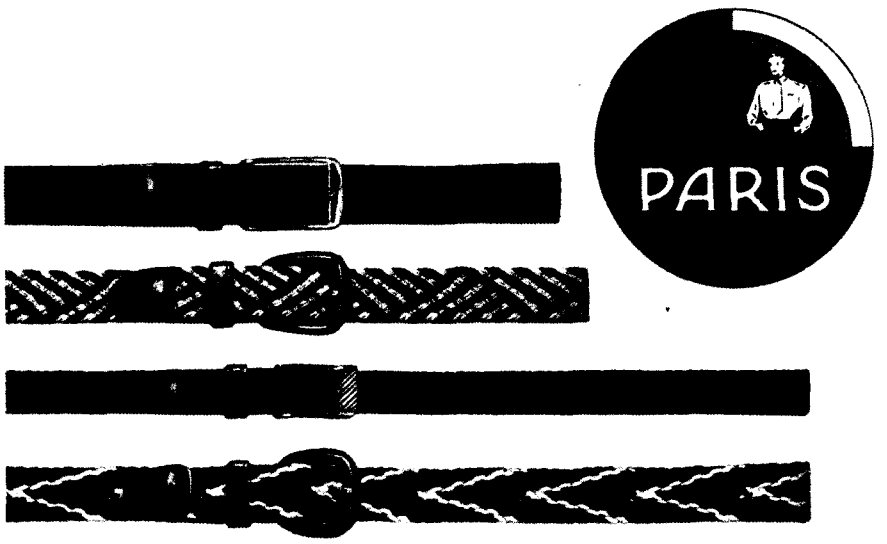
Well, you take Leon, like I said before, he slows things down. Walking down the tracks, he kept falling further behind, and Darrel dropped back and kept talking to him. The rest of us was in a hurry to get down there and start swimming, and after a while we had about a hundred yards lead on Leon and Darrel, and by the time they got there we were already in swimming. Boy, it was wonderful hitting that cool water after such a long, hot walk.

I WAS diving and swimming under water and stuff, and then I happened to notice Leon wasn't around anywhere. I asked Darrel where he went, and he said he didn't know. "He went down the river," Darrel said. "He never told me what he was fixing to do."

Well, okay. Leon didn't have to tell people anything. I swum some more, and then I climbed up in the big tree over the hole and was playing Tarzan up there with Snuffy when I heard Leon yell, and I looked down the river and there he come.

He looked like a plump midget fullback running for a touchdown with a big, oversized green football. Only it wasn't a football, and he wasn't going for no touchdown, because Clell Parker was behind him, and gaining every jump.

The real reason Leon got caught, outside of being slow to start with, was the way he hung onto that watermelon. He should of dropped it. Anybody else



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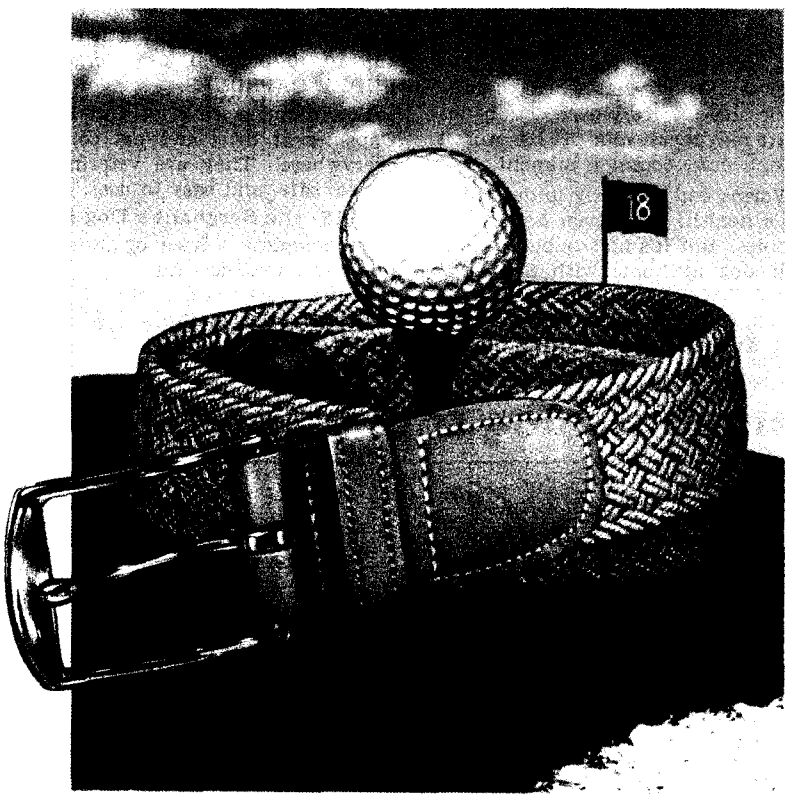

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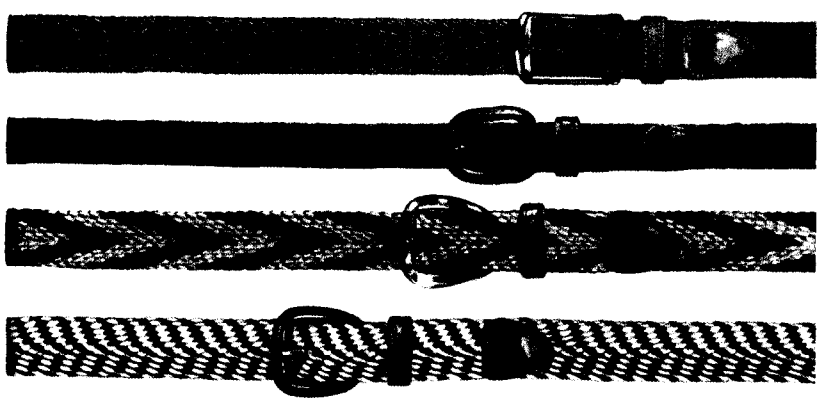

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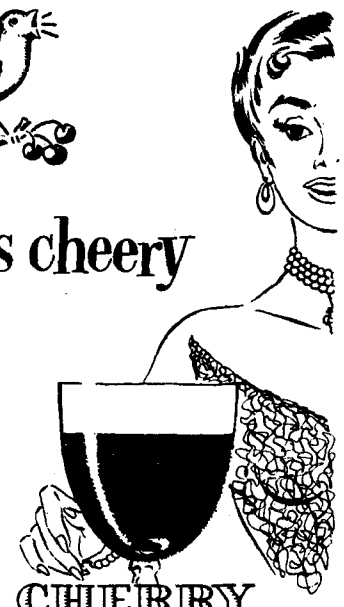

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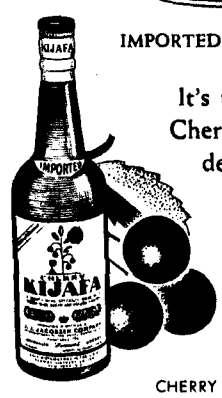

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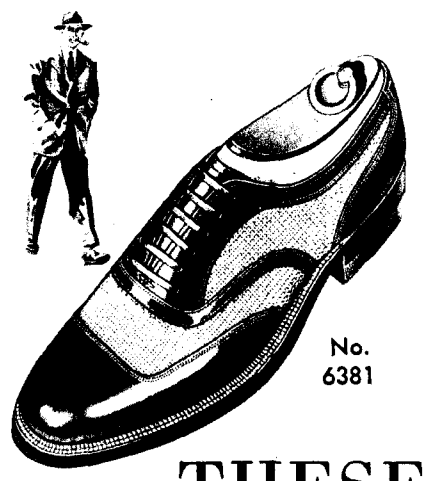

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would of dropped it, but not Leon. He kept coming up the riverbank through the trees, with Clell gaining on him, but he wouldn't get rid of that watermelon. Down under the tree, Darrel and Jack and Turniphead grabbed up their clothes and run. Up above, naked and all, Snuffy and I just froze on a limb. And then Clell caught up with Leon right under us, just past the bridge over the hole. When Clell grabbed him, Leon finally had sense enough to drop that watermelon. But he was about two hundred yards too late. He was caught.

"Hey, you're tearin' my shirt," Leon yelled. "Turn me aloose."

"I'll turn you insides out," Clell Parker said, wheezing and panting. "I fin'ly caught me a watermelon thief, by gummies."

"That's the first time I ever done it," Leon said. He was panting just as hard as old Clell Parker, and neither one of them seen me and Snuffy up there in the tree. I thought about jumping out on Clell, and stuff like that, but I was just thinking about it, I wasn't fixing to do it.

"I'm haulin' you to town, boy," Clell Parker said.

"You mean—havin' me put in jail?" Leon sort of gasped.

"You're in bad trouble, boy."

"I know it," Leon said, unhappy.

"Now just come along peaceful an' nothin' will happen to you, boy," Clell said. "But start actin' up with me an' I'll not put you in no jail, I'll put you in the hospital. Understand, boy?"

"Gee, you won't hafta do that, mister," Leon said.

"I'm fed up with havin' you brats from Churkee comin' down here an' raidin' my melon patch," Clell Parker said, as they started off.

I watched them out of sight before I got down out of that tree. Clell hadn't noticed my clothes and Snuffy's there under some bushes, and I was relieved about it. But I was scared about Leon, scared and sad. I had a vision of him in jail, looking out through the bars, kind of wistful and patheticlike, and not fat any longer either, on account of everybody knows how they feed guys in jail. There he was, my skinny kid brother, in a cage like an animal. Then I had a vision of him after he finally got out, slinking along the streets with people pointing him out. *A jailbird, an ex-convict—my brother.* That's a heck of a thing to have to go through life with.

WHILE I was getting dressed, Darrel, and Jack and Turniphead come back, and Snuffy told them all about it. When I looked around, Darrel was squatting there by the busted watermelon, eating the heart. He said it was a little bit warm, but good. Sweet and juicy, he said, and invited me to try some. I told him I wasn't hungry. I was sick at the stomach. I was sick at the mind, too. "Listen," I said. "What are we gonna do?"

"About what?" he said, and I said, "About Leon, naturally."

He studied about it. "You sure that guy said he was takin' Leon in to town?"

I said I was positive that's what Clell Parker said.

"Well," Darrel said, "that means he won't be watchin' his patch." He stood up. "There oughta be better melons than this down there. Come on, let's go see."

"What about Leon?" I said.

"Well," Darrel said, spitting, "it looks like he'll hafta do without. That's a joke, son. Relax, I'm thinkin' about him. I'll come up with something. Right now I'm watermelon hungry."

Well, I guess you know I didn't go with the guys to Clell Parker's watermelon patch. I headed for town. I had to go tell Pop about Leon. But when I got to town, Pop already knew, because the first thing the law done when Clell brought Leon in there was to call Pop on the telephone. So Pop got Leon released into his custody.

COLLIER'S

"Now, when the club comes down, shift that weight of yours to your left foot"

GARRETT PRICE

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"Is old J. H. on the warpath! For the third week in a row he's drawn the Pittsburgh Pirates in the baseball pool!"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

And that night Pop and Mom had another argument about Gramp. Mom wanted to have Gramp come over and defend Leon, but Pop said that would be like not having a lawyer at all. He said he himself could do a better job of defending Leon than a childish old man like Gramp.

WELL, you seen how good he done it. And now all we had to do was wait for the judge to decide whether to give Leon eighteen months or only just a year.

I didn't go to the house to eat any lunch. I wasn't hungry. I stayed in the cob house a while, and then I just walked around until nearly one o'clock, and then went back down to the courthouse. I kind of halfway expected to see Darrel Purdy down there with an idea he'd thought up, but he wasn't around. Gramp was sitting on the grass of the courthouse yard. I couldn't tell if he had an idea or not. I set there with him until it was time to go in. We didn't talk much. He asked me how the fishing was, and I said I'd been too busy with club work and stuff to do much fishing lately. Then we went in.

But when I set down with the guys where we'd been before, Gramp kept on going. He went on through the gate and said something to Pop and Leon, and then he set down with them at the table. And when the judge come in and everybody stood up, why Gramp kept on standing up after the rest of us set down again. The judge scowled at him.

"May it please the court," Gramp said. "As assistant counsel for the defense, I wish to introduce some further testimony into this proceeding, Your Honor. How've you been, Ralph?"

"Poorly, Ed," the judge said, still scowling. "You're a little late. I've already written my opinion and decided on the sentence."

"In jurisprudence, Ralph, it's never too late for justice to be done," Gramp said, standing up tall and straight. "I call the very young and frightened defendant to the witness stand again."

"Wastin' your time, Ed," the judge said, "but go ahead."

Leon got in the chair again, and Gramp looked at him and stroked his mustache and said, "In pilfering forbidden fruits, there are certain mores to observe, my boy. Certain well-defined rules of conduct, or ethics, shall we say? Tell me, how did you select the melon you took?"

"Well," Leon said, "I jist thumped till I found a good ripe one."

"And you did not injure any of the other melons?"

"No, sir," Leon said, looking puzzled. "Jist thumped 'em, is all."

"Good," Gramp said. "Go sit with your paw, my boy." He waited for Leon to go set with Pop again, and then all of a sudden Gramp looked out at the spectators and said, "Every decent, honest citizen in this courtroom who has ever swiped a watermelon in his or her lifetime, I call upon you in the name of truth and justice, stand up."

THERE was a kind of shocked silence in there for a while, and then a man stood up, grinning, and a couple others got up, and the first thing you know about two thirds of the people in there was standing up, including a couple of giggling women.

"Thank you," Gramp said. "You will notice that I am standing, too." He looked at the judge. "Yes, Your Honor, I confess my sin and my felony. The statute of limitations protects me at this late date, but I have, in my youth, known the glorious taste of the forbidden fruit. Why, Your Honor, the removing of watermelons from their vines in stealth and trembling has always been a tradition in this great land of ours; the gentle plundering of melon patches is one of American boyhood's great heritages. But of course there are fine points to be observed. Restraint, courtesy, a decent regard for the owner's

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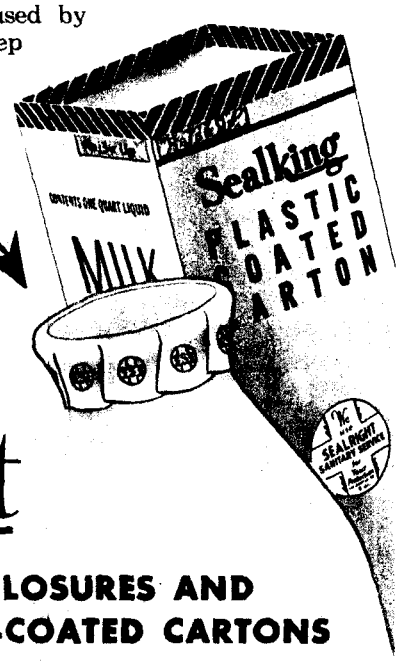

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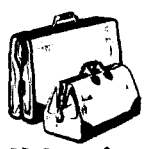

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prior claims, forbearance—without these gentlemanly checks, of course, the act is no better than a heinous crime."

"Stealing," the judge said harshly, "is stealing, Ed."

"And honor is honor, Ralph," Gramp said. "Today in this court we have seen honesty in its highest form, the confession of a hard and fearful truth that was like a dagger turned against the brave heart of its holder. Your Honor, how dear a premium do you place on truth?"

The judge kind of wrinkled his forehead. "The essence of truth is without price," he said. "Justice is truth. But the admission of guilt under oath is another matter, separate and distinct."

GRAMP walked over in front of the judge. "Your Honor, delve into your past. Think of your own boyhood. Think hard, Ralph." He turned to the audience again and said, "Those honest souls who stood a moment ago to be counted among the legions of the truthful, I ask you to do so once more." This time even more people got up. And all of a sudden Gramp whirled around and pointed at the judge. "Why does His Honor remain seated?" he thundered.

Boy, you should have seen the judge's face. He really got purple. "I am not on trial here," he yelled, and Gramp yelled, "Your Honor, truth is on trial here, something bigger than a mere man standing at this bar of justice. I say indeed this court *is* on trial, and all courts, all tribunals are on trial here. The very meaning of justice awaits your next move, Ralph. What's it going to be?" Boy, you ought to of seen Gramp. He was something to see.

The judge glared at him a long time, and then his face started kind of loosening up, and pretty soon he come about as near smiling as I ever seen him do. And all at once he stood up. "Peccavi," he said. That's what he said. "I duly confess to an old and ancient sin." Then he set down and banged his gavel and began to scowl again. "But this is still a court of law, and I still preside here. Sit down, all of you." Everybody sat down except Gramp, and he went over where old Clell Parker was setting.

"How much do you figure your entire melon patch is worth?"

Clell scratched his head. " 'Bout a hundred dollars, roughly."

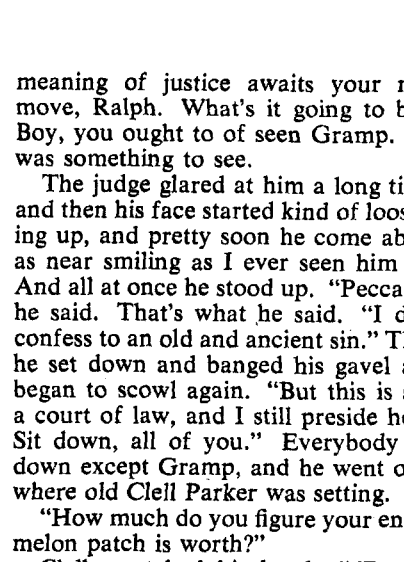
Gramp whipped out his billfold and took some money out of it and shoved it at Clell. "I'm buying it," he said. "I hereby declare that melon patch to be the common property of every boy in this neighborhood with spunk enough to walk down there to it." Then he looked at the judge again and grinned. "The defense now rests, Ralph, confident that true justice will be done here today."

The judge looked at the county attorney. "Any remarks, counselor?"

The county attorney got up and rubbed his little mustache with a finger. "Your Honor," he said, "since becoming county attorney I have tried three cases. I lost the other two. This time, for a while there, I had visions of win-

The Exploits of
SHERLOCK HOLMES

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE
and JOHN DICKSON CARR



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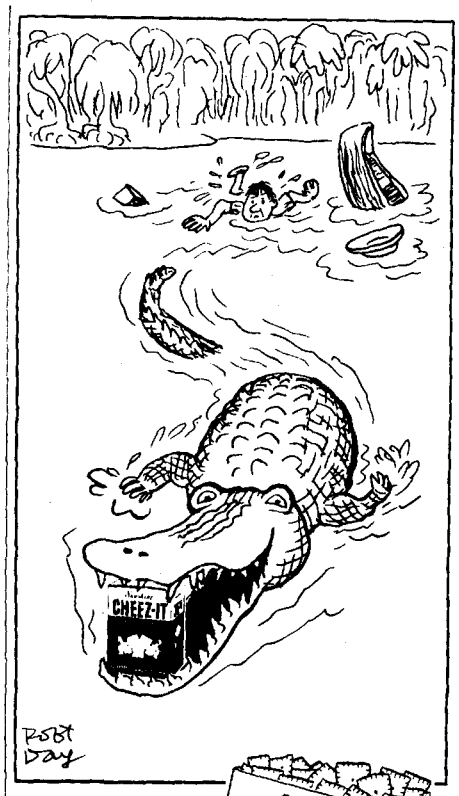

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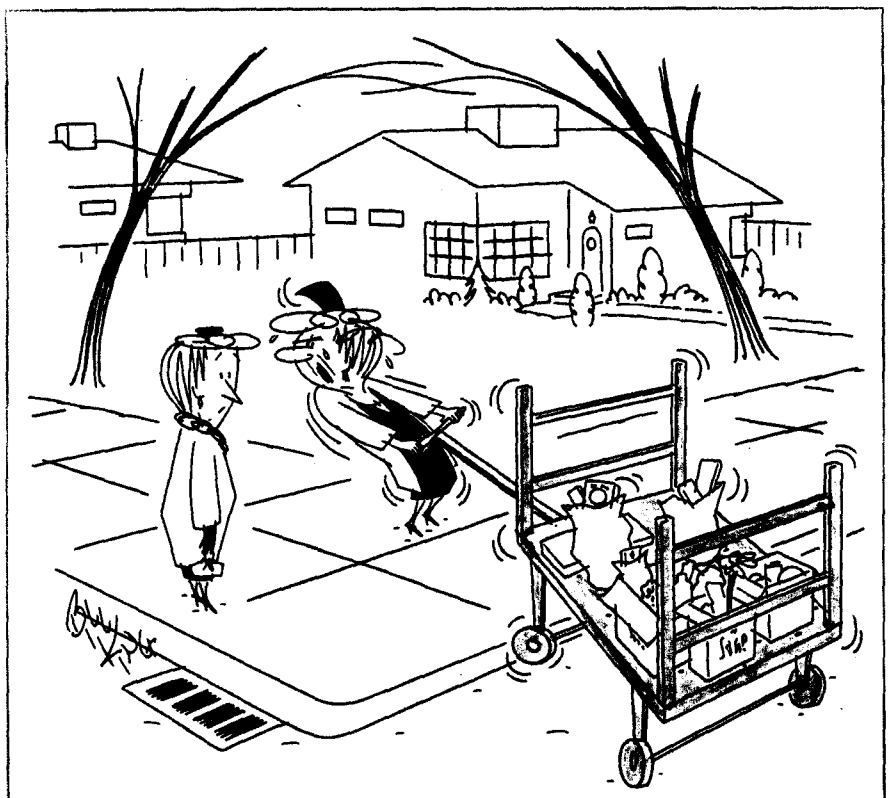

"Remember when Charles promised to buy me a station wagon to do all the shopping and errands with?"

COLLIER'S — BILL KING

ning a case. But if Your Honor didn't notice, I was standing too, a moment ago. The prosecution also rests."

Well, then the judge got kind of serious. He made a little talk about how the courts of law of the country could not be allowed to seem to countenance wrongdoing or to encourage the stealing of watermelons. He said the fact that melon stealing was widespread didn't make it morally right. And after he got through his lecture, he fined Leon two dollars—to be worked out mowing the judge's lawn. Then he adjourned.

OUTSIDE, we were all standing around, and Leon said, "Well, I didn't rat on you guys, did I?" And I said, "Whatta you talking, boy, how could you rat on us?" And he said, "Well, I hadda steal that melon as part of the initiation, didn't I?" And I said, "Did you?" And he said, "Sure! Ole Darrel Purdy said it was one of the things I hadda do before I'd be a full-fledge member."

"What?" I said. "Why, that dirty rat. That dirty louse."

And somebody said, "Who you callin' a rat?" You know who it was? Darrel Purdy, that's who. He'd been at the trial, all right, probably listening out in the corridor or the back row. Probably hoping Leon got sent up, so we wouldn't have no trouble with him about using the cob house for a meeting place. "Who's a louse?" he said.

"You are," I said, and I lit into him. Well, nine times out of ten I guess I couldn't whip him, but this was that other time, and I got him down and was warping him good when Pop and Gramp broke it up. Darrel got up and brushed himself off. "I slipped," he said. "You never laid a hand on me, boy."

"Yeah?" Leon said. "Well, don't look now, boy, but you got a mouse, an' your nose is bleeding. *Somebody* laid a hand on you, boy."

That one got a good laugh, but Darrel never laughed. He just spit and scowled and went over to a hydrant to wash off the blood. I felt pretty good. I looked at Leon. "Listen, kid," I said. "You're in the club, don't worry. You're a Catamount, boy. Solid. Full-fledge."

"Well, to tell the truth," Leon said, "I been thinkin' I'd get up a club of guys my own age. I resign from the Catamounts."

We stood around looking at him, and after a while Snuffy said, "Well, but what about the cob house? Could we still use it, maybe?"

Leon looked around at all of us, and then he looked at Pop, and he said, "I was figurin' on fixin' up the cob house so Gramp would have a place to stay, and he could come live here."

Pop looked kind of funny. "I think we can find room in the house for your grandpaw, Leon, if he'll do us the honor of coming here."

Gramp chuckled and rubbed Leon's head. "Well, fine, but just until I find a place, Ben. I may even build a little house." He looked at Pop's expression and laughed. "I noticed the look of disbelief on your face when I whipped out that century note so casually in there, Ben. Never mentioned, I guess, that I had some old wore-out farm property down south of here. Wasn't any good for raising crops, but it seems they found a little dab of oil under it. So I think I'll settle here in Churkee and maybe dabble in politics—might even run for county judge. Wouldn't hurt to have a judge in the family, if we're goin' to continue this life of crime."

Well, we all laughed about that one, too. But I kind of shivered, because I figured Leon had a pretty close call. And Pop, he wasn't exactly bellowing with laughter, either. Boy, if he'd fouled Leon up, he wouldn't ever of been able to go home. But as it was, we all went home together. And later Gramp said he thought a clubhouse was a pretty good idea, if it wasn't too exclusive, and he'd be willing to invest a little of his ill-gotten lucre in such a project. So I guess you could say it turned out to be a pretty good kind of a day. And I guess I could end it there, except for Darrel Purdy. He come around, after supper, spitting and scowling and said he'd like to resign as president, but he'd kind of like to stay in the club.

We let him. What the heck. He ain't such a bad guy, once you know you can lick him. ▲▲▲

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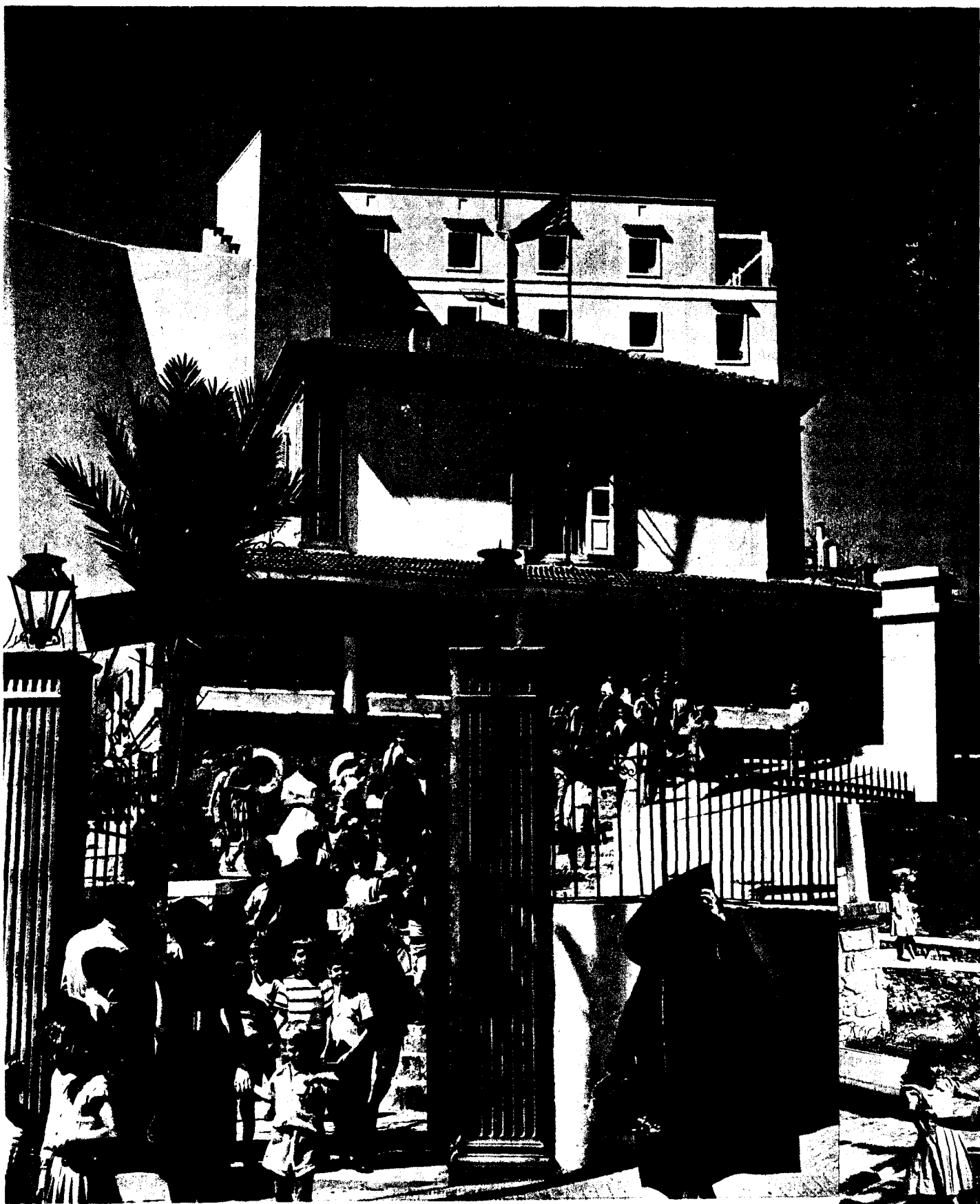
WHY THEY LOVE US IN

Here's a warm story of some plain Americans who, acting on their own, gave U.S. prestige a bigger boost than a dozen government programs. It all started with a small school . . .

By HARRISON NEGLEY



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENNIS STOCK

Lunchtime at the American School, above. Right, kids of half a dozen nationalities —and economic levels—play together at recess. American dress is so popular it's hard to tell one group from another. Hesitant at first, the children mix freely now

Tangier

AT FIRST glance he's like any other poor, dirty, ignorant Tangier Arab kid—sure to grow up with the inferiority complex of a second-class citizen. But take another look. That patched pair of billowing pants is clean, still smelling of strong soap from the morning's wash. Ask him a question. He'll look you in the eye, give you a frank smile and answer you courteously—in English. There's something special about this boy. He's a pupil at the American School.

Until you've seen Achmed or Mohammed or Zora or 125 other youngsters like them, it's easy to believe that Tangier is just what it has been called: the wickedest city in the world. And sure enough, there are smugglers, gold-hoarders and thieves in the legendary city across the Mediterranean from Gibraltar. There are riots too, like the one last year which took several lives. But that's not the whole story.

Not far from the center of the city is a big, white, old-fashioned Arab house ringed by a veranda, a tiny playground and a high wall. Overhead, the American flag whips in the brisk breezes off the bay. In the yard below, at recess, the happy laughter and shouting of children echo over the neighborhood in ten languages. This scene is another part of the Tangier story.

The American School of Tangier—staffed with teachers who, with only one exception, are not professionally trained, and suffering from overcrowded classrooms, an inadequate playground and a scant library—would be considered substandard in most United States cities. In Tangier, it is a landmark, a civil achievement, a noble—and suc-

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TANGIER

cessful—social experiment. In its less than three years of existence, it has attacked a whole array of evils that Tangier had always taken for granted: race prejudice, class consciousness, hidebound concepts of education, official apathy. In the process, the school has given Uncle Sam more prestige in the area than he's ever had before.

Much Governed—and Neglected

Tangier is in an international zone; for most of its history, it has been kept separate from the surrounding territory of Morocco. Over the years, it has been governed and neglected by almost every major European power. It is now governed by all of them at once—through an international administration which includes the United States—and is almost as neglected as ever.

As any tourist sees, Tangier is a city of children. But what children! Mobs of them—dirty, covered with sores, scrounging, begging, stealing—run the smelly streets of the native quarter or the broad avenues of the European section. Americans arriving in Tangier after the war to work for the government or for private firms were shocked at the sight of these children. They were even more shocked by the facts. There is no public-school system in Tangier. There are private French, Spanish, Catholic, Jewish and primitive Arab schools, but they can absorb only five to six thousand native children, no more than two thirds of those in the city.

The Americans wanted to help, but founding a school seemed out of the question. The American colony, made up of about 200 salaried employees from the U.S. legation, Voice of America, RCA Communications, Inc., Mackay Radio, and smaller firms, was too poor to raise the money. The months passed; there was much talk and little was done.

Finally, the Moroccans themselves pitched in. Some had passed the war years in America with their families. On their return, they saw Tangier with new eyes. They saw the tragedy of the children, and they saw that Tangier needed a new deal in education—not the customary European type of schooling with its rigid discipline in the classroom, its inflexible, impersonal standards of scholarship, but the kind of schooling they had seen in America, with its emphasis on the development of each child's capabilities, self-expression, democracy and fair play.

"If we find the means," the Moroccans asked the Americans, "will you provide the leadership, the prestige and the guidance for a school?"

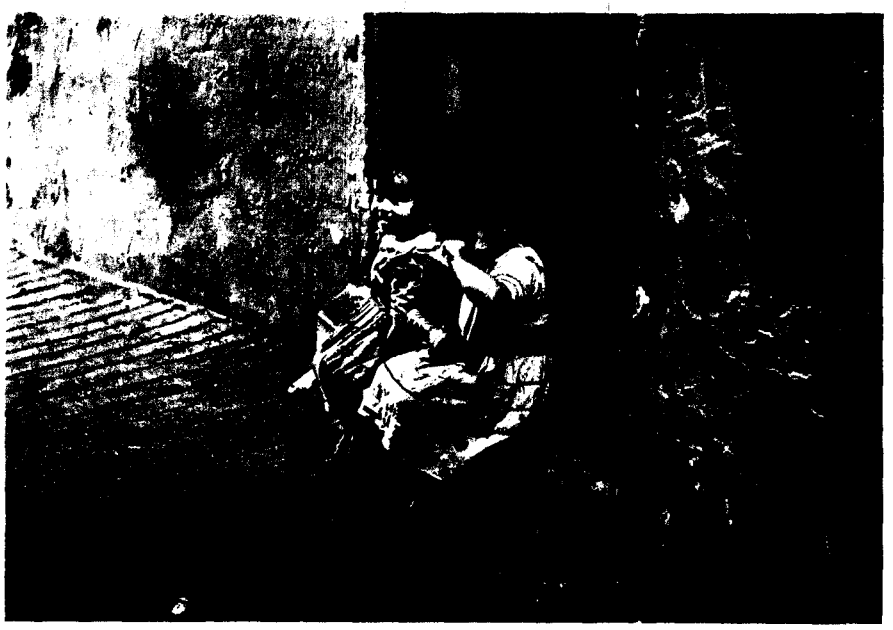
The Americans went into a huddle. Some thought it too risky an undertaking, but most, including the American legation officials, were enthusiastic. The parents among them rallied. "We'll send our own children to help pay the expenses," they said.

While the Moroccans, headed by tea merchant Jacques Pinto, set about interesting their wealthy friends in the project, the Americans got busy. Wives organized raffles and benefit bridge parties. The colony elected a school board, of which Andrew (Pop) Long, the local manager of RCA, became president. Mrs. Peggy Davit, pretty wife of a second secretary of the American legation, was elected principal. She and Robert Sheehan, U.S. Cultural Attaché, drew up a curriculum like that of the state of Pennsylvania, where Mrs. Davit had been a schoolteacher.

No Racial or Religious Taboos

Within a few months, the new school was ready. The Moroccans had contributed the equivalent of $14,000. Señor Pinto had rented an ancient villa; it was freshly painted and equipped with desks. Members of the American colony tacked up signs everywhere announcing a school "open to all, regardless of race, color or religion."

The response startled the whole city. On registration morning in September, 1950, six hundred children lined up outside the library maintained by the



Moroccan kids know real poverty—and had no prospects of improvement until the school opened. Educational opportunity now means jobs later

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A MAN forgets how a happy house sounds when he's been away from the snap of a fire or the soft whimper of his dog or the hum and hustle of his wife fixing dinner. I know—I've been away.

Oh, I've been sitting here night after night and I've been leaving for work every morning – but I've been away since the day I lost my hearing. When sound is shut out of your world, –your world goes with it. Anyway, it seemed that way to me.

Friends had no place in my world because I couldn't share their laughter and talk. I left my records because I couldn't enjoy their music. The sadness in my wife's eyes told me I'd left her, too. I retreated. I read, I walked, I did the things a man can do alone. In fact, I got so wrapped up in adapting myself to this completely new life, I forgot hardness of hearing could be fought and defeated.

My wife never forgot and one day her eagerness . . . her loving belief that something *could* be done urged me to see a hearing-aid specialist. What I saw there amazed me! Hearing aids no bigger than a package of cigarettes! Hearing aids that weigh no more than a few ounces! Hearing aids with a precision I never dreamed possible.

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When I first wore my hearing aid, I was self-conscious. I guess wearing glasses makes you feel the same way. But, after a couple of days had gone by, and everybody had taken it for granted, I took it for granted, too! I stopped *thinking* about it and started to get reacquainted with a life I've been away from too long. Yes! Life's *great*—when you can *hear!*

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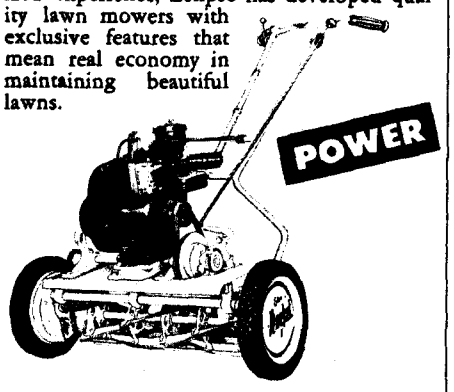

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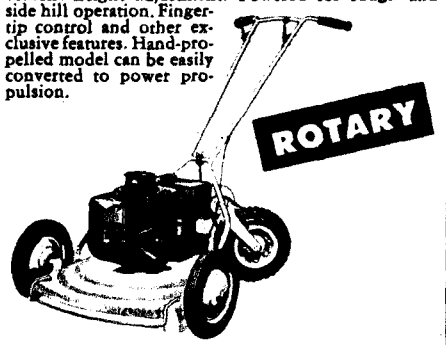

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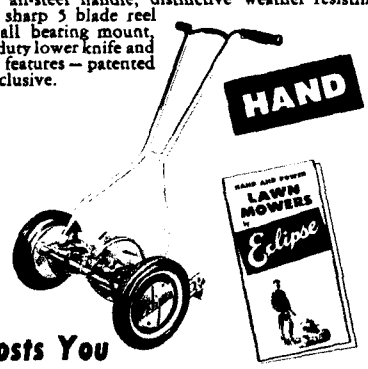

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U.S. Information Service. Inside was Peggy Davit, faced with the task of selecting the first pupils.

"It was the hardest job I ever had," she says. "Six hundred applicants, and no matter how I divided up the space I could squeeze in only seventy-four. When I said no it often meant no education, ever. The European children could always find a school, but not the Moroccans. For many, barefoot and ragged, this was a sort of last-ditch try. But it was already too late for most of them; they were too old for school.

The Boy Who Was Turned Away

"I remember one boy, Achmed Utair," says Mrs. Davit. "He was nine. That meant he was too old for the first grade; the non-English-speaking quota was filled."

As she watched him go sadly out the door, she was sure that he, like the other kids, would return to some street corner and a miserable apprenticeship.

But she had underestimated Achmed. Early on the morning of the first day of school, she found him huddled on the school doorstep, wrapped in a GI overcoat many sizes too large. Somehow his father had scraped together enough money to buy him an English schoolbag.

Mrs. Davit gently told Achmed there was still no room. Then she determinedly put him out of her mind as she joined Señor Pinto and the members of the school board—Dr. Marquis Huffman, an American, Mrs. F. Kent Loomis, wife of the U.S. Naval Attaché, and John Jova, a second secretary at the legation—in welcoming the children.

The new classmates would never have have met one another in the ordinary course of their lives. In choosing them, Mrs. Davit had cut across century-old barriers of social position, wealth, nationality and religion. Only a native of Tangier could realize how daring the experiment was.

From huts in the Medina, the native quarter, came poor Arab children, accompanied by men dressed in flowing white *djellabas*. From magnificent palaces came rich Arab children, like Mehdi Menebhi, heir presumptive to the fortune of his late grandfather, famed diplomat Sir Abdallah Menebhi.

One group of quiet, well-scrubbed youngsters gave the school great political importance. Almost without exception, the fiery nationalist leaders of Tangier had entered their children. Dissatisfied with traditional European education, they wanted their offspring to learn not only English, but another way of life, another set of values.

One of the children was a pretty, curly-haired girl named Azziza Benounna, dressed in a sky-blue robe with gold embroidered buttons. From her soft blue slippers to the heavy silver earrings, she was a picture of traditional Tangier finery. Like the other Arab girls, Azziza was to be the first woman in her family to have a Western education.

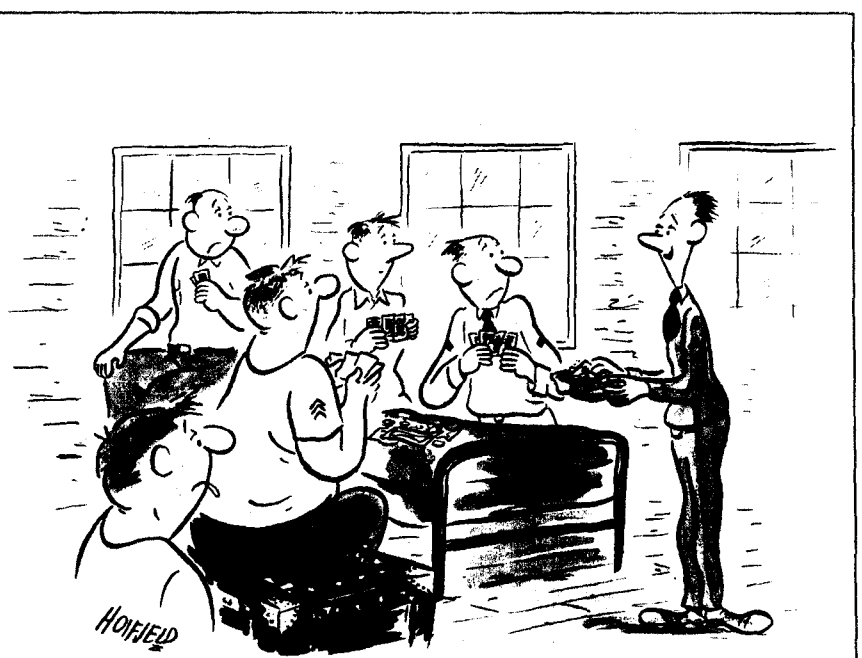
But underneath the color and excitement of the first day was a cold, hard fact. The school was on trial, not so much by the Arab or American parents, but by the British, French and well-to-do Spanish folk, who viewed American education with frank suspicion.

Count de la Viñaza, a Spanish grandee, walked into the schoolyard with his two children. Fashionable Madame Bonnet, social leader of the French colony, accompanied her daughter Catherine up the stone path. These were parents who would not hesitate to take their children to another school if they felt they were not getting a first-rate education. The school had to keep these children. Not only was it necessary to have an international, truly representative student body, but the very existence of the school might depend on the tuition paid by the Europeans.

A Refugee Latvian Family

There was no questioning of academic standards by Tangier's most pathetic group, the homeless wanderers, torn from their native lands by war. For most of them, Tangier is merely a resting place on the way to America. For their children, the American School was a foothold in the future—children like the two handsome little Balgavis boys, Andris and James. The Balgavises had been driven from Latvia by the Russians; today, prevented by a series of tragic misfortunes from completing their voyage to the United States, they live in an old fishing smack propped up on the beach just beyond reach of the tide.

Another group for whom the school would satisfy a vital need was the Mountain family, who piled out of a tiny Austin that first morning: six ingenuous, carefree youngsters and the two



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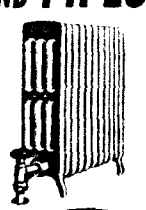

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COLLIER'S

"I like to try and guess what line of work the different passengers are in"

GLENN R. BERNHARDT

energetic and kindly spinsters who raised them. The Mountain children, so-called because they live on a hillside, were all abandoned at various times by their Arab and Spanish mothers and taken in by the Misses Hoadley and Collard—"Granny" and "Mother" to the kids. The missionary ladies, who started collecting the waifs after finding the first child in a shoe box in a neighbor's garden, have reared their brood to be well-mannered, English-speaking Christians. Now, neither Arab nor European, an alien island in the swirling racial currents of Tangier, the children will need all the preparation they can get for the coming struggle to make their own way.

American Pupils Quite at Ease

Last to arrive on opening day was a station wagon full of shouting extroverts: the American contingent. Immediately at ease, they raced up to the veranda, where the other children, shy and reserved, eyed them curiously.

At 9:00 A.M., school commenced. To the tune of Three Blind Mice, played on the old piano by one of the teachers, the children moved into their new adventure.

Mrs. Davit didn't discover Achmed until almost noon, when she received a telegram from the parents of a Spanish girl requesting that their daughter's place be held open for two weeks. The girl's seat was already filled—had been since nine o'clock that morning—by Achmed.

Confronted by a pair of pleading black eyes, Mrs. Davit did something she'd steeled herself not to do. She made an addition to the roster: "Achmed Utair." Achmed has been a star pupil ever since; he has never missed a class, even on the most important Moslem feast days.

The teachers—two American housewives named Rita Greenish and Louise Stagg, English-trained Elizabeth Collins, Ena Pinto, Jacques's daughter, and Maria Ruiz, an English-speaking Spanish girl—faced a tremendous task. Not only would they have to teach 60 per cent of the pupils English, but at the same time they would have to keep scholastic standards high, a tough job under the circumstances.

The most important subject they taught wasn't even on the curriculum: democracy. European children who had always assumed that Arabs were naturally inferior beings were astounded to find they'd heard it all wrong. In the classroom underprivileged Arabs were their equals—and, when they had better answers, their superiors.

For the first few days, the teachers talked to uncomprehending faces. On the playground, the children divided into a score of wary camps. Then, after a while, the American boys started playing cowboys and Indians. It caught on. In no time, recess periods were as noisy and as friendly as a Wyoming rodeo. The children began to prove that the problem of different backgrounds was a problem of adult imagination.

As cultural differences melted away, so did variations in dress. Arab boys started wearing long pants or shorts. Azziza and the other Arab girls resisted a little longer, but soon they, too, were out of their finery and into more practical clothes.

A Berber girl named Aitcha went even further. One morning, Miss Ruiz found Aitcha in class in a pair of blue jeans. Aitcha, prepared for battle, pulled out a pocketful of magazine clippings. "They do it in America," she said. Miss Ruiz, who had never been to America, explained that she thought blue jeans on girls in questionable taste anywhere, but, democratically, she put it to a vote. Girls of all nationalities stood together against Miss Ruiz; their vote was 100 per cent "Aye." Laughing, Mrs. Davit said, "Sustained." Blue jeans for girls are now optional at the school.

Only One Hint of Prejudice

But discrimination isn't. Just one borderline case has come up, and that was parent-inspired. "Prejudice is never a child's idea," says Miss Betty Cooper, of Biggs, California, who became principal when Mrs. Davit followed her husband to a new assignment in Washington. The one hint of prejudice came in a note from an English mother who asked politely, without explanation, that her daughter's seat be changed. The girl was seated next to an Arab boy. The boy was clean and intelligent; nevertheless, to avoid difficulties, Miss Cooper quietly shifted the girl to an-

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other seat. During the days that followed, the girl seemed more and more unhappy. Finally she asked for her former seat back, next to the Arab boy. "I like him best," she said. "But, please —don't tell Mother."

In the gay classrooms, decorated with drawings and charts, the teachers pushed the children along at a steady clip. It was soon evident that the youngsters loved the work—and one another. And that caused a change in attitude that sifted through every part of the city, a change barely perceptible, limited in scope, but highly significant.

News of Kindness Travels

Parents locked away from one another by circumstance came to know one another through their children. An Arab child would say, "François and Mike are my best friends," and the news would be heard in barred palaces or *miserable huts of the native city.* A European child would praise Azziza or Achmed and the affection would be noted in banks, government offices and on swank terraces of the European city. Parents, rich, poor, Moslem, Christian, would listen; vastly separate worlds would draw slightly closer.

The progress of the first few months was symbolized by the school Christmas play. For the first time in the memory of any of the parents crowded into the converted classroom, Arab wives were seated next to their husbands in a public assembly. As their little ones began reciting, the Moslem parents murmured with pleasure. But their pleasure soon gave way to uneasiness, as they followed the development of the Christ story. Unable to understand English, they became convinced that they were being forced to witness a sectarian play —and that their children were being forced to participate in the sacrilege.

At intermission, the Arab men demanded that Azziza's father, the only Arab who knew English, explain what had transpired. He did: the simple story of Christ. But they were still wary. "Are you sure that is all?" they asked. He assured them that it was. "Why, then, it's perfectly all right. That's all written in our own Koran," they said. Immensely relieved, they hurried back to explain to their wives.

After the play, the parents gave the school's teachers and sponsors the nicest possible Christmas present: their considered, unqualified approval of the whole project.

"I've revised all my plans for my children's education," said Count de la Viñaza. "I'm going to give them an American education all the way through —preparatory school in New England and then college in California."

"As soon as there's room, I want to enter all of Catherine's sisters," said Madame Bonnet. "I think the school's *broad-minded spirit is wonderful.*"

The Misses Hoadley and Collard, popping with pride over the performances of their Mountains, forgot how alarmed they'd been over their flock's new American accents. They spoke for most British parents when they thanked Mrs. Davit for the new self-reliance their children had acquired.

"Our children are getting a priceless education," said one American parent, "learning to get along with the children of twelve other nationalities."

So overjoyed were Arab nationalist parents with their progenies' linguistic accomplishments, they even smiled and bowed to their political enemies, the French parents.

But what the school meant to the underprivileged of Tangier was best expressed some weeks later by Yousouf Benasuly, chauffeur for the then American diplomatic agent, John Carter Vincent. Vincent and his wife were paying the tuition for Benasuly's two daugh-

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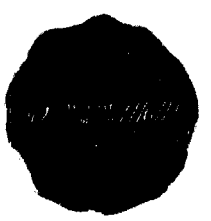
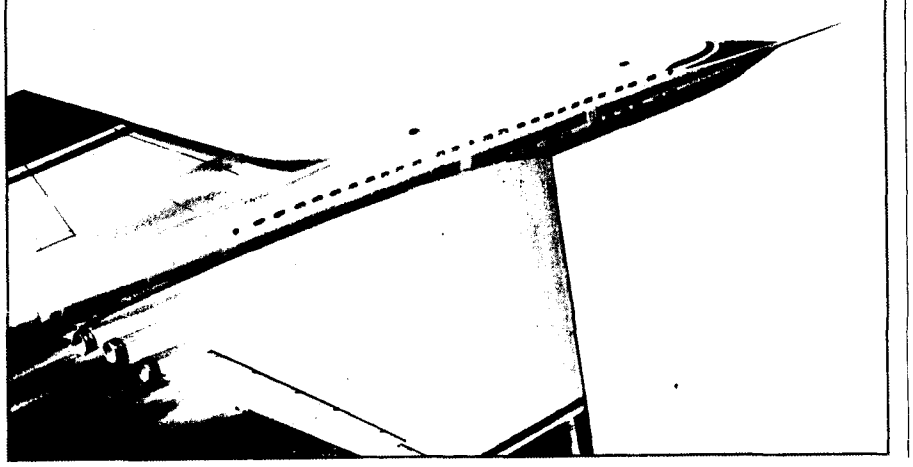


In its 50th year, aviation can boast amazing advances—and an even more glittering future. The prospects? For an authoritative answer, top aviation writer James J. Haggerty, Jr., polled the world's chief designers, airline executives and manufacturers. In a special seven-page folio, he reports on the wonders to come. The atom-plane is just one of them



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COLLIER'S "I can't wait to see Daddy's face" HAL ANDERSON

ters, and when the school held an open house, all three attended together. But once inside, instead of joining his friends, Yousouf tagged along after the Vincents from room to room. Then, when they were about to leave, he reminded them they had overlooked the first-grade room upstairs.

Up they went, Yousouf at their heels. Halfway along the first-grade exhibit, a row of bright water colors, the Vincents noticed an imaginative picture of a boat steaming into the bay. "What a lovely picture!" Mrs. Vincent exclaimed. Then Vincent saw the name of the artist: Vivian Benasuli, Yousouf's six-year-old daughter. He turned to congratulate Yousouf, then quickly turned away. He had seen tears on the man's cheeks. "It was the warmest thank you we've ever received," said Vincent.

The parents' favorable opinion of the school is shared not only all over Tangier, but all over Morocco. "The school has aroused favorable interest out of all proportion to its size," says Mehdi Benounna, a high official of the Islah nationalist party. "The Arabs regard it as genuine evidence of American concern with their problems."

School Is Effective Propaganda

"The school has immense prestige value for America," says José Luiz Archer, a Portuguese who heads Tangier's international government. "It's ten times as effective as radio propaganda."

The State Department apparently agrees. Shortly after the school started, the department provided it with an annual grant under the Smith-Mundt Act. The act was intended to foster international understanding through education, and that purpose has never been better served than at Tangier. Also under the Smith-Mundt Act, every year the department has supplied a new American principal for the school and a primary teacher, usually with some experience teaching outside the United States. Betty Cooper, Mrs. Davit's successor, went to Tangier that way, and so did the present principal, Miss Frances Scully, of Buhl, Idaho. The State Department grant doesn't go very far; it just about covers the transportation bill and salary for the principal and teacher.

Finances are still a major concern of the school's sponsors, and so is the related problem of the scores of applications that must be turned down each semester for lack of space.

After Seventh Grade—What?

Another preoccupation of the American colony is the future of the children after they leave the school. The American, European and wealthy Arab pupils can go to high school or preparatory school in the States or in England, but for the poor Moroccans, the end of the seventh grade is the end of education.

"We hope to add a grade a year," says Señor Pinto, now president of the school board. "That way, Moroccans can go a little further. But even if they don't go on, they have one secure asset—a knowledge of English which will make them sought-after employees for American and British firms here."

Meanwhile, the founders of the school dream of an American University of Tangier, like the great American universities of the Near East, Robert College in Istanbul and the American Universities of Cairo and Beirut. North Africa desperately needs a university and the Moroccans would like it to be American, one that will multiply the spirit of the American school a hundredfold.

North Africa could use that spirit. The same political torch that set fires in Casablanca and Tunis caught in Tangier last year, and ten people died.

Not long afterward, one of the teachers, Elizabeth Collins, stood beside me on the big veranda of the school. The playground rang with the boisterous, carefree shouting of youngsters. Her thoughts on the riots which had raged less than a mile away, Miss Collins sighed. "Why can't we turn the world over to children to run?" she said. "What a friendly place it would be!" ▲▲▲

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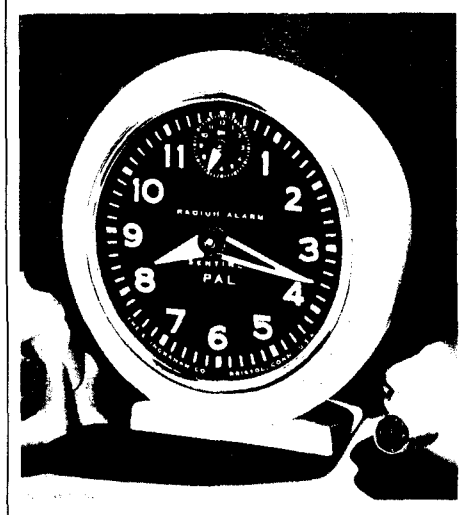

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LOWELL HESS

Good-by, Old Friend

PORCHES, as a peculiarly American feature of domestic architecture, have been on the way out for nearly a generation. Many city dwellers and suburbanites think that a porch stamps any house as hopelessly old-fashioned—a relic of horse-and-buggy days. But country folks are slower to change their ways, and a survey recently made by the Department of Agriculture shows that farm families still regard both a front porch and a back porch as a necessity.

Even a farmhouse as small as four rooms should have two porches, they insist, and they're not particularly bothered with the argument that "a tiny cottage saddled with porches will look ill-proportioned," or that "these heavily roofed appendages will cut off a lot of light from the windows and make the interior gloomy."

The countrywoman's viewpoint is that a porch isn't just a place to wipe your muddied feet. It's extra space that can be used for many purposes. Often it is the laundry, where clothes are washed and ironed and hung to dry. Frequently it is the children's playroom, or the place where eggs and other products are prepared for market. Twenty per cent of farm families eat on the porch, at least occasionally. Some of them argue that the porch is an exciting place "to have breakfast with the birds." A good many farm wives want their menfolk to wash up on the back porch before coming into the house.

Porches, as an American institution, originated with Thomas Jefferson, who borrowed the idea from ancient Greece for his Monticello home. He used to explain to his guests that the Greeks invented it as a place where politicians and philosophers could gather to hold discussions. Soon other Americans began showing the world how to put the porch to good use. Porch sitting became a national habit.

In the days of Cleveland and McKinley, porches were still indispensable, and no self-respecting house was caught without one or two or even more. They were upstairs and downstairs and outside my lady's chamber. Big homes had sleeping porches and sun porches—all as much a part of the well-born house as its towers and bay windows and stained glass. The traditions of American courtship and marriage were bound up with the delightful intimacies of porch hammocks and porch swings, with sitting on the steps in the moonlight, with listening to crickets and katydids.

The revolt against porches came with the automobile. Increased traffic in the streets spread dust and grime and odors and noise back from the road to the front porch, leaving it not quite so attractive a place on summer evenings. But there were other reasons for the decline and fall of the porches. With the increase in construction costs, they became an expensive addition to a new home. They were not only costly to build, but costly to paint and keep in repair. They had to be swept and dusted every day—an added burden in times when everybody was intent on diminishing household drudgery.

The porch-madness which had been done to death in the last years of the nineteenth century was attacked from all directions by builders, architects, health authorities and apostles of the simple life. They explained that American houses were swathed, smothered and darkened by their porches. "Don't cover your windows; let in the light and air," cried the architects. When anybody renovated an old house, the first operation was to strip off the porches.

And so today the porch has retreated to the countryside. It is making its last determined stand among the farm folks who still find it comfortable, refreshing and attractive.

Admitted to Membership

IF THIS PAGE has given the impression in recent issues that the likes of Senators McCarthy and McCarran and Representative Walter have a Congressional corner on vituperative language, we hasten now to correct that impression. For after a statement that Wayne Morse, the Independent Senator from Oregon, made on a recent television news show, he definitely belongs in the McCarthy league.

Speaking of the tidelands oil bill, Mr. Morse said: "I am hopeful that we can finally beat the Eisenhower steal in the courts of America because the facts are that the tidelands belong to all the people of the United States and not to the selfish oil companies that are seeking to steal these valuable tidelands from the people of this country."

The tidelands oil issue will probably have been settled by the time these words get into print. But our concern here is with Mr. Morse's statement, not with the question of federal or state ownership of offshore submerged lands. Yet, in passing, we might point out that the issue was between the national government and state governments, not between the people and the oil companies. The charge of "steal" was ridiculous; if the past pattern of oil development is followed, the work will be done by private companies on a lease or contract basis, no matter who holds title. Throughout the debate on the question, the oil companies involved held that Congress' decision, whatever it was, would only mean "a change of landlords."

Senator Morse was entirely within his rights to oppose state ownership. But we do regret and resent his choice of the phrase, "the Eisenhower steal." (How gleefully the propagandists of hostile governments must have seized on that one.) He has implied that the President of the United States is a thief, just as Senator McCarthy, in the past, has implied that General George Marshall is a traitor.

We think Mr. Morse has misinterpreted the designation of Independent, which he chose for himself when he left the Republican party. Independence does not mean freedom from the obligations of responsibility, decency and truth. Independence in politics can be a valuable influence. But we feel that Mr. Morse has gone far to nullify any worth-while contribution he might make in his present position by slandering the President simply because he disagrees with him.

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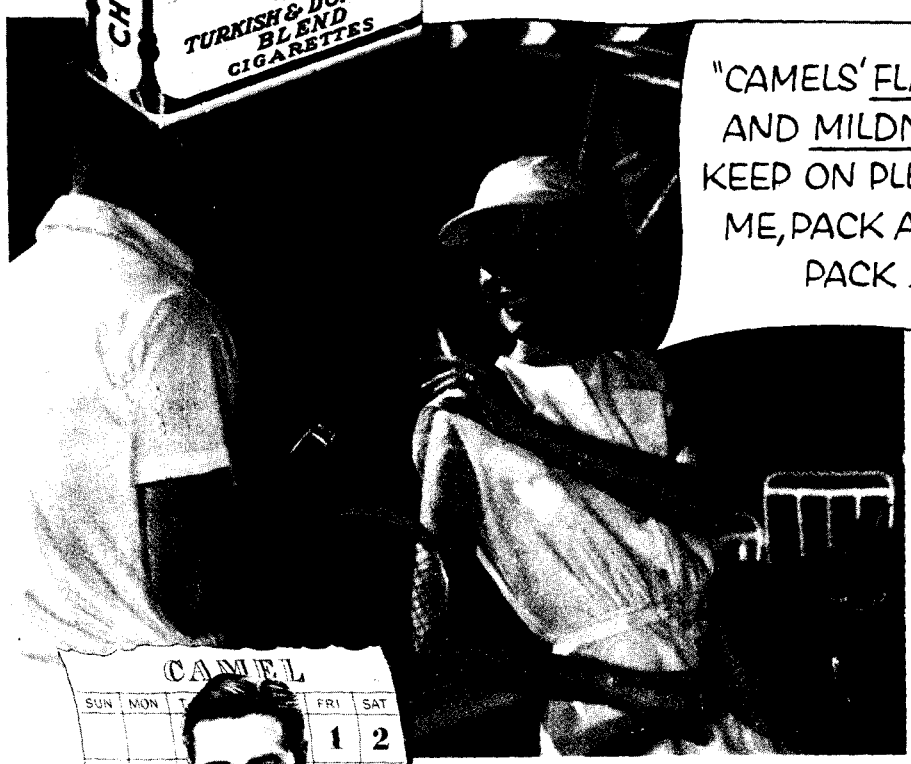

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